



S^r Richard Steele K.^{nt}

G. Kneller Eques Baron^{us} pinx.

J. Vertue Sculp.



S^r Richard Steele K.^{nt}

G. Kneller Eques Baron^{us} pinx.

J. Vertue Sculp.

THE DRAMATICK
WORKS
OF
Sir Richard Steele.

Containing the following

COMEDIES,

VIZ.

The FUNERAL; or, Grief A-la-Mode.

*The TENDER HUSBAND; or, the
Accomplish'd Fools.*

*The LYING LOVER; or, the
Lady's Friendship.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. T. And Sold by BERNARD
LINTOT between the *Temple-Gates*
in *Fleet-Street.* 1723.





To Her GRACE the
DUTCHESS
OF
HAMILTON.

MADAM,



It is frequent to make
Addresses of this Na-
ture at the Front of
Books to implore future Patro-
nage, but I do not know of
any Acknowledgments expres-
sed

DEDICATION.

fed this way for Favour towards Writings, after they have appear'd in the World. I am sure there is a juster Pretence for taking the Liberty of presenting a Dedication in Gratitude for Protection already granted, than to supplicate such an Obligation. Your Grace will, therefore, forgive me, that I lay before You an Edition of a Book, which I believe would never have appeared, had not these Plays been acted at Your Request, long after the Run of them, as the Phrase is, was over in the Town. If You will please
to

DEDICATION.

to continue to them, by Your Influence, the Life to which You restor'd 'em, You will, I hope, do an Act not unworthy that Ingenuous Temper, which makes You so Affectionately promote the more liberal Entertainments of the Stage. I have the Confidence to say thus much for these Comedies, because they are certainly Inoffensive, if they do not deserve to be called Instructive. But I have said the best thing I can to recommend them, when I have declared they have Your Grace's Approbation.

DEDICATION.

For, in Writing Plays, not to displease such whose Minds are filled with the worthiest Ideas of what is Laudable in real Life, is much more than to escape the Censure of such as are more inclined to observe the Conduct of the Characters, as they are part of a Dramatick Entertainment.

If this elegant Taste (with relation to Writings) in which your Grace excels, were more frequently the Ambition of Ladies to attain, I do not know but a Conversation built upon the Characters in a well-wrought

DEDICATION.

wrought Play, might be almost as Instructive as the common Practice among them, of pulling to Pieces the Conduct of familiar Friends, or rehearsing defamatory Reports of those to whom they are Strangers.

But such Meanness ought not to be mentioned in an Epistle to the Dutches of HAMILTON, whose whole Behaviour is the lively Expression of that sort of good Breeding which is founded on the Principles of good Nature and Generosity.

A 5

Your

DEDICATION.

Your Favour is ever bestowed on the Unfortunate, and Your Praise on the Absent. The just Condescension with which Your Conversation is always adorned, at once gives Speech to the Humble, and Silence to the Presumptuous. Your Affability to me, when I have the Honour to wait upon You, and the very kind Things You have so frequently said of these Writings in my Absence, put me under a Temptation of falling into the usual Language of Dedications. But I know this would be highly
Offensive

DEDICATION.

Offensive to You, and for this Reason I forbear to tell You, that Your High Station in the World is as easie to Your Inferiors as Your Self; that were You to appear any where unknown, all that should converse with You, would believe or wish Your Quality what it is; and that all who know You think it as impossible to Envy You, as not to Esteem You. As for this Acknowledgment which I here make You, for Your Partiality to these Comedies, all I can say is, that I shall think my self very happy, if you find,

DEDICATION.

find, upon reading them again, that it is no Diminution to You, (what is a great Addition to me) that I am,

MADAM,

Your Grace's

Most Obliged and

Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

THE
FUNERAL:

O R,
Grief A-la-mode.

A
COMEDY.

*Ut Qui conducti plorant in Funere, dicunt
Et Faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo, sic
Derisor Vero plus Laudatore movetur. Hor.*



Printed for J. TONSON. 1723.





To the Right Honourable the
C O U N T E S S
O F
A L B E M A R L E.

MADAM,



AMONG the many Novel-
ties with which Your
LADYSHIP, a Stranger
in our Nation, is daily
entertain'd, You have not yet
been made acquainted with the Po-
etical *English* Liberty, the Right
of Dedication; which Entitles us
to

DEDICATION.

to a Privilege of Celebrating
whatever for its Native Excel-
lence is the just Object of Praise;
and is an Ancient Charter, by
which the Muses have always a
Free Access to the Habitation of
the Graces.

Hence it is that this Comedy
waits on Your Ladyship, and pre-
sumes to Welcome You amongst
us; tho' indeed, Madam, we are
surpriz'd to see You bring with
You, what we thought was of our
own Growth only, an agreeable
Beauty; Nay, we must assure You,
that we cannot give up so Dear an
Article of our Glory, but assert it
by our Right in You: For if 'tis
a Maxim founded on the Noblest
Human Law, that of Hospitality,
that every Soil is a Brave Man's
Country, *England* has a very just
Pretence

DEDICATION.

Pretence of Claiming as a Native,
a Daughter of Mr. *Scravenmore*.

But Your Ladyship is not only
endear'd to us by the great Services of your Father, but also by the kind Offices of your Husband, whose Frank Carriage falls in with our Genius, which is Free, Open, and Unreserv'd; In this the Generosity of your Tempers makes You both Excel in so peculiar a Manner, that your Good Actions are their own Reward; nor can they be return'd with Ingratitude, for none can forget the Benefits You Confer so soon as You do Your Selves.

But Ye have a more indisputable Title to a Dramatick Performance, than all these Advantages; for You are Your selves, in a Degenerate low Age, the Noblest Characters

DEDICATION.

Characters which that fine Passion that supports the Stage, has inspir'd; and as You have practis'd as generous a Fidelity as the Fancies of Poets have ever drawn in their Expecting Lovers, so may You Enjoy as high a Prosperity as ever they have bestow'd on their Rewarded: This You may possess in an happy Security, for Your Fortunes cannot move so much Envy, as Your Persons Love. I am

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's most Devoted

Humble Servant,

Richard Steele.



P R E F A C E.

THE Rehearsal of this Comedy was honour'd with the Presence of the Duke of *Devonshire*, who is as distinguished by his Fine Understanding as High Quality; The Innocence of it mov'd him to the Humanity of Expressing himself in its Favour. 'Tis his manner to be pleas'd where he is not offended; a Condescension which delicate Spirits are oblig'd to for their own Ease, for they would have but a very ill time of it, if they suffer'd themselves to be diverted with nothing but what could bear their Judgment.

That Elegant and Illustrious Person, will, I hope, pardon my Gratitude to the Town, which obliges me to report so substantial a Reason for their Approbation of this Play, as that he permitted it: But I know not in what Words to thank my Fellow-Soldiers for their Warmth and Zeal in my behalf, nor to what to attribute their undeserved Favour, except it be that 'tis habitual to 'em to run to the Succour of those they see in Danger.

The Subject of the *Drama* 'tis hoped will be acceptable to all Lovers of Mankind, since Ridicule is partly levell'd at a Sett of People who live in impatient Hopes to see us out of the World, a Flock of Ravens that attend this numerous City for their Carcasses; but indeed

P R E F A C E.

deed 'tis not in the power of any Pen to speak 'em better than they do themselves: As for Example, on a Door I jult now past by, a great Artift thus informs us of his Cures upon the Dead;

W. W. Known and Approved for his Art of Embalming, having preserved the Corps of a Gentlewoman sweet and entire Thirteen Years, without Embowelling, and has reduced the Bodies of several Persons of Quality to Sweetness in Flanders and Ireland, after Nine Months Putrefaction in the Ground, and they were known by their Friends in England. No Man performeth the like.

He must needs be strangely in love with this Life, who is not touch'd with this kind Invitation to be Pickled; and the noble Operator must be allow'd a very useful Person for bringing old Friends together; nor would it be unworthy his Labour to give us an Account at large of the sweet Conversation that arose upon meeting such an entire Friend as he mentions.

But to be Serious; Is there any thing, but its being downright Fact, could make a rational Creature believe 'twere possible to arrive at this Fantastick Posthumous Folly? Not at the same time but that 'twere Buffoonery rather than Satyr to explode all Funeral Honours; but then it is certainly necessary to make 'em such that the Mourners should be in earnest, and the Lamented worthy of our Sorrow: But this Purpose is so far from being serv'd, that it is utterly destroy'd by the
manner

P R E F A C E.

manner of Proceeding among us, where the Obsequies which are due only to the Best and Highest of human Race (to admonish their short Survivors that neither Wit, nor Valour, nor Wisdom nor Glory can suspend our Fate) are prostituted, and bestow'd upon such as have nothing in Common with Men, but their Mortality.

But the dead Man is not to pass off so easily, for his last Thoughts are also to suffer Dissection, and it seems there is an Art to be learn'd to speak our own Sense in other Men's Words, and a Man in a Gown that never saw his Face shall tell you immediately the Design of the Deceas'd, better than all his old Acquaintance; which is so perfect an *Hocus Pocus*, that without you can repeat such and such Words, you cannot convey what is in your Hands into another's; but far be it from any Man's Thought to say there are not Men of strict Integrity of the Long Robe, tho' it is not every Body's good Fortune to meet with 'em.

However the daily legal Villanies we see committed, will also be esteem'd things proper to be prosecuted by Satyr, nor could our ensuing Legislative do their Country a more seasonable Office than to look into the Distresses of an unhappy People, who groan perhaps in as much Misery under intangled, as they could do under broken Laws; nor could there be a Reward high enough assign'd for a great Genius, if such may be found, who has Capacity sufficient to glance through the false Colours that are put upon us, and propose to the *English* World, a Method of making

P R E F A C E.

making Justice flow in an uninterrupted Stream; there is so clear a Mind in being, whom we will name in Words that of all Men breathing can be only said of him; 'Tis he that is excellent

*Sen linguam causis acuit, sen Civica Jura
Responsare parat, sen condit amabile carmen.*

Other Enemies that may arise against this poor Play are indeed less terrible, but much more powerful than these, and they are the Ladies; but if there is any thing that Argues a Sower'd Man, who lashes all for Lady Brumpton: we may hope there will be seen also a Devoted Heart, that esteems all for Lady Sharlot.

31MR64



P R O.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

Nature's Deserted, and Dramatick Art,
To Dazzle now the Eye, has left the Heart;
Gay Lights, and Dresses, long extended Scenes,
Dæmons and Angels moving in Machines,
All that can now, or please, or fright the Fair,
May be perform'd without a Writer's Care,
And is the Skill of Carpenter, not Player:
Old Shakespear's Days could not thus far Advance;
But what's his Buskin to our Ladder Dance?
In the mid Region a silk Youth to stand,
With that unweildy Engine at Command!
Gorg'd with intemp'rate Meals while here you sit,
Well may you take Activity for Wit:
Fie, let Confusion on such Dulness seize;
Blush you're so pleas'd, as we that so we please.
But we, still kind to your inverted Sense,
Do most unnatural Things once more dispence.
For since you're still prepos't'rous in Delight,
Our Author made, a full House to invite,
A Funeral a Comedy to-night.
Nor does he fear that you will take the Hint,
And let the Funeral his own be meant;
No, in Old England nothing can be won
Without a Faction. Good or Ill be done;
To own this our Frank Author does not fear,
But hopes for a prevailing Party here;
He knows h' has num'rous Friends, nay knows they'll show it,
And for the Fellow-Soldier save the Poet.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

L ord Brumpton.	Mr. Thomas.
Lord Hardy, Son to Ld. Brumpton.	Mr. Cibber.
Mr. Campley.	Mr. Wilks.
Mr. Truſſy, Steward to Ld. Brumpton.	Mr. Mills.
Cabinet.	Mr. Toms.
Mr. Sable, an Undertaker,	Mr. Johnson.
Puzzle, a Lawyer.	Mr. Bowen.
Trim, Servant to Lord Hardy.	Mr. Pinkethman.
Tom, the Lawyer's Clerk.	Mr. Fairbank.

W O M E N.

Lady Brumpton.	Mrs. Verbruggen.
Lady Shiarlot	} Orphan-Sisters left in } ward to Ld. Brumpton.
Lady Harriot	
Mademoiselle d' Epingle.	Mrs. Oldfield.
Tattleaid.	Mrs. Rogers.
Mrs. Fardingle.	Mrs. Lucas.
Kate Matchlock.	Mrs. Kent.
	Mr. Norris.
	Mr. Bullock.

Viſitant-Ladies, Sable's Servants, Recruits, &c.

SCENE, Covent-Garden.

T H E



THE
FUNERAL:
OR,
Grief A-la-Mode.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Cabinet, Sable, and Campley.

CABINET.

I Burst into Laughter! I can't bear to see Writ
over an Undertaker's Door, Dresses for the
Dead, and Necessaries for Funerals! Ha! ha! ha!
Sab. Well Gentlemen, 'tis very well, I know
you are of the Laughers, the Wits that take the Li-
berty to deride all things that are Magnificent and
Sokma.

Cam. Nay but after all, I can't but admire *Sable's*
nice Discerning on the superfluous Cares of Mankind.
B that

that could lead them to the thought of raising an Estate by providing Horses, Equipage, and Furniture, for those that no longer need 'em.

Cab. But is it not strangely contradictory, that Men can come to so open, so apparent an Hypocrisie, as in the Face of all the World, to hire profess'd Mourners to grieve, lament, and follow in their stead, their nearest Relations, and suborn others to do by Art, what they themselves should be prompted to by Nature?

Sab. That's reasonably enough said; but they regard themselves only in all they act for the Deceas'd, and the poor Dead are deliver'd to my Custody, to be Embalm'd, Slash'd, Cut, and Dragg'd about, not to do them Honour, but to satisfy the Vanity or Interest of their Survivors.

Cam. This Fellow's every way an Undertaker! How well and luckily he talks! His Prating so aptly, has methinks something more Ridiculous in it, than if he were Absurd! [*Aside to Cabinet.*]

Cab. But, as Mr. *Campley* says, how could you dream of making a Fortune from so Chimerical a Foundation, as the Provision of things wholly Needless and Insignificant?

Sab. Alas Gentlemen, the Value of all things under the Sun is merely Fantastick: We run, we strive, and purchase things with our Blood and Mony, quite foreign to our Intrinsick real Happiness, and which have a Being in Imagination only, as you may see by the pudder that is made about Precedence, Titles, Court Favour, Maidenheads, and China-ware.

Cam. Ay, Mr. *Sable*, but all those are Objects that promote our Joy, are bright to the Eye, or stamp upon our Minds Pleasure and Self-satisfaction.

Sab. You are extremely mistaken, Sir; for one would wonder to consider that after all our Outcries
against

GRIEF A-LA-MODE.

3

against Self-interested Men, there are few, very few in the whole World that Live to themselves, but sacrifice their Bosom-Bliss to enjoy a vain Show, and Appearance of Prosperity in the Eyes of others; and there is often nothing more inwardly distress'd than a young Bride in her glittering Retinue, or deeply joyful, than a young Widow in her Weeds and black Train; of both which, the Lady of this House may be an Instance, for she has been the one, and is, I'll be sworn, the other.

Cab. You talk, Mr. *Sable*, most Learnedly!

Sab. I have the deepest Learning, Sir, Experience: Remember your Widow Cousin that married last Month.

Cab. Ay! But how cou'd you imagine she was in all that Grief an Hypocrite? ——— could all those Shrieks, those Swoonings, that Rising falling Bosom be constrain'd? You're Uncharitable, *Sable*, to believe it ——— what Colour, what Reason had you for it?

Sab. First, Sir, her Carriage in her Concerns with me; for I never yet could meet with a sorrowful Relict but was her self enough to make an hard Bargain with me ——— Yet I must confess they have frequent Interruptions of Grief and Sorrow when they read my Bill ——— but as for her, nothing, she resolv'd, that look'd Bright or Joyous should after her Love's Death approach her. All her Servants that were not cole Black must turn out; a fair Complection made her Eyes and Heart ake, she'd none but downright Jet, and to exceed all Example she hir'd my Mourning Furniture by the Year, and in case of my Mortality ty'd my Son to the same Article; so in six Weeks time ran away with a young Fellow ——— Pry'thee push on briskly, Mr. *Cabinet*, now is your time to have this Widow, for *Tattleaid* tells me she always said she'd never Marry ———

Cab. As you say, that's generally the most hopeful Sign.

Sab. I tell you, Sir, 'tis an infallible one; you know those Professions are only to introduce Discourse of Matrimony and young Fellows.

Cab. But I swear I could not have Confidence ev'n after all our long Acquaintance, and the mutual Love, which his Lordship (who indeed has now been so kind as to leave us) has so long interrupted, to mention a thing of such a Nature so unseasonably——

Sab. Unseasonably! Why I tell you 'tis the only Season (granting her Sorrow unfeign'd:) When would you speak of Passion, but in the midst of Passions? There's what d'ye call, a Crisis——the lucky Minute that's so talk'd of, is a Moment between Joy and Grief, which you must take hold of, and push your Fortune——But get you in, and you'll best read your Fate in the reception Mrs. *Tattleaid* gives you: All she says, and all she does, nay her very Love and Hatred are mere repetition of her Ladyship's Passions: I'll say that for her, she's a true Lady's Woman, and is her self as much a second hand thing as her Cloaths. But I must beg your pardon, Gentlemen, my People are come, I see—— [*Exeunt Cab. and Camp.*]

Enter Sable's Men.

Where in the Name of Goodness have you all been! have you brought the Saw-dust and Tar for Embalming? have you the Hangings and the Six-penny Nails, and my Lord's Coat of Arms.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Yes, Sir, and had come sooner, but I went to the Herald's for a Coat for Alderman *Gathergrease* that dy'd last Night——he has promis'd to invent one against to-morrow.

Sab. Ah! Pox take some of our Cits, the first thing after their Death is to take care of their Birth——

Pox

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 5

Pox let him bear a Pair of Stockings, he's the first of his Family that ever wore one: Well, come you that are to be Mourners in this House, put on your sad Looks, and walk by me that I may fort you: Ha you! a little more upon the Dismal; [*forming their Countenances* —] this Fellow has a good Mortal Look--- place him near the Corps: That Waincoat Face must be o'top of the Stairs; that Fellow's almost in a Fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange Misery) at the Entrance of the Hall — So — but I'll fix you all my self — Let's have no Laughing now on any Provocation: [*makes Faces*] Look yonder that hale well-looking Puppy! You ungrateful Scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a Great Man's Service, and show you the Pleasure of receiving Wages? Did not I give you Ten, then Fifteen, now Twenty Shillings a Week, to be Sorrowful? and the more I give you, I think, the Gladder you are.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the Grave-digger of St. *Timothie's* in the Fields would speak with you.

Sab. Let him come in.

Enter Grave-digger.

Grav. I carry'd home to your House the Shrowd the Gentleman was buried in last Night; I could not get his Ring off very easily, therefore I brought the Finger and all; and, Sir, the Sexton gives his Service to you, and desires to know whether you'd have any Bodies remov'd or not: If not, he'll let 'em lye in their Graves a Week longer.

Sab. Give him my Service. I can't tell readily; but our Friend, tell him, Dr. *Passeport*, with the Powder, has promised me Six or Seven Funerals this Week. I'll send to our Country-Farm at *Kensington-Gravel-Pits*, and our City-House in *Warwick-Lane* for News; you shall know time enough. Hark'e, be sure there's

6 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Care taken to give my Lady *Languishe's* Woman a Fee, to keep out that young Fellow came last from *Oxford*; he'll ruin us all.

Enter Goody Trash.

I wonder, Goody *Trash*, you could not be more punctual; when I told you I wanted you, and your two Daughters, to be three Virgins to Night to stand in White about my Lady *Katharine Griffel's* Body, and you know you were privately to bring her home from the Man-Midwife's, where she dy'd in Child-birth, to be buried like a Maid; but there is nothing minded: Well, I have put off that 'till to morrow; go and get your Bag of Brick-durst and your Whiting. Go and sell to the Cook-maids, know who has surfeited about Town: Bring me no bad News, none of your Recoveries again. And you Mr. Blockhead, I warrant you have not call'd at Mr. *Pestles* the Apothecary: Will that Fellow never pay me? I stand Bound for all the Poison in that starving Murderer's Shop: He serves me just as Dr. *Quibus* did, who promis'd to write a Treatise against Water-gruel, a damn'd healthy Slop, that has done me more Injury than all the Faculty: Look you now you're all upon the Sneer, let me have none but downright stupid Countenances — — I've a good mind to turn you all off, and take People out of the Play-House; but hang 'em they are as Ignorant of their Parts as you are of yours, they never Act but when they speak; when the chief Indication of the Mind is in the Gesture, or indeed in case of Sorrow in no Gesture, except you were to Act a Widow, or so — — But yours, you Dolts, is all in dumb Show; Dumb Show? I mean expressive eloquent Show: As who can see such an horrid ugly Phiz as that Fellow's, and not be shock'd, offended, and kill'd of all Joy while he beholds it? But we must not loiter — Ye stupid Rogues, whom

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 7

I have pick'd out all the rubbish of Mankind, and fed for your eminent Worthlessness attend, and know that I speak you this Moment stiff and immutable to all Sense of Noise, Mirth, or Laughter: [*Makes Mouths at 'em as they pass by him, to bring 'em to a constant Countenance*] So, they are pretty well—pretty well—

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Trusty and Lord Brumpton.

Tru. 'Twas Fondness, Sir, and tender Duty to you, who have been so worthy and so just a Master to me, made me stay near you; they left me so, and there I found you wake from your Lethargick Slumber; on which I will assume an Authority to beseech you, Sir, to make just use of your reviv'd Life, in seeing who are your true Friends, and knowing her who has so wrought upon your noble Nature, as to make it act against it self in Dis-inheriting your brave Son.

Ld. B. Sure 'tis impossible she should besuch a Creature as you tell me — My Mind reflects upon ten thousand Endearments that plead unanswerably for her: Her chaste reluctant Love, her easie Ohservance of all my wayward Humours, to which she would accommodate her self with so much ease, I could scarce observe it was a Virtue in her; she hid her very Patience.

Tru. It was all Art, Sir, or Indifference to you; for what I say is downright matter of Fact.

Ld. B. Why didst thou ever tell me it! or why not in my Life-time, for I must call it so, nor can I date a Minute mine, after her being False, all past that Moment is Death and Darknes: Why didst thou not tell me then, I say?

Tru. Because you were too much in Love with her to be inform'd; nor did I ever know a Man that touch'd on Conjugal Affairs could ever reconcile the jarring Humours, but in a common Hatred of the In-

B. 4

termedler:

term'dler: But on this most extraordinary Occasion, which seems pointed out by Heav'n it self to disengage you from your Cruelty and Banishment of an Innocent Child, I must, I will conjure you to be conceal'd, and but contain your self, in hearing one Discourse with that curs'd Instrument of all her Secrets, that *Tattleaid*, and you'll see what I tell you; you'll call me then your Guardian and good Genius.

Ld. B. Well you shall govern me, but would I had dy'd in earnest e'er I'd known it; my Head swims, as it did when I fell into my Fit, at the thoughts of it——How dizzy a Place is this World you live in! All Human-Life's a mere Vertigo!

Tru. Ay, ay, my Lord, fine Reflections, fine Reflections, but that does no Business: Thus, Sir, we'll stand conceal'd, and hear, I doubt not, a much sincerer Dialogue than usual between vitious Persons; for a late Accident has giv'n a little Jealousie, which makes 'em over-act their Love and Confidence in each other.

[They retire.]

Enter Widow and Tattleaid meeting, and running to each other.

Wid. Oh *Tattleaid*! His and our Hour is come!

Tat. I always said, by his Church-yard Cough, you'd bury him, but still you were impatient——

Wid. Nay, thou hast ever been my Comfort, my Confident, my Friend, and my Servant; and now I'll reward thy Pains; for tho' I scorn the whole Sex of Fellows, I'll give 'em hopes for thy sake; every Smile, every Frown, every Gesture, Humour, Caprice and Whimsy of mine, shall be Gold to thee Girl; thou shalt feel all the Sweet and Wealth of being a fine rich Widow's Woman: Oh! how my Head runs my first Year out, and jumps to all the joys of Widow-hood! If thirteen Months hence a Friend should haul one to a Play one has a mind to see, what Pleasure 'twill be, when

GRIEF A-LA-MODE.

when my Lady *Brumpton's* Footman's call'd (who kept a Place for that very purpose) to make a sudden Insurrection of fine Wigs in the Pit and Side-Boxes. Then, with a pretty Sorrow in one's Face, and a willing Blush for being star'd at, one ventures to look round and bow to one of one's own Quality. Thus [*very directly*] to a Smug pretending Fellow of no Fortune: Thus [*as scarce seeing him*] to one that writes Lampoons: Thus [*fearfully*] to one one really Loves: Thus [*looking down*] to one's Woman-Acquaintance; from Box to Box thus: [*with Looks differently familiar*] And when one has done one's Part, observe the Actors do theirs, but with my Mind fixt not on those I look at, but those that look at me — Then the Serenades! The Lovers!

Tat. Oh Madam, you make my Heart bound within me; I'll warrant you, Madam, I'll manage 'em all; and indeed, Madam, the Men are really very silly Creatures, 'tis no such hard matter — They Rulers! They Governours! I warrant you indeed!

Wid. Ay *Tattleaid*, they imagine themselves mighty Things, but Government founded on Force only is a Brutal Power — We rule them by their Affections, which blinds them into a Belief that they rule us, or at least are in the Government with us — But in this Nation our Power is Absolute; Thus, thus, we sway — [*Playing her Fan*] A Fan is both the Standard, and the Flag of *England*: I laugh to see the Men go our Errands, strut in Great Offices, live in Cares, Hazards and Scandals, to come home and be Fools to us in Brags of their Dispatches, Negotiations, and their Wisdoms — as my good Dear Deceas'd us'd to entertain me; which I to relieve my self from — would lisp some silly Request, pat him on the Face — He shakes his Head at my pretty Folly, calls me Simpleton; gives me a Jewel, then goes to Bed so wise, so satisfied, and so deceiv'd.

Tat. But I protest, Madam, I've always wonder'd how you could accomplish my young Lord's being disinherited.

Wid. Why *Tatty*, you must know my late Lord — how prettily that sounds, my Late Lord! But I say, my late Lord *Fribble* was Generosity — I press'd him there, and whenever you, by my Order, had told him Stories to my Son-in-Law's Disadvantage, in his Rage and Resentment, I (whose Interest lay otherwise) always fell on my Knees to implore his Pardon, and with Tears, Sighs and Importunities for him prevail'd against him: Besides this, you know I had when I pleas'd Fits; Fits are a mighty help in the Government of a Good-natur'd Man; but to an Ill-natur'd Fellow have a care of 'em — he'll hate you for your Natural Infirmities; will remember your Face in its Distortion, and not value your Return of Beauty.

Tat. O rare Madam! your Ladyship's a great Head-piece; but now, dear Madam, is the hard Task, if I may take the Liberty to say it — to enjoy all Freedoms, and seem to abstain, to manage the number of Pretenders, and keep the Disoblig'd from prating —

Wid. Never fear, *Tattleaid*; while you have Riches, if you affront one to Abuse, you can give Hopes to another to Defend you: These Maxims I have been laying up all my Husband's Life-time, for we must provide against Calamities —

Tat. But now, Madam, a fine young Gentleman with a red Coat, that dances —

Wid. You may be sure the happy Man (if it be in Fate that there is a happy Man to make me an unhappy Woman) shall not be an Old one again: Age and Youth married, is the Cruelty in *Dryden's Virgil*, where *Mezentius* ties the dead and living together: I'm sure I was ty'd to a dead Man many a long Day before I durst bury him — But the Day is now my
own

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. II

own—— Yet now I think on't, *Tattleaid*, be sure to keep an obstinate Shyness to all our old Acquaintance. Let 'em talk of Favours if they please, if we grant 'em still they'll grow Tyrants to us; if we discard 'em, the Chast and Innocent will not believe we could have Confidence to do it, were it so; and the Wife, if they believe it, will applaud our Prudence.

Tat. Ay, Madam —— I believe Madam —— I speak, Madam, but my humble Sense —— Mr. *Cabinet* would marry you.

Wid. Marry me! No, *Tattleaid*. He that is so mean as to marry a Woman after an Affair with her, will be so base as to upbraid that very Weakness: He that marries his Wench will use her like his Wench —— Such a Pair must sure live in a secret mutual Scorn of each other —— and Wedlock is Hell, if at least one Side does not Love, as it would be Heaven if both did; and I believe it so much Heav'n, as to think it was never enjoy'd in this World.

Enter a Woman.

Wom. A Gentleman to Mrs. *Tattleaid* —— [*Ex. Tat.*]

Wid. Go to him —— Bless me, how careless and open have I been to this subtle Creature in the Case of *Cabinet*! she's certainly in his Interests —— We People of Condition are never guarded enough against those about us: They watch when our Minds boil over with Joy, or Grief, to come in upon us: How miserable 'tis to have One one hates always about one, and when one can't endure one's own Reflection upon some Actions, who can bear the Thoughts of another upon 'em? But she has me by deep deep Secrets —— The *Italians*, they say, can readily remove the too much intrusted —— Oh their pretty scented Gloves! This Wench I know has play'd me false, and horn'd me in my Gallants: Oh *Italy*, I could resign all my Female *English* Liberty to thee, for thy much dearer Female Pleasure, Revenge! Well, what's the Matter, dear *Tatty* —— *Enter*

Enter Tattleaid.

Tat. The Matter, Madam? why Madam, Counsellor *Puzzle* is come to wait on your Ladyship about the Will, and the Conveyance of the Estate — there must, it seems, be no time lost for fear of things; Fie, fie, Madam, you a Widow these three Hours, and not look'd on a Parchment yet — Oh Impious, to neglect the Will of the Dead!

Wid. As you say indeed, there is no Will of an Husband's so willingly Obey'd as his Last. But I must go in, and receive him in my Formalities, leaning on a Couch, as necessary a Posture as his going behind his Desk when he speaks to a Client — But do you bring him in hither 'till I'm ready — *[Exit*

Tat. Mr. Counsellor, Mr. Counsellor — *[Calling*
Enter Puzzle and Clerk.

Puz. 'Servant good Madam *Tattleaid*, my ancient Friend is gone, but Business must be minded —

Tat. I told my Lady twice or thrice, as she lies in dumb Grief on the Couch within, that you were here, but she regarded me not; however, since you say 'tis of such Moment, I'll venture to introduce you: please but to repose here a little while I step in; for methinks I would a little prepare her. *[Exit Tattleaid.*

Puz. Alas! Alas! Poor Lady!

Damn'd Hypocrites! Well, this Noble's Death is a little sudden: Therefore pray let me recollect: Open the Bag, good *Tom*; now *Tom* thou art my Nephew, my dear Sister *Kate*'s only Son, and my Heir, therefore I will conceal from thee on no Occasion any thing; for I would enter thee into Business as soon as possible. Know then, Child, that the Lord of this House was one of your Men of Honour, and Sense, who lose the latter in the former, and are apt to take all Men to be like themselves; now this Gentleman intirely trusted me; and I made the only use a Man

or

of Business can of a Trust, I cheated him; for I, imperceptibly, before his Face made his whole Estate liable to an Hundred *per Annum* for my self, for good Services, &c. As for Legacies, they are good or not, as I please; for let me tell you, a Man must take Pen, Ink and Paper, sit down by an old Fellow, and pretend to take Directions, but a true Lawyer never makes any Man's Will but his own; and as the Priest of old among us got near the dying Man, and gave all to the Church, so now the Lawyer gives all to the Law.

Clerk. Ay Sir, but Priests then cheated the Nation by doing their Offices in an unknown Language.

Puz. True, but ours is a way much surer, for we cheat in no Language at all, but loll in our own Coaches, eloquent in Gibbrish, and learned in Juggle — Pull out the Parchment; there's the Deed, I made it as long as I could — Well, I hope to see the Day, when the Indenture shall be the exact measure of the Land that passes by it — For 'tis a Discouragement to the Gown, that every Ignorant Rogue of an Heir should in a Word or two understand his Father's Meaning, and hold ten Acres of Land by half an Acre of Parchment — Nay, I hope to see the time when that there is indeed some Progress made in, shall be wholly effected; and by the Improvement of the noble Art of Tautology every Inn in *Holbourn* an Inn of Court — Let others think of Logick, Rhetorick, and I know not what Impertinence, but mind thou Tautology — What's the first Excellence in a Lawyer? Tautology: What the second? Tautology: What the third? Tautology: as an old Pleader said of Action: But turn to the Deed; [*Pulls out an immeasurable Parchment*] for the Will is of no force if I please, for he was not capable of making one after the former — as I manag'd it — upon which account I

NOW

now wait on my Lady: by the way, do you know the true Meaning of the Word A Deed?

Clerk. Ay, Sir, A Deed is as if a Man should say The Deed.

Puz. Right: 'Tis emphatically so call'd, because after it — all Deeds and Actions are of no effect, and you have nothing to do but hang your self — the only obliging thing you can then do — But I was telling you the Use of Tautology — Read toward the middle of that Instrument. [*Clerk reads*] I the said Earl of *Brumpton*, do give, bestow, grant and bequeath, over and above the said Premises, all the Scite and Capital Messuage call'd by the Name of *Oatham*, and all Out-houses, Barns, Stables and other *Ædifices* and Buildings, Yards, Orchards, Gardens, Fields, Arbors, Trees, Lands, Earths, Meadows, Greens, Pastures, Feedings, Woods, Underwoods, Ways, Waters, Watercourses, Fishings, Ponds, Pools, Commons, Common of Pasture, Paths, Heath-Thickets, Profits, Commodities and Emoluments, with their and every of their Appurtenances whatsoever, to the said Capital Messuage and Scite belonging, or in any wise appertaining, or with the same heretofore used, occupied, or enjoy'd, accepted, executed, known,

Puzzle nods and sneers as the Synonymous Words are repeating, whom L. B. scornfully mimicks.

or taken as part, parcel, or member of the same; containing in the whole, by Estimation, four hundred Acres of the large Measure, or thereabouts, be the same more or less; all and singular which the said Scite, Capital Messuage, and other the Premises, with their and every of their Appurtenances, are situate, lying and being —

Puz. Hold, hold, good *Tom*; you do come on indeed in Business, but don't use your Nose enough in Reading — [*Reads in a Ridiculous Law Tone, till out of Breath*]

Why

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 15

Why, you're quite out ——— you Read to be Under-
stood — let me see it — I the said Earl ———
Now again, suppose this were to be in *Latin* ———
[Runs into Latin Terminations] Making *Latin*, is only
Making it no *English* ——— *Ego Predict* — Comes de
Brumpton ——— *Totas meas Barnos* ——— *Outhousas, &c*
Stabulas ——— *Yardos* ——— But there needs no further
perusal — I now recollect the whole ——— my Lord,
by this Instrument, Disinherits his Son utterly ———
gives all to my Lady ——— and moreover, grants the
Wards of two Fortune-Wards to her — *Id est*, to be
Sold by her, which is the subject of my Business to
her Ladyship, who methinks a little overdoes the Af-
fair of Grief, in letting me wait thus long on such
welcome Articles ——— But here ———

Enter Tattleaid wiping her Eyes.

Tatt. I have in vain done all I can to make her re-
gard me — Pray Mr. *Puzzle*, you're a Man of Sense,
come in your self, and speak Reason, to bring her to
some Consideration of her self, if possible.

Puz. Tom, I'll come down to the Hall to you; dear
Madam, lead on.

[*Ex. Clerk one way, Puz. Tatt. another.*]

*Ld. Brumpton and Trusty advance from their Conceal-
ment after a long Pause, and staring at each other*

Ld. B. Trusty, on thy Sincerity, on thy Fidelity to
me thy Friend, thy Patron, and thy Master, answer
me directly to one Question: Am I really Alive? Am
I that Identical, that Numerical, that very same Lord
Brumpton, that ———

Tru. That very Lord — that very Lord *Brumpton*,
the very generous, honest and good Lord *Brumpton*,
who spent his strong and riper Years with Honour
and Reputation; but in his Age of Decay declin'd from
Virtue also — that very Lord *Brumpton* who buried
a fine Lady, who brought him a fine Son, who is a
fine

fine Gentleman; but in his Age, that very Man, unseasonably captivated with Youth and Beauty, married a very fine young Lady, who has dishonour'd his Bed, disinherited his brave Son, and dances o'er his Grave.

Ld. B. Oh! That damn'd Tautologist too — That Puzzle and his Irrevocable Deed! [*Pausing*] Well, I know I do not really Live, but wander o'er the Place where once I had a Treasure — I'll haunt her, *Trufty*, gaze in that false Beauteous Face, 'till she Trembles, 'till she looks pale, nay, 'till she blushes —

Tru. Ay, ay, my Lord, you speak a Ghost very much, there's Flesh and Blood in that Expression, that false Beauteous Face!

Ld. B. Then since you see my Weakness, be a Friend, and arm me with all your Care, and all your Reason —

Tru. If you'll condescend to let me direct you — you shall cut off this rotten Limb, your false disloyal Wife, and save your noble Parts, your Son, your Family, your Honour.

*Short is the Date in which Ill Acts prevail,
But Honesty's a Rock can never fail.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lord Hardy solus.

Ld. H. **N**OW indeed I am utterly undone; but to expect an Evil softens the Weight of it when it happens, and Pain no more than Pleasure is in Reality so great as in Expectation: But what will become of me? How shall I keep my self even above Worldly Want? Shall I live at Home a stiff melancholy

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 17

ly poor Man of Quality, grow uneasy to my Acquaintance as well as my self, by fancying I'm slighted where I am not; with all the thousand Particularities which attend those whom low Fortune and high Spirit make Malecontents? No! We've a brave Prince on the Throne, whose Commission I bear, and a glorious War in an honest Cause approaching, [*Clapping his Hand on his Sword*] in which this shall cut Bread for me, and may perhaps equal that Estate to which my Birth entitled me ——— But what to do in present Pressures ——— Ha! Trim. [*Calling.*]

Enter Trim.

Trim. My Lord.

Ld. H. How do the poor Rogues that are to Recruit my Company?

Trim. Do, Sir! they've eat you to your last Guinea,

Ld. H. Were you at the Agent's?

Trim. Yes.

Ld. H. Well? And how?

Trim. Why Sir, for your Arrears, you may have eleven Shillings in the Pound; but he'll not touch your growing Subsistence under three Shillings in the Pound Interest ——— besides which, you must let his Clerk, *Jonathan Item*, Swear the Peace against you to keep you from Duelling ——— or Insure your Life, which you may do for Eight *per Cent.* On these Terms he'll oblige you, which he would not do for any Body else in the Regiment, but he has a Friendship for you.

Ld. H. Oh, I'm his humble Servant; but he must have his own Terms, we can't Starve, nor must my Fellows want: But methinks this is a calm Midnight, I've heard no Duns to Day ———

Trim. Duns, my Lord? Why now your Father's Dead, and they can't Arrest you, I shall grow a little less upon the smooth with 'em than I have been:
Why

18 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Why Friend, says I, how often must I tell you my Lord is not stirring: His Lordship has not slept well, you must come some other time; your Lordship will send for him when you are at leisure to look upon Mony-Affairs; or if they are so Sawcy, so Impertinent as to press to a Man of your Quality for their own — there are Canes, there's *Bridewell*, there's the Stocks for your ordinary Tradesmen. But to an haughty thriving *Covent Garden* Mercer, Silk or Lace-man, your Lordship gives your most humble Service to him, hopes his Wife's well; you have Letters to write, or you'd see him your self, but you desire he would be with you punctually such a Day, that's to say, the Day after you are gone out of Town.

Ld. H. Go, Sirrah, you're Scurrilous, I won't believe there are such Men of Quality ——— d'ye hear, give my Service this Afternoon to Mr. *Cutpurse* the Agent, and tell him I'm oblig'd to him for his readiness to serve me, for I'm resolv'd to pay my Debts forthwith ——— [A Voice without.

I don't know whether he's within, or not: Mr. *Trim*, is my Lord within?

Ld. H. Trim, see who it is; I an't within, you know ——— [Trim without.

Yes, Sir, my Lord's above, pray walk up ———

Ld. H. Who can it be? he owns me too.

Enter Camply and Trim.

Dear *Tom Camply*, this is kind — You are an extraordinary Man indeed, who in the sudden Accession of a noble Fortune can be still your self, and visit your less happy Friends.

Cam. No, you are, my Lord, the extraordinary Man, who on the loss of an almost Princely Fortune, can be Master of a Temper, that makes you the Envy, rather than Pity of your more fortunate, not more happy Friends.

Ld. H.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 19

Ld. H. Oh Sir, your Servant — but let me gaze on thee a little — I han't seen thee since I came home into *England* — most Exactly, Negligently, Genteelly Dress'd! I know there's more than Ordinary in this — [*beating Campley's Breast*] Come, Confess, who shares with me here — I must have her real and poetical Name — Come — She's in Sonnet, *Cynthia* — In prose, Mistress —

Cam. One you little dream of, tho' she is in a man-
nee of your placing there.

Ld. H. My placing there?

Cam. Why, my Lord, all the fine things you've said to me in the Camp of my Lady *Sharlot*, your Father's Ward, ran in my Head so very much, that I made it my Business to become acquainted in that Family, which I did by Mr. *Cabinet's* means, and am now in Love in the same place with your Lordship.

Ld. H. How! in Love in the same place with me, Mr. *Campley*?

Cam. Ay, my Lord, with t'other Sister, with t'other Sister.

Ld. H. What a Dunce was I, not to know which, without your naming her? Why, thou art the only Man breathing fit to deal with her — But my Lady *Sharlot*, there's a Woman — So easily virtuous! — So agreeably severe! Her Motion so unaffected, yet so compos'd! Her Lips breathe nothing but Truth, good Sense, and flowing Wit.

Cam. Lady *Harriot*! there's the Woman, such Life, such Spirit, such Warmth in her Eyes — Such a lively commanding Air in her Glances; so spritely a Mein, that carries in it the Triumph of conscious Beauty; her Lips are made up of Gum and Balm — There's something in that dear Girl that fires my Blood Above — Above — Above —

Ld. H. Above what?

Cam.

Cam. A Granadier's March.

Ld. H. A soft Simile, I must confess — but oh that *Sharlot!* to recline this aching Head, full of Care, on that tender, snowy — faithful Bosom!

Cam. O that *Harriot!* to Embrace that Beauteous —

Ld. H. Ay *Tom;* but methinks your Head runs too much on the Wedding-Night only, to make your Happiness lasting; mine is fixt on the married State; I expect my Felicity from Lady *Sharlot*, in her Friendship, her Constancy, her Piety, her household Cares, her maternal Tenderness — You think not of any Excellence of your Mistress, that is more than Skin-deep —

Cam. When I know her further than Skin-deep, I'll tell you more of my Mind.

Ld. H. Oh fie *Tom*, how can you talk so lightly of a Woman you Love with Honour — But tell me, I wonder how you make your Approaches in besieging such a Sort of Creature; she that loves Addresses, Gallantry, Fiddles: That Reigns and Delights in a crowd of Admirer's — If I know her, she's one of those you may easily have a general Acquaintance with, but hard to make Particular —

Cam. You understand her very well — You must know I put her out of all her Play, by carrying it in an humorous Manner; I took care in all my Actions, before I discover'd the Lover, that she should in general have a good Opinion of me; and have ever since behav'd my self with all the good Humour and Ease I was able; so that she is now extreamly at a Loss how to throw me from the Familiarity of an Acquaintance, into the Distance of a Lover; but I laugh her out of it; when she begins to frown, and look grave at my Mirth, I mimick her 'till she bursts out a laughing —

Ld. H. That's ridiculous enough.

Cam.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 21

Cam. By *Cabinet's* Interest over my Lady *Brumpton*, with Gold and Flattery to Mrs. *Fardingale*, an old Maid her Ladyship has plac'd about the young Ladies, I have easie Access at all times, and am this very Day to be admitted by her into their Apartment—— I have found, you must know, that she is my Relation——

Ld. H. Her Ladyship has chose an odd Companion for young Ladies——

Cam. Oh my Lady's a Politician; she told *Tattleaid* one Day, that an old Maid was the best Guard for young Ones, for they, like Eunuchs in a *Seraglio*, are Vigilant, out of Envy of Enjoyments they cannot themselves arrive at—— But, as I was saying, I've sent my Cousin *Fardingale* a Song, which she and I are to practise to the Spinnet—— The young Ladies will be by—— and I am to be left alone with Lady *Harriot*, then I design to make my grand Attack, and to Day win or lose her: I know, Sir, this is an Opportunity you want—— If you'll meet me at *Tom's*, have a Letter ready, I'll my self deliver it to your Mistress, conduct you into the House, and tell her you are there—— and find Means to place you together—— You must march under my Command to Day, as I have many a one under yours——

Ld. H. But 'faith *Tom* I shall not behave my self with half the Resolution you have under mine; for to confess my Weakness, tho' I know she loves me, tho' I know she is as stedfastly mine, as her Heart can make her—— I know not how, I have so sublime an Idea of her high Value, and such a melting Tenderness dissolves my whole Frame, when I am near her, that my Tongue falters, my Nerves shake, and my Heart so alternately sinks and rises, that my premeditated Resolves vanish into Confusion, down-cast Eyes, and broken Utterance——

Cam.

22 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Cam. Ha! ha! ha! this in a Campagner too! Why, my Lord, that's the Condition *Harriot* would have me in, and then she thinks she could have me; but I, that know her better than she does her self, know she'd insult me, and lead me a two Years dance longer, and perhaps in the End turn me into the Herd of the many neglected Men of better Sense, who have been ridiculous for her Sake ——— But I shall make her no such Sacrifice ——— 'Tis well my Lady *Sharlor's* a Woman of so solid an Understanding, I don't know another that would not use you ill for your high Value ———

Ld. H. But, *Tom*, I must see your Song you've sent your Cousin *Fardingle*, as you call her.

Cam. This is Lucky enough. [*Aside.* No hang it, my Lord, a Man makes so silly a Figure when his Verses are reading ——— *Trim* ——— Thou hast not left off thy Loving and thy Rhiming, *Trim's* a Critick, I remember him a Servitude at *Oxon*, [*gives a Paper to Trim* ———] I give my self into his Hands, because you shan't see 'em 'till I'm gone.

My Lord, your Servant, you shan't stir.

Ld. H. Nor you neither then. [*Strugling.*

Cam. You will be obey'd.

[*Exeunt: Lord Hardy waits on him down.*

Trim. What's in this Song — Ha — don't my Eyes deceive me ——— a Bill of Three Hundred Pounds ———

Mr. CASH,

PRAY pay to Mr. William Trim, or Bearer, the Sum of Three Hundred Pounds, and place it to the Account of,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

Thomas Campley.

[*Pulling*

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 23

[*Pulling off his Hat and Bowing*] Your very humble
 Servant, good Mr. *Campley*. Ay, this is Poetry, this
 is a Song indeed! Faith I'll set it, and sing it my self
 — Pray pay to Mr. *William Trim* — so far in Re-
 citativo — Three Hundred, [*singing ridiculously* —]
 Hun — dred — Hundred — Hundred thrice
 repeated, because 'tis Three Hundred Pounds, I love
 Repetitions in Musick, when there's a good Reason
 for it, Po — unds after the *Italian* manner — If
 they'd bring me such sensible Words as these, I'd out-
 strip all your Composers, for the Musick Prize —
 This was honestly done of Mr. *Campley* — Tho' I
 have carry'd him many a Purse from my Master when
 he was Ensign to our Company in *Flanders* —

Enter Lord Hardy.

My Lord, I am your Lordship's humble Servant.

Ld. H. Sir, your humble Servant. But pray, my
 good familiar Friend, how come you to be so very
 much my humble Servant all of a sudden?

Trim. I beg pardon, dear Sir, my Lord, I am not
 your humble Servant.

Ld. H. No?

Trim. Yes, my Lord, I am, but not as you mean
 — but I am — I am, my Lord — in short
 I'm overjoy'd.

Ld. H. Overjoy'd! Thou'rt distracted — what ails
 the Fellow — Where's *Campley's* Song?

Trim. Oh! my Lord, one would not think 'twas
 in him. Mr. *Campley's* really a very great Poet — as
 for the Song, 'tis only as they all end in Rhime — Owe
 — Woe — — Kisses — Boy — Joy — But,
 my Lord, the other in long Heroick Blank Verse.

[*Reading it with a great Tone* —]

Pray pay to Mr. *William Trim*, or order, the Sum of —
 How sweetly it runs? — *Pactolian* Guineas chink
 in every Line —

Ld. H.

Ld. H. How very handsomely this was done in *Campley*? I wonder'd indeed he was so unwilling to shew his Verses — in how careless a manner that Fellow does the greatest Actions! —

Trim. My Lord, pray my Lord, shan't I go immediately to *Cutpurse's*?

Ld. H. No, Sirrah — now we've no occasion for it —

Trim. No, my Lord, only to stare him full in the Face after I've receiv'd this Money, not say a Word, but keep my Hat on, and walk out — Or perhaps not hear, if any I meet with speak to me — But grow Stiff, Deaf, and Short sighted to all my old Acquaintance, like a sudden rich Man as I am — Or perhaps, my Lord, desire *Cutpurse's* Clerk to let me leave Fifty Pounds at their House, payable to Mr. *William Trim*, or Order — 'till I come that way — or a Month or two hence, may have Occasion for it — I don't know what Bills may be drawn upon me — Then when the Clerk begins to stare at me, 'till he pulls the great Goose quill from behind his Ear — [*Pulls a handfull of Farthings out* —] I fall a reckoning the Pieces as I do these Farthings.

Ld. H. Well, Sirrah, you may have your Humour, but before you take Four score Pounds, and pay my Debts immediately — if you meet any Officer you ever saw me in Company with, that looks grave at *Cutpurse's* House, tell him I'd speak with him — We must help our Friends — But learn Moderation, you Rogue, in your Good Fortune; be at home all the Evening after, while I wait at *Tom's* to meet *Campley* in order to see Lady *Sharlot* —

*My Good or Ill in her alone is found,
And in that Thought all other Cares are drown'd.*

[Exeunt.]

Enter

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 25

Enter Sable, Lord Brumpton, and Trusty.

Sab. Why, my Lord, you can't in Conscience put me off so; I must do according to my Orders, cut you up, and Embalm you, except you'll come down a little deeper than you talk of; you don't consider the Charges I have been at already.

Ld. B. Charges? for what?

Sab. First, Twenty Guineas to my Lady's Woman for notice of your Death (a Fee I've, before now, known the Widow her self go halves in) but no matter for that—in the next place, Ten Pounds for watching you all your long fit of Sicknefs last Winter——

Ld. B. Watching me? Why I had none but my own Servants by turns——

Sab. I mean, attending to give notice of your Death. I had all your long fit of Sicknefs last Winter, at Half a Crown a Day, a Fellow waiting at your Gate to bring me Intelligence, but you unfortunately Recover'd, and I lost all my obliging Pains for your Service.

Ld. B. Ha! ha! ha! *Sable*, thou art a very impudent Fellow. Half a Crown a Day to attend my Decease, and dost thou reckon it to me!

Sab. Look you Gentlemen, don't stand staring at me—— I have a Book at home which I call my Dooms-Day-Book, where I have every Man of Quality's Age and Distemper in Town, and know when you should drop——Nay, my Lord, if you had reflected upon your Mortality half so much as poor I have for you, you would not desire to return to Life thus—— in short I cannot keep this a Secret, under the whole Mony I am to have for burying you.

Ld. B. Trusty, if you think it safe in you to obey my Orders after the Deed *Puzzle* told his Clerk of, pay it him——

26 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Tru. I should be glad to give it out of my own Pocket, rather than be without the Satisfaction of seeing you Witness to it.

Ld. B. I heartily believe thee, dear *Trusty*——

Sab. Then, my Lord, the Secret of your being alive, is now safe with me.

Tru. I'll warrant I'll be reveng'd of this unconscionable Dog [*Aside.*]—— My Lord, you must to your Closet—— I fear some Body's coming——

[*Exe. Sable one way, Ld. B. and Trusty another.*]

SCENE draws and discovers Lady Sharlot reading at a Table—— Lady Harriot playing at a Glafs to and fro, and viewing her self.

L. Ha. Nay, good Sage Sister, you may as well talk to me, [*Looking at her self when she speaks*] as sit staring at a Book which I know you can't attend—— Good Dr. *Lucas* may have writ there what he pleases, but there's no putting *Francis Lord Hardy*, now Earl of *Brumpton*, out of your Head, or making him absent from your Eyes; do but look at me now, and deny it if you can——

L. Sh. You are the maddest Girl—— [*Smiling.*]

L. Ha. Look ye, I knew you could not say it and forbear Laughing—— [*Looking over Sharlot*] Oh I see his Name as plain as you do— F—r—a—n—
*Fran, c—i—s*is, *Francis*, 'tis in every line of the Book.

L. Sh. [*Rising*] 'Tis in vain, I see, to mind any thing in such impertinent Company—— but granting 'twere as you say, as to my Lord *Hardy*—— 'tis more excusable to admire another than one's self.

La. Ha. No, I think not—— Yes I grant you than really to be vain at one's Person, but I don't admire my self—— Pish! I don't believe my Eyes have that Softness—— [*Looking in the Glafs.*] They an't so piercing:

cing: No, 'tis only Stuff the Men will be talking— Some People are such Admirers of Teeth— Lord what signifies Teeth? [*Showing her Teeth.*] A very Blackamoor has as white Teeth as I— No, Sister, I don't admire my self, but I've a Spirit of Contradiction in me: I don't know, I'm in Love with my self, only to Rival the Men—

L. Sh. Ay, but Mr. *Campley* will gain ground ev'n of that Rival of his, your dear self—

L. Ha. Oh! what have I done to you, that you should name that insolent Intruder— A confident Opinionative Fop— No indeed, if I am, as a Poetical Lover of mine Sigh'd and Sung, of both Sexes,

The Publick Envy, and the Publick Care,

I shan't be so easily catch'd—I thank him— I want but to be sure, I shou'd heartily torment him, by banishing him, and then consider whether he should depart this Life, or not.

L. Sh. Indeed, Sister, to be serious with you, this Vanity in your Humour does not at all become you!

L. Ha. Vanity! All the matter is, we gay People are more Sincere than you wise Folks: all your Life's an Art— Speak your Soul— Look you there— [*Halling her to the Glass*] Are not you struck with a secret Pleasure, when you view that Bloom in your Looks, that Harmony in your Shape, that Promptitude of your Mein!

L. Sh. Well, Simpleton, if I am at first so silly, as to be a little taken with my self, I know it a Fault, and take pains to Correct it.

L. Ha. Pshaw! Pshaw! talk this musty Tale to Old Mrs. *Fardingale*, 'tis too soon for me to think at that rate—

L. Sh. They that think it too soon to understand themselves, will very soon find it too late— But tell me honestly, don't you like *Campley*?

L. Ha. The Fellow is not to be Abhorr'd, if the forward Thing did not think of getting me so easily— Oh— I hate a Heart I can't break when I please— What makes the Value of dear China, but that 'tis so brittle?— were it not for that, you might as well have stone Mugs in your Closet—

L. Sh. Hift, hift, here's *Fardingle*—

Enter Fardingle.

Far. Lady *Harriot*, Lady *Sharlot*— I'll entertain you now, I've a new Song just come hot out of the Poet's Brain: Lady *Sharlot*, my Cousin *Campley* writ it, and 'tis Set to a pretty Air, I warrant you.

L. Ha. 'Tis like to be pretty indeed, of his Writing. [Flings away.]

Far. Come, come— this is not one of your *Tringham* *Trangham* witty things, that your poor Poets write, no, 'tis well known my Cousin *Campley* has Two thousand Pounds a Year— But this is all Dissimulation in you.

L. Sh. 'Tis so indeed, for your Cousin's Song's very pretty, Mrs. *Fardingle*.

Reads.

*Let not Love on me bestow
Soft Distress, and tender Woe;
I know none but substantial Blissess,
Eager Glances, solid Kisses;
I know not what the Lovers feign,
Of finer Pleasure mix'd with Pain;
Then pr'ythee give me, gentle Boy,
None of thy Grief, but all thy Joy.*

But *Harriot* thinks that a little unreasonable, to expect
one without enduring t'other.

Enter

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 29

Enter Servant.

Ser. There's your Cousin *Campley* to wait on you without——

Far. Let him come in—— we shall have the Song now——

Enter Campley.

Cam. Ladies, your most obedient Servant—— Your Servant, Lady *Sharlot*—— Servant, Lady *Harriot*—— [*Harriot looks grave upon him*] What's the Matter, dear Lady *Harriot*—— Not well? I protest to you I'm mightily concern'd—— [*pulls out a Bottle*] This is a most excellent Spirit—— snuff it up, Madam——

L. Ha. Pish—— the familiar Coxcomb frets me heartily——

Cam. 'Twill over, I hope, immediately.

L. Sh. Your Cousin *Fardingale* has shown us some of your Poetry; there's the Spinnet, Mr. *Campley*, I know you're Musical.

Cam. She should not have call'd it my Poetry.

Far. No: Who waits there—— Pray bring my Lute out of the next Room——

Enter Servant with a Lute.

You must know I con'd this Song before I came in, and find 'twill go to an excellent Air of old Mr. *Laws's*, who was my Mother's intimate Acquaintance; my Mother's! what do I talk of? I mean my Grand-Mother's—— Oh here's the Lute—— Cousin *Campley*, hold the Song upon your Hat. [*Aside to him*] 'Tis a pretty Gallantry to a Relation.

Sings and Squales.

Let not Love, &c.

Oh! I have left off these things many a Day.

Cam. No; I profess, Madam, you do it admirably—— but are not assur'd enough—— Take it higher [*in her own Squale*] Thus—— I know your Voice will bear it.

30 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

L. Ha. Oh hideous! Oh the gross Flatterer—— I shall burst—— Mrs. *Fardingale*, pray go on, the Musick fits the Words most aptly—— Take it higher, as your Cousin advises——

Far. Oh dear Madam, do you really like it—— I do it purely to please you—— for I can't sing, alas!

L. Sh. We know it, good Madam, we know it—— But pray——

Far. Let not Love, and substantial Bliss, is lively enough, and ran accordingly in the Tune [*Curtsies to the Company*] Now I took it higher——

L. Ha. Incomparably done! Nothing can equal it, except your Cousin sang his own Poetry.

Cam. Madam, from my Lord *Hardy*—— [*Delivers a Letter to Lady Sharlot.*] How do you say, my Lady *Harriot*, except I sing it my self? then I assure you I will.

L. Sh. I han't patience, I must go read my Letter. [*Exit.*]

Cam. Sings. *Let not Love, &c.*

Far. Bless me, what's become of Lady *Sharlot*?

L. Ha. Mrs. *Fardingale*, Mrs. *Fardingale*, what, must we lose you—— [*Exit.*]
[*Going after her.*]

Campley runs to the Door, takes the Key out, and locks her in.

What means this Insolence? a Plot upon me—— Do you know who I am——

Cam. Yes, Madam, you're my Lady *Sharlot Lovely*, with ten Thousand Pounds in your Pocket; and I am Mr. *Campley*, with two Thousand a Year—— of Quality enough to pretend to you—— And I do design, before I leave this Room, to hear you talk like a reasonable Woman, as Nature has made you—— Nay, 'tis in vain to flounce—— and discompose your self and your Dress.

L. Ha.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 31

L. Ha. If there are Swords, if there are Men of Honour, and not all Dastards, Cowards that pretend to this Injur'd Person—— [*Running round the Room.*

Cam. Ay, ay, Madam, let 'em come—— That's putting me in my way, Fighting's my Trade—— but you've us'd all Mankind too ill to expect so much Service—— In short, Madam, were you a Fool I should not desire to expostulate with you—— [*Seizing her Hand*] But——

L. Ha. Unhand me, Ravisher—— [*Pulls her Hand from him, chafes round the Room, Cam. after her!*

Cam. But Madam, Madam, Madam, why Madam!

Pr'ythee Cinthia, look behind you, [Sings.
Age and Wrinkles will o'ertake you.

L. Ha. Age, Wrinkles, Small-Pox, nay, any thing that's most abhorrent to Youth and Bloom, were welcome in the place of so detested a Creature.

Cam. No such matter, Lady Harriot; I would not be a vain Coxcomb, but I know I am not detestable, nay, know where you've said as much before you understood me for your Servant. Was I immediately transform'd because I became your Lover?

L. Ha. My Lover, Sir! did I ever give you Reason to think I admitted you as such?

Cam. Yes, you did, in your using me ill— for if you did not assume upon the Score of my pretending to you, how do you answer to your self some parts of your Behaviour to me as a Gentleman—— 'Tis trivial all this in you, and derogates from the good Sense I know you Mistress of; do but consider, Madam, I have long lov'd you—— bore with your phantastick Humour through all its Mazes—— Nay, do not frown—— for 'tis no better—— I say I have bore with this Humour, but would you have me with an unmanly Servitude feed it—— No, I love you with too sin-

cere, too honest a Devotion—— and would have your Mind as faultless as your Person, which 'twould be, if you'd lay aside this Vanity of being pursu'd with Sighs, with Flatteries, with Nonsense—— [*She walks about less violently, but more confus'd.*] Oh my Heart akes at the disturbance which I give her, but she must not see it [*aside.*]—— Had I not better tell you of it now, than when you're in my Power? I should be then too Generous to thwart your Inclination.

L. Ha. That is indeed very handsomely said. Why should I not obey Reason as soon as I see it? [*Aside*] Since so, Mr. *Campley*, I can as ingenuously as I should then, acknowledge that I have been in an Error.

[*Looking down on her Fan.*]

Cam. Nay, that's too great a Condescension: Oh! Excellence! I repent! I see 'twas but Justice in you to demand my Knees, [*kneeling*] my Sighs, my constant tenderest Regard and Service—— And you shall have 'em, since you are above 'em——

L. Ha. Nay, Mr. *Campley*, you won't recall me to a Fault you have so lately shown me—— I will not suffer this—— No more Ecstasies! But pray, Sir, what was't you did to get my Sister out of the Room?

Cam. You may know it, and I must desire you to assist my Lord *Hardy* there, who writ to her by me—— For he is no Ravisher, as you call'd me just now —— He is now in the House—— And I would fain gain an Interview——

L. Ha. That they may have—— But they'll make little use of it; for the Tongue is the Instrument of Speech to us of a lower form; they are of that high Order of Lovers, who know none but Eloquent Silence, and can utter themselves only by a Gesture that speaks their Passion Inexpressible—— and what not fine things.

Cam. But

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 33

Cam. But pray let's go into your Sister's Closet, while they are together.

L. Ha. I swear I don't know how to see my Sister— she'll laugh me to Death to see me out of my Pantoflees, and you and I thus familiar— However, I know she'll approve it.

Cam. You may boast your self an Heroine to her, and the first Woman that ever was vanquish'd by hearing Truth, and had Sincerity enough to receive so rough an Obligation, as being made acquainted with her Faults— Come, Madam, stand your Ground bravely, we'll march in-to her thus. [*She leaning on Campley.*]

L. Ha. Who'll believe a Woman's Anger more? I've betray'd the whole Sex to you, Mr. *Campley*.
[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Lord Hardy and Campley.

Cam. My Lord, her Sister, who now is mine, will immediately send her hither— But be your self— Charge her bravely— I wish she were a Cannon— An Eighteen Pounder for your sake— Then I know, were there occasion, you'd be in the Mouth of her—

Ld. H. I long, yet fear to see her— I know I am unable to utter my self—

Cam. Come, retire here 'till she appears.

[*Go back to the Door.*]

Enter Lady Sharlot.

L. Sh. Now is the tender Moment now approaching. [*aside*] There he is. [*They approach and salute each other Trembling*] Your Lordship will please to sit; [*After a very long pause, stolen Glances, and irresolute Gesture.*] Your Lordship, I think, has Travell'd those parts of *Italy* where the Armies are—

Ld. H. Yes, Madam—

L. Sh. I think I have Letters from you, dated *Mantua*.

E. 5

Ld. H.

34 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Ld. H. I hope you have, Madam, and that their purpose——

L. Sh. My Lord?— [*Looking serious and confus'd.*]

Ld. H. Was not your Ladyship going to say something?

L. Sh. I only attended to what your Lordship was going to say—That is, my Lord—But you were, I believe, going to say something of that Garden of the World, *Italy*——I am very sorry your Misfortunes in *England* are such as make you justly regret your leaving that Place.

Ld. H. There is a Person in *England* may make those Losses insensible to me.

L. Sh. Indeed, my Lord, there have so very few of Quality attended his Majesty in the War, that your Birth and Merit may well hope for his Favour.

Ld. H. I have, indeed, all the Zeal in the World for his Majesty's Service, and most grateful Affection for his Person, but did not then mean him——

L. Sh. But can you indeed impartially say that our Island is really preferable to the rest of the World, or is it an Arrogance only in us to think so?

Ld. H. I profess, Madam, that little I have seen has but more endear'd *England* to me; for that Medley of Humours which perhaps distracts our Publick Affairs, does, methinks, improve our private Lives, and makes Conversation more various, and consequently more pleasing——Every where else both Men and Things have the same Countenance——In *France* you meet much Civility, and little Friendship; in *Holland*, deep Attention, but little Reflection; in *Italy*, all Pleasure, but no Mirth——But here with us, where you have every where Pretenders, or Masters in every thing, you can't fall into Company wherein you shall not be Instructed or Diverted.

L. Sh.

L. Sh. I never had an Account of any thing from you, my Lord, but I mourn'd the loss of my Brother, you would have been so happy a Companion for him— With that right Sense of yours— My Lord, you need not bow so obsequiously, for I do you but Justice— But you sent me Word of your seeing a Lady in *Italy* very like me—— Did you visit her often?

Ld. H. Once or twice; but I observ'd her so loose a Creature, that I could have kill'd her for having your Person——

L. Sh. I thank you, Sir; but Heav'n that preserves me unlike her, will I hope make her more like me— But your Fellow-Traveller— His Relations themselves know not a just Account of him——

Ld. H. The original Cause of his Fever was a violent Passion for a fine young Woman he had not Power to speak to—— but I told her his Regard for her, as passionately as possible——

L. Sh. You were to him, what Mr. *Campley* has been to you—— Whither am I running?—— Poor, your Friend—— Poor Gentleman——

Ld. H. I hope then as *Campley's* Eloquence is greater, so has been his Success——

L. Sh. My Lord?

Ld. H. Your Ladyship's.

Enter Lady Harriot.

L. Ha. Undone! Undone! *Tattleaid* has found, by some means or other, that *Campley* brought my Lord *Hardy* hither; we are utterly ruin'd, my Lady's coming——

Ld. H. I'll stay and confront her.

L. Sh. It must not be—— we are too much in her Power.

Enter Campley.

Cam. Come, come, my Lord, we're routed Horse and Foot— Down the back Stairs, and so out. [*Exit Ladies.*]

36 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Ladies. Ay, ay——

L. Ha. I tremble every Joint of me——

L. Sh. I am at a stand a little, but Rage will recover me. She's coming in——

Enter Widow.

Wid. Ladies, your Servant—I fear I interrupt you, have you Company? Lady *Harriot* your Servant, Lady *Sharlot* your Servant? What, not a Word— Oh I beg your Ladyship's Pardon—— Lady *Sharlot*, did I say? My young Lady *Brumpton*, I wish you Joy.

L. Sh. Oh your Servant, Lady Dowager *Brumpton*— That's an Appellation of much more Joy to you——

Wid. So smart, Madam! But you should, methinks, have made one acquainted— Yet, Madam, your Conduct is seen through——

L. Sh. My Conduct, Lady *Brumpton*!

Wid. Your Conduct, Lady *Sharlot*.

[Coming up to each other.]

L. Sh. Madam, 'tis you are seen through all your thin Disguises——

Wid. I seen? by whom?

L. Sh. By an all-piercing Eye, nay, by what you much more fear, the Eye of the World— The World sees you, or shall see you; it shall know your Secret Intemperance, your Publick Fasting— Loose Poems in your Closet, an Homily on your Toilet—— Your easy skilful practis'd Hypocrisie, by which you wrought upon your Husband, basely to transfer the Trust and Ward of us, two helpless Virgins, into the Hands and Care of—— I cannot name it—— You're a Wicked Woman.

L. Ha. *[Aside.]* O rare Sister! 'Tis a fine thing to keep ones Anger in stock by one; we that are angry and pleas'd every half Hour, have nothing at all of all this high flown Fury! Why, she rages like a Princess in a Tragedy! Blessings on her Tongue——

Wid.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 37

Wid. Is this the effect of your Morning Lectures, your Self-Examination, all this Fury?

L. Sh. Yes it is, Madam; if I take pains to govern my Passions, it shall not give Licence to others to govern 'em for me——

Wid. Well, Lady *Sharlot*, however you ill deserve it of me, I shall take care, while there are Locks and Bars, to keep you from Lord *Hardy*——From being a Leigher Lady, from carrying a Knapfack.

L. Sh. Knapfack! Do you upbraid the Poverty your own wicked Arts have brought him to—Knapfack! Oh grant me Patience, can I hear this of the Man I love? Knapfack! I have not Words——

[Stamps about the Room.]

Wid. I leave you to cool upon it, Love and Anger are very warm Passions—— *[Exit.]*

L. Ha. She has lock'd us in——

L. Sh. Knapfack! Well, I will break Walls to go to him——I could sit down and cry my Eyes out! Dear Sister, what a Rage have I been in? Knapfack! I'll give vent to my just Resentment—Oh how shall I avoid this Base Woman, how meet that Excellent Man!——What an helpless Condition are you and I in now? If we run into the World, that Youth and Innocence which should demand Assistance, does but attract Invaders: Will Providence guard us? How do I see that our Sex is naturally Indigent of Protection?——I hope it is in Fate to crown our Loves; for 'tis only in the Protection of Men of Honour, that we are naturally truly Safe;

*And Woman's Happiness, for all her Scorn,
Is only by that Side whence she was Born.*

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lord Hardy, Campley and Trim.

L. H. **T**HAT Jade *Tattleaid* saw me upon the Stairs, for I had not Patience to keep my Concealment, but must peep out to see what was become of you.

Cam. But we have Advice however it seems from the Garrison already—— this Mistress of *Trim's* is a mighty lucky Accident——

Trim. Ay, Gentlemen, she has free Egress and Regress, and you know the *French* are the best bred People in the World—— she'll be assistant—— But 'Faith, I have one Scruple that hangs about me—— and that is—— Look you, my Lord, we Servants have no Masters in their Absence—— In a word, when I am with *Mada-moiselle* I talk of your Lordship as only a particular Acquaintance, that I do Business indeed for you sometimes—— I must needs say, cries I, that indeed my Lord *Hardy* is really a Person I have a great Honour for——

Ld. H. Pish! is that all? I understand you—— your Mistress does not know that you do me the Honour to clean my Shoes or so, upon occasion—— Pr'ythee, *Will*, make your self as Considerable as you please.

Trim. Well then, your Lesson is this—— She, out of her Respect to me, and understanding Mr. *Campley* was an Intimate of my Friend my Lord *Hardy*, and condescending (tho' she is of a great House in *France*) to make Manto's for the Improvement of the *English*—— which gives her easie Admittance—— She, I say, mov'd by these Promises, has vouchsaf'd to bring a Letter from my Lady *Harriot* to Mr. *Campley*, and came to me to bring her to him. You are to understand also
that

that she is dress'd in the latest *French* Cut? her Dress is the Model of their Habit, and her self of their Manners—for she is— But you shall see her— [Exit.

Ld. H. This gives me some Life— Cheer up, *Tom*— but behold the Solemnity— Do you see *Trim's* Gallantry? I shall laugh out.

Enter Trim leading in Mademoiselle.

Trim. My dear Lord *Hardy*, this is *Mademoiselle d'Epingle*, whose Name you've often heard me sigh— [Lord *Hardy* salutes her.] Mr. *Campley*.— *Mademoiselle d'Epingle*— [Campley salutes her.]

Mad. Votre Servante, Gentlemen, Votre Servante—

Cam. I protest to you, I never saw any thing so becoming as your Dress— shall I beg the Favour you'd condescend to let Mr. *Trim* lead you once round the Room, that I may admire the Elegance of your Habit— [Trim leads her round.]

Ld. H. How could you ask such a thing?

Cam. Pshaw, my Lord, you are a bashful *English* Fellow— You see she is not surpriz'd at it, but thinks me gallant in desiring it— Oh, Madam! your Air!— The Negligence, the Disengagement of your Manner! O how delicate is your noble Nation— I swear there's none but the clumsy *Dutch* and *English* would oppose such polite Conquerors— When shall you see an *English* Woman so dress'd?

Mad. De Englife! poor Barbarians, poor Savages, dey know no more of de Dress but to cover dere Nakedness [glides along the Room.] Dey be cloded, but no dress'd— But Monsieur *Terim*, which Monsieur *Campley*?

Trim. That's honest *Tom. Campley*—

Cam. At your Service, *Mademoiselle*—

Mad. I fear I incur the Censure, [pulling out the Letter, and recollecting as loath to deliver it] but Mr. *Terim* being your intimate Friend, and I designing to Honour him

him in de way of an Husband—So—so— how de I run away in Discourse—— I never make Promise to Mr. *Terim* before, and now to do it par accident——

Cam. Dear *Will Trim* is extreemly obliging in having prevail'd upon you, to do a thing, that the Severity of your Virtue, and the Greatness of your Quality (tho' a Stranger in the Country you now honour by your dwelling in it) would not let you otherwise condescend to——

Mad. Oh Monsieur! Oh Monsieur! you speak my very Thoughts—Oh! I don't know how! Pardon me to give a Billet— it so look— Oh fie! I can no stay after it—— [*Drops it, runs affectedly to the other end of the Room, then quite out, Re-enters*] I beg ten thousand Pardons for go away so mal-propos—— [*Curtseys as going.*

Ld. H. Your Servant, good Madam—Mr. *Trim*, you know you Command here—pray, if Madam d'*Epingle* will honour our Cottage with longer stay, wait on her in, and entertain her—— pray, Sir, be free——

Trim. My Lord, you know your Power over me, I'm all Complaisance—— [*Leads her out.*

Cam. Now to my dear Epistle——.

S I R,

There is one thing which you were too Generous to touch upon in our last Conversation— We have reason to fear the Widow's Practices in relation to our Fortunes, if you are not too quick for her— I ask Lady Sharlot whether this is not her Sense to Lord Hardy— She says nothing, but lets me write on— These People always have, and will have, Admittance every where, therefore we may hear from you.

I am, Sir,

Your most Obedient Servant,

Harriot Lovely.

M

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 41

My obedient Servant!

Thy Obedience shall ever be as voluntary as now—
ten thousand thousand Kisses on thee——thou dear
Paper——Look you, my Lord—what a pretty Hand
it is?

Ld. H. Why, *Tom*, thou dost not give me leave to
see it—you snatch it to your Mouth so—you'll
stifle the poor Lady——

Cam. Look you, my Lord, all along the Lines here
went the Pen; and through them white Intervals her
snowy Fingers. Do you see, this is her Name——

Ld. H. Nay, there's Lady *Sharlot's* Name too in the
midst of the Letter——why, you'll not be so un-
conscionable——you're so greedy, you'll give me one
Kiss sure——

Cam. Well, you shall, but you're so eager——don't
bite me—for you shan't have it in your own Hands—
there, there, there——Let go my Hand——

Ld. H. What an exquisite Pleasure there is in this
Foolery——But what shall we do?

Cam. I have a Thought; pr'ythee, my Lord, call
Trim.

Ld. H. Ha, *Trim*——

Cam. Hold, Mr. *Trim*——You forget his Mistress
is there.

Ld. H. Cra'mercy——Dear *Will Trim* step in hither.

Cam. Ay, that's something——

Enter Trim.

Trim, have not I seen a young Woman sometime
carry Madam *d'Epingle's* Trinkets for her, coming
from my Lady *Brumpton's*——

Trim. Yes, you might have seen such a one, she
waits for her now——

Cam. Do you think you could not prevail for me
to be dress'd in that Wench's Cloaths, and attend your
Mistress

42 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Mistress in her stead thither? They'll not dream we should so soon attempt again——

Trim. Yes, I'll engage it——

Cam. Then we'll trust the rest to our good Genius, I'll about it instantly——*Harriot Lovely*——

[Exit kissing the Letter]

Enter Widow and Tattleaid.

Wid. This was well done of you; be sure you take care of their young Ladyships; you shall, I promise you, have a snip in the Sale of 'em.

Tat. I thank your good Ladyship.

Wid. Is that the Porter's Paper of How d'ye's?

Tat. Yes, Madam, he just sent it up—His general Answer is, that you're as well as can be expected in your Condition, but that you see no Body——

Wid. That's right——[reading Names.] Lady Riddle, Lady Formal——Oh! that Riddle, a pert Ogler—an indiscreet silly Thing, who is really known by no Man, yet for her Carriage justly thought Common to all; and as Formal has only the Appearance of Virtue, so she has only the Appearance of Vice——What Chance, I wonder, put these Contradictions to each other into the same Coach, as you say they call'd—Mrs. Francis, and Mrs. Winifrid Glebe——who are they?

Tat. They are the Country great Fortunes, have been out of Town this whole Year; they are those whom your Ladyship said upon being very well Born, took upon 'em to be very ill Bred——

Wid. Did I say so? really I think 'twas apt enough, now I remember 'em: Lady Wrinkle. Oh that smug old Woman! there's no enduring her Affectation of Youth, but I plague her; I always ask whether her Daughter in *Wiltshire* has a Grandchild yet or not——Lady Worthy——I can't bear her Company, she has so much of that Virtue in her Heart, which I have in my Mouth only.

[Aside.
Mrs.]

Mrs. *After-Day*—Oh that's she that was the great Beauty—the mighty Toast about Town, that's just come out of the Small-Pox, she's horridly pitted they say; I long to see her and plague her with my Condolance—'Tis a pure ill-natur'd Satisfaction to see one that was a Beauty unfortunately move with the same Languor, and Softness of Behaviour that once was Charming in her—To see, I say, her mortifie that us'd to kill—Ha, ha, ha! The rest are a Catalogue of mere Names or Titles they were born to, an insipid Croud of the neither good nor bad—But you are sure these other Ladies suspect not in the least that I know of their coming—

Tat. No, dear Madam, they are to ask for me—

Wid. I hear a Coach— [Exit Tat.]

I've now an exquisite Pleasure in the thought of surpassing my Lady *Sly*, who pretends to have outgriev'd the whole Town for her Husband—They are certainly coming—Oh no! here let me—Thus let me sit and think—[Widow on her Couch, while she is raving as to her self Tattleaid softly brings in the Ladies.] Wretched Disconsolate as I am! Oh welcome—welcome, dear killing Anguish—Oh that I could lye down and dye in my present Heaviness—But what—how? Nay, my dear dear Lord—Why do you look so pale, so ghastly at me, Wottoo. Wottoo, fright thy own trembling shivering Wife—

Tat. Nay, good Madam, be comforted.

Wid. Thou shalt not have me— [Pushes Tat.]

Tat. Nay good Madam, 'tis I, 'tis I, your Ladyship's own Woman—'Tis I, Madam, that dress you and talk to you, and tell you all that's done in the House every Day; 'tis I—

Wid. Is it then possible? Is it then possible that I am left—speak to me not—hold me not—I'll break the list'ning Walls with my Complaints. [Looks surpriz'd]

priz'd at seeing Company, then severely at Tattleaid.]
Ah Tattleaid——

1 *La.* Nay, Madam, be not angry at her, we would come in, in spite of her——We are your Friends, and are as concern'd as you——

Wid. Ah! Madam, Madam, Madam, Madam, I am an undone Woman——Oh me! Alas! Alas! Oh! Oh! [*All join in her Notes.*] I swoon, I expire. [*Faints.*]

2 *La.* Pray, Mrs. Tattleaid, bring something that is Cordial to her. [*Exit Tattleaid*]

3 *La.* Indeed, Madam, you should have Patience, his Lordship was Old. To dye is but going before in a Journey we must all take.

Enter Tattleaid loaded with Bottles. 3d Lady takes a Bottle from her and drinks.

4 *La.* Lord! how my Lady Fleer drinks; I've heard indeed, but never could believe it of her. [*Drinks also.*]

La. But, Madam, don't you hear what the Town says of the Jilt *Flirt*, the Men lik'd so much in the Park—Hark ye—was seen with him in an Hackney—Coach—and Silk Stockings---Key-hole--his Whig---on the Chair—— [*Whispers by Interruptions.*]

2 *La.* Impudent *Flirt*, to be found out!

3 *La.* But I speak it only to you——

4 *La.* Nor I but to one more——*Whispers next Wo.*

5 *La.* I can't believe it; nay, I always thought it, Madam—— [*Whispers the Widow.*]

Wid. Sure 'tis impossible! the demure prim Thing---sure all the World's Hypocrisie——Well, I thank my Stars, whatsoever Sufferings I have, I've none in Reputation. I wonder at the Men, I could never think her handsome. She has really a good Shape and Complexion, but no Mein. And no Woman has the use of her Beauty without Mein. Her Charms are dumb, they want utterance. But whither does Distraction lead me, to talk of Charms?

1 *La.*

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 45

1 *La.* Charms? a Chit's, a Girl's Charms--Come, let us Widows be true to our selves, keep our Countenances, and our Characters, and a Fig for the Maids, I mean for the unmarried.

2 *La.* Ay, since they will set up for our Knowledge, why should not we for their Ignorance?

3 *La.* But, Madam, o'*Sunday* Morning at Church I curtsied to you; and look'd at a great Fufs in a glaring light Dress next Pew. That strong masculine Thing is a Knight's Wife, pretends to all the Tendernefs in the World! and would fain put the unweildy upon us for the soft, the languid! She has of a sudden left her Dairy, and sets up for a fine Town Lady, calls her Maid *Sissy* her Woman, speaks to her by her Sirname, Mrs. *Cherryfist*, and her great Foot-Boy of Nineteen, big enough for a Trooper, is strip'd into a Lace Coat, now Mr. Page forsooth.

4 *La.* Oh! I have seen her—Well, I heartily pity some People for their Wealth, they might have been unknown else! You'd dye, Madam, to see her and her Equipage—I thought the honest fat Tits, her Horses, were asham'd of their finery; they drag'd on, as if they were still at the Plough, and a great bashful look'd Booby behind, grasp'd the Coach as if he held one.

5 *La.* Alas! some People think there's nothing but being fine to be Genteel; but the high Prance of the Horses, and the brisk Insolence of the Servants in an Equipage of Quality, are inimitable, but to our own Beasts and Servants.

1 *La.* Now you talk of Equipage, I envy this Lady the Beauty she'll appear in in a mourning Coach, 'twill so become her Complexion; I confess I my self mourn'd two-Years for no other Reason. Take up that Hood there; Oh! that fair Face with a Vail.

[*They take up her Hoods.*

Wid.

46 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Wid. Fie, fie, Ladies——But I've been told, indeed, Black does become——

2 *La.* Well, I'll take the liberty to speak it, there's young *Nutbrain* has long had (I'll be sworn) a Passion for this Lady; but I'll tell you one thing, I fear she'll dislike, that is, he's younger than she is.

3 *La.* No, that's no Exception; but I'll tell you one, he's younger than his Brother.

Wid. Ladies, talk not of such Affairs: Who could love such an unhappy Relict as I am? But, dear Madam, what grounds have you for that idle Story?

4 *La.* Why he toasts you, and trembles when you're spoke of; it must be a Match.

Wid. Nay, nay; you rally, you rally: But I know you mean it kindly.

1 *La.* I swear we do.

[*Tattleaid whispers the Widow.*]

Wid. But I must beseech you, Ladies, since you have been so compassionate, as to visit and accompany my Sorrow, to give me the only Comfort I can now know, to see my Friends chearful, and to honour an Entertainment *Tattleaid* has prepar'd within for you: If I can find Strength enough I'll attend you; but I wish you'd excuse me, for I've no relish of Food or Joy, but will try to get a Bit down in my own Chamber.

All. No, no, you must go with us.

1 *La.* There's no Pleasure without you.

Wid. But, Madam, I must beg of your Ladyship not to be so importune to my fresh Calamity, as to mention *Nutbrain* any more: I'm sure there's nothing in it: In Love with me, quoth a'!

[*Is helped off.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mademoiselle, and Campley in Woman's Clothes carrying her Things.

Mad. I very glad us be in de Ladies Antichamber;

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 47

I was sham'd of you. You you such an impudent Look: Besides me wonder you were not seiz'd by the Constable, when you push'd de Man into de Kennel.

Cam. Why, shou'd I have let him kiss'd me?

Mad. No: But if you had hit him wit Fan, and say, why sure Sawcy-box, it been enough; beside what you hitted de Gentleman for offer kiss me,

Cam. I beg pardon, I did not know you were pleas'd with it.

Mad. Please, no, but me rader be kisse, den you, Mr. *Terim's* Friend, be found out. Could not you say when he kisse me, sure Sawcy-box dat's Meat for your Master. Besides you take such Strides when you walk—walk—Oh fie; dese littil pette tiny bits a Woman steps.

[*Shewing her step.*]

Cam. But pr'ythee, *Madamoiselle*, why have you lost your *English* Tongue all of a sudden; methought when the Fellow call'd us *French* Whores, as we came along, and said we came to Starve their own People, you gave him pretty plain *English*; he was a Dog, a Rascal, you'd send him to the Stocks ———

Mad. Ha! ha! ha! I was in a Passion and betray'd my self, but you're my Lover's Friend, and a Man of Honour, therefore know you'll do nothing to injure us. Why, Mr. *Campley*, you must know I can speak as good *English* as you, but I don't, for fear of losing my Customers: The *English* will never give a Price for any thing they understand. Nay, I've known some of your Fools pretend to buy with good Breeding, and give any rate rather than not be thought to have *French* enough to know what they were doing; strange and farsetch'd Things they only like: Don't you see how they swallow Gallons of the Juice of Tea, while their own Dock-leaves are trod under Foot. But Mum: my Lady *Harriot*.

Enter Lady Harriot.

Madam, vostre Servante, Servante ———

48 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

L. Ha. Well *Mademoiselle*, did you deliver my Letter?

Mad. Oui——

L. Ha. Well and how——is that it in your Hand?

Mad. Oui——

L. Ha. Well then, why don't you give it me?

Mad. Oh fie! Lady, dat be so right Englife, de Englife mind only de Words of de Lovers, but de Words of de Lovers are often Lie, but de Action no Lie——

L. Ha. What does the thing mean? Give me my Letter——

Mad. Me did not deliver your Letter——

L. Ha. No?

Mad. No, me tell you, me did drop it, to see Mr. *Campley* how Cavalier to take it up. As dese me drop it so Monsieur run take it up——

[They both run to take it up. Mad. takes it.]

L. Ha. Will you give me my Letter or not?

Mad. Oui—— But dus he do——Dere de Letter—— very well, very well. O L'amour! You act de manner Mr. *Campley*——take it up better den I, do you no see it. *[They both run, Harriot gets it.]*

L. Ha. Reads.

M A D A M,

I Am glad you mention'd what indeed I did not at that time think of; nor if I had, shou'd I have known how to have spoken of. But blefs me more than Fortune can, by turning those Fair Eyes upon, Madam,

Your most Faithful,

Most Obedient Humble Servant,

Tho. Campley.
What

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 49

What does he mean? But bless me more—by turning—Oh 'tis he himself—[*Looking about observes Cam. smile.*] Oh the Hoiden—the Romp—I did not think any thing could add to your native Confidence, but you look so very bold in that Dress—and your Arms will fall off—and your Petticoats how they hang?

Cam. Mademoiselle, Voulez vous de *Salville L'eau D'Hongrie*. Chez Monsieur Marchand de *Montpelier*—Dis for your Teet, [*showing his Trinkets*] De Essence, a little Book French for teach de elder Broders make Compliments. Will you, I say, have any thing that I have, will you have all I have?—Madam.

L. Ha. Yes, and for the Humour's sake, will never part with this Box, while I live, ha! ha! ha!

Cam. But, Lady Harriot, we must not stand Laughing; as you observe in your Letter, Delays are dangerous in this wicked Woman's Custody of you—therefore I must, Madam, beseech you, and pray stay not on Niceties, but be advis'd.

L. Ha. Mr. *Campley*, I have no Will but yours.

Cam. Thou dear Creature—but [*Kisses her Hand*] Harkee then you must change Dresses with *Mademoiselle*, and go with me instantly.

L. Ha. What you please——

Cam. Madam *D'Epingle*, I must desire you to comply with a Humour of Gallantry of ours, you may be sure I'll have an Eye over the Treatment you have upon my Account, only to change Habits with Lady Harriot, and let her go, while you stay.

Mad. Wit all my Heart. [*Offers to undress herself.*]

L. Ha. What, before Mr. *Campley*?

Mad. Oh, oh very *Anglaise*! Dat is so *Englise*! all Women of Quality in *France* are dress and undress by a Valet de Chambre, de Man Chamber-maid help Complexion, better den de Woman. [*Apart to Har.*]

D

L. Ha.

50 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

L. Ha. Nay, that's a Secret in Dress, *Madamoiselle*, I never knew before, and am so unpolish'd an *English* Woman as to resolve never to learn ev'n to dress before my Husband. Oh! Indecency! — Mr. *Campley*, do you hear what *Madamoiselle* says——

Mad. Oh! Hift.——Bagatelle.

L. Ha. Well, we'll run in and be ready in an instant. [*Exe. L. Harriot and Madamoiselle.*]

Cam. Well, I like her every Minute better and better. What a delicate Chastity she has! There's something so gross in the Carriage of some Wives (tho' they're honest too) that they lose their Husbands Hearts for Faults, which if they have either good Nature, or good Breeding, they know not how to tell 'em of. But how happy am I in such a Friend as *Hardy*, such a Mistress as *Harriot*!

*Continue Heav'n, a grateful Heart to bless
Wish Faith in Friendship, and in Love Success.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Widow and Trusty.

Wid. **M**R. *Trusty*, you have, I do assure you, the same Place and Power, in the Management of my Lord *Brumpton's* Estate, as in his Life-time. (I am reduc'd to a Necessity of trusting him) [*aside.*] However *Tattleaid* dissembles the Matter, she must be privy to Lady *Harriot's* Escape, and *Fardingale's* as deep with 'em both, and I fear will be their Ruin, which 'tis my Care and Duty to prevent. Be Vigilant, and you shall be rewarded. I shall employ you wholly in Lady *Sharlot's* Affairs, she is able to pay
Services

Services done for her. You've Sense, and understand me. [Exit Widow.]

Tru. Yes, I do indeed understand you, and could with another could with as much Detestation as I do; but my poor old Lord is so strangely, so bewitchedly Enamour'd of her, that ev'n after this Discovery of her Wickedness, I see he could be reconcil'd to her; and tho' he is asham'd to confess to me, I know he longs to speak with her. If I tell Lord *Hardy* all to make his Fortune, he would not let his Father be dishonour'd by a publick way of Separation. If Things are acted privately, I know she'll throw us all; there's no Middle-way, I must expose her to make a Re-union impracticable: Alas, how is honest Truth banish'd the World, when we must watch the Seasons and soft Avenues to Mens Hearts, to gain it Entrance ev'n for their own Good and Interest! [Ex.]

Enter Lord Hardy, Campley, and Trim.

Ld. H. I forget my own Misfortunes, dear *Campley*, when I reflect on your Success.

Cam. I assure you, it moderates the swell of Joy that I am in, to think of your Difficulties. I hope my Felicity is previous to yours; my Lady *Harriot* gives her Service to you, and we both think it but decent to suspend our Marriage, 'till your and Lady *Sharlot's* Affairs are in the same Posture.

Ld. H. Where is my Lady?

Cam. She's at my Aunt's, my Lord. But, my Lord, if you don't interpose, I don't know how I shall adjust matters with Mr. *Trim*, for leaving his Mistress behind me, I fear he'll demand Satisfaction of me.

Trim. No, Sir; alas, I can know no Satisfaction while she is in Jeopardy. Therefore would rather be put in a way to recover her by storming the Castle.

file, or other feat of Arms, like a true enamour'd Swain as I am.

Cam. Since we are all three then expecting Lovers, my Lord, pr'ythee let's have that Song of yours which suits our common Purpose.

Ld. H. Call in the Boy.

Boy Sings.

*Ye Minutes bring the happy Hour,
And Chloe blushing to the Bower:
Then shall all Idle Flames be o'er,
Nor Eyes or Heart e'er wander more:
Both, Chloc, fix'd for e'er on thee,
For thou art all thy Sex to me.*

II.

*A Guilty is a false Embrace:
Corinna's Love's a Fairy-Chace:
Begone thou Meteor, Fleeting Fire,
And all that can't survive Desire.
Chloe my Reason moves and Awe,
And Cupid shot me, when he saw.*

Trim. Look you, Gentleman, since as you are pleas'd to say we're all Lovers, and consequently Poets, pray do me the Honour to hear a little Air of mine: You must know then, I once had the Misfortune to fall in love below my self, but Things went hard with us at that time, so that my Passion, or as I may poetically speak, my Fire was in the Kitchen: 'Twas towards a Cook-Maid; but before I ever saw Mrs. Deborah.

Ld. H. Come on then, *Trim*, let's have it.

Trim. I must run into next Room for a Lute. [*Exit.*

Cam. This must be diverting! can the Rogue play?

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 53

Re-enter Trim, with a pair of Tongs.

Trim. Dear *Cynderaxa* her self very well understood this Instrument, I therefore always sung this Song to it, as thus.

I.

Cynderaxa kind and good,
Has all my Heart and Stomach too;
She makes me love, not hate, my Food,
As other peevish Wenches do.

II.

When *Venus* leaves her *Vulcan's* Cell,
Which all but I a *Cole-hole* call;
Fly, fly, ye that above *Stairs* dwell,
Her Face is wash'd, ye vanish all.

III.

And as she's Fair, she can impart
That Beauty, to make all things fine;
Brightens the Floor with wondrous Art,
And at her touch the Dishes shine,

Ld. H. I protest, *Will*, thou art a Poet indeed,
And at her touch the Dishes shine——And you touch
your Lute as finely.

Enter Boy.

Boy. There's one Mr. *Trusty* below would speak
with my Lord.

Ld. H. Mr. *Trusty*? My Father's Steward? What
can he have to say to me?

Cam. He's very honest, to my Knowledge.

Ld. H. I remember indeed when I was turn'd out
of the House, he follow'd me to the Gate, and wept
over me, for which I've heard he'd like to have lost
his Place. But however I must advise with you a lit-

54 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

tle, about my Behaviour to him; let's in. Boy, bring him up hither, tell him I'll wait on him presently.

Exit Boy.

I shall want you, I believe, here, *Trim*. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boy and Trusty.

Boy. My Lord will wait on you here immediately.

[*Exit Boy.*

Tru. 'Tis very well——these Lodgings are but homely for the Earl of *Brumpton*——Oh that damn'd Strumpet——that I should ever know my Master's Wife for such——How many thousand Things does my Head run back to? After my poor Father's Death the good Lord took me, because he was a Captain in his Regiment, and gave me Education. I was, I think, Three and Twenty when this young Lord within was christned; what a do there was about calling him *Francis*? [*wipes his Eyes.*] These are but poor Lodgings for him. I cannot bear the Joy to think that I shall save the Family, from which I've had my Bread.

Enter Trim.

Trim. Sir, my Lord will wait you immediately.

Tru. Sir, 'tis my Duty to wait him——[*as Trim is going*] But Sir, are not you the young Man that attended him at *Christ Church* in *Oxford*, and have follow'd him ever since?

Trim. Yes, Sir, I am.

Tru. Nay, Sir, no harm, but you'll thrive the better for it.

Trim. I like this old Fellow, I smell more Money.

[*Aside. Exit.*

Tru. I think 'tis now Eight Years since I saw him, he was not then Nineteen, when I follow'd him to the Gate, and gave him fifty Guineas, which I pretended his Father sent after him.

Enter

Enter Lord Hardy.

Ld. H. Mr. *Trusty*, I'm very glad to see you; you look very hale and jolly; you wear well— I'm glad to see it—— but your Commands to me, Mr. *Trusty*.

Tru. Why, my Lord, I presume to wait on your Lordship; my Lord, you're strangely grown; you're your Father's very Picture; you're he, my Lord: You are the very Man that look'd so pleas'd, to see me look so fine in my lac'd Livery, to go to Court. I was his Page when he was just such another as you. He kiss'd me afore a great many Lords, and said I was a brave Man's Son that taught him to Exercise his Arms. I remember he carry'd me to the great Window, and bid me be sure to keep in your Mother's Sight in all my Finery. She was the finest young Creature, the Maids of Honour hated to see her at Court. My Lord then courted my good Lady: She was as kind to me on her Death Bed, she said to me, Mr. *Trusty* take care of my Lord's second Marriage for that Child's Sake: She pointed as well as she could to you; you tell a crying, and said she should not die; but she did, my Lord; she left the World, and no one like her in't. Forgive me my honour'd Master, [*Weeps, runs to my Lord, and hugs him*] I've often carry'd you in these Arms that grasp you, they were stronger then, but if I die to-morrow you're worth Five Thousand Pounds by my Gift, 'tis what I've got in the Family, and I return it to you with thanks—— But alas, do I live to see you want it?

Ld. H. You confound me with all this Tenderneſs and Generoſity.

Tru. I'll trouble you no longer, my Lord——
But——

Ld. H. Call it not a Trouble; for——

Tru. My good Lord, I will not, I ſay, indulge my ſelf in talking fond Tales that melt me, and interrupt

my Story : My Business to your Lordship, in one word is this; I am in good Confidence at present with my Lady *Dowager*, and I know she has some Fears upon her, which depend upon the Nature of the Settlement to your Disfavour; and under the Rose— Be your self— I fear your Father has not had fair play for his Life; be compos'd, my Lord, what is to be done is this; we'll not apply to publick Justice in this case, 'till we see farther; 'twill make it Noisie, which we must not do, if I might advise. You shall, with a Detachment of your Company, seize the Corps as it goes out of the House this Evening to be interr'd in the Country, 'twill only look like taking the Administration upon your self, and commencing a Suit for the Estate; she has put off the lying in State, and Lady *Harriot's* Escape with Mr. *Campley* makes her fear he will prove a powerful Friend, both to the young Ladies and your Lordship. She cannot with decency be so busie, as when the Corps is out of the House, therefore hastens it. I know your whole Affair, leave the care of Lady *Sharlot* to me, I'll pre-acquaint her, that she mayn't be frightned, and dispose of her safely to observe the Issue.

Ld. H. I wholly understand you, it shall be done.

Tru. I'm sure I am wanted this moment for your Interest at home. This Ring shall be the Pass-port of Intelligence, for whom you send to assault us, and the Remittance of it seal'd with this, shall be Authentick from within the House.

Ld. H. 'Tis very well.

Tru. Hope all you can wish, my Lord, from a certain Secret relating to the Estate, which I'll acquaint you with next time I see you. [*Exit.*]

Ld. H. Your Servant— This Fellow's strangely honest— Ha! *Will.*

Enter

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 57

Enter Campley and Will.

Will. don't the Recruits wait for me to see 'em at their Parade before this House?

Trim. Yes, and have waited these three Hours.

Ld. H. Go to 'em, I'll be there my self immediately, we must attack with 'em, if the Rogues are sturdy, this very Evening.

Trim. I guess where—— I'm overjoy'd at it. I'll warrant you they do it, if I command in Chief.

Ld. H. I design you shall. [*Trim runs out jumping.*]

Cam. You seem, my Lord, to be in deep Meditation.

Ld. H. I am so, but not on anything that you may not be acquainted with. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Trim with a Company of ragged Fellows, with a Cane.

1 Sol. Why then I find, Mr. *Trim*, we shall come to Blows before we see the *French*——

Trim. Harkee, Friend, 'tis not your Affair to guess or enquire what you are going to do, 'tis only for us Commanders——

2 Sol. The *French*, Pox, they are but a Company of scratching Civet Cats—— They Fight!

Trim. Harkee, don't bluster——were not you a little mistaken in your facings at *Steinkirk*?——

2 Sol. I grant it; you know I have an Antipathy to the *French*—— I hate to see the Dogs—— Look you here, Gentlemen, I was shot quite through the Body—— Look you.

Trim. Pr'ythee, look where it enter'd at your Back.

2 Sol. Look you, Mr. *Trim*, you will have your Joke, we know you are a Wit—— But what's that to a fighting Man?

Enter Kate.

Kate. Mr. *Trim*—— Mr. *Trim*——

58 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Trim. Things are not as they have been, Mrs. *Kate*, I now pay the Company— And we that pay Money expect a little more Ceremony——

Kate. Will your Honour please to taste some right *French Brandy*?——

Trim. Art thou sure, good Woman, 'tis right [*Drinks*] How——*French*——pray——nay, if I find you deceive me, who pay the Men—— [*Drinks.*]

Kate. Pray, good Master, have you spoke to my Lord about me?

Trim. I have, but you shall speak to him your self— Thou hast been a true Campaigner, *Kate*, and we must not neglect thee——Do you sell grey Pease yet of an Evening—Mrs. *Matchlock*—— [*Drinks again.*]

Kate. Any thing to turn the Penny, but I got more by crying Pamphlets this Year, than by any thing I have done a great while—— Now I am Married into the Company again, I design to cross the Seas next Year. But, Master, my Husband, a *Temple Porter*, and a Parliament Man's Footman, last Night by their talk made me think there was danger of a Peace, why they said all the prime People were against a War.

Trim. No, no, *Kate*, never fear, you know I keep great Company, all Men are for a War; but some would have it Abroad, and some would have it at Home in their own Country.

Kate. Ay, say you so, Drink about Gentlemen, not a Farthing to pay; a War is a War, be it where it will — But pray, Mr. *Trim*, speak to my Lord, that when these Gentlemen have Shirts I may wash for 'em.

Trim. I tell you, if you behave well to Night, you shall have a Fortnight's Pay each Man as a Reward; but there's none of you Industrious, there's a thousand things you might do to help out about this
Town

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 59

Town—as to cry—Puff—Puff-Pyes. Have you any Knives or Scissors to grind—or late in an Evening, whip from *Grubstreet* strange and bloody News from *Flanders*—Votes from the House of Commons—Buns, rare Buns—old Silver Lace, Cloaks, Sutes or Coats—old Shooes, Boots or Hats—But here, here, here's my Lord a coming—here's the Captain, fall back into the Rank—There move up in the Center.

Enter Lord Hardy and Campley.

Ld. H. Let me see whether my ragged Friends are ready and about me.

Kate. Ensign *Campley*, Ensign *Campley*, I am overjoy'd to see your Honour, ha' the World's surely alter'd, ha'.

Cam. 'Tis so 'faith, *Kate*, why thou art true to the Cause, with the Company still, honest *Amazon*.

Kate. Dear Soul, not a bit of Pride in him; but won't your Honour help in my Business with my Lord, speak for me, noble Ensign do.

Cam. Speak to him your self, I'll second you.

Kate. Noble Captain, my Lord, I suppose Mr. *Trim* has told your Honour about my Petition, I have been a great Sufferer in the Service; 'tis hard for a poor Woman to lose nine Husbands in a War, and no Notice taken; nay, three of 'em alas in the same Campaign, here the Woman stands that says it, I never strip'd a Man 'till I first try'd if he could stand on his Legs, and if not, I think 'twas fair Plunder, except our Adjutant, and he was a Puppy that made my eighth Husband run the Gauntlet for not turning his Toes out.

Ld. H. Well, we'll consider thee *Kate*, but fall back into the Rear. A Roll of what? Gentlemen Soldiers.

Trim.

60 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Trim. to Pumkin.] Do you hear that? my Lord himself can't deny but we are all Gentlemen as much as his Honour——

Ld. H. reading.] Gentlemen Soldiers quarter'd in and about *Guy-Court* in *Vinegar Yard*, in *Russel Court* in *Drury-lane*, belonging to the Honourable Captain *Hardy's* Company of Foot— So, answer to your Names, and march off from the Left—*John Horseem* Corporal. March easie, that I may view you as you pass by me: Drums. *Simon Ruffle. Darby Tattoo*—There's a Shilling for you—*Tattoo* be always so right: How does he keep himself so clean?

Trim. Sir, he is a Tragedy-Drum to one of the Play-houses.

Ld. H. Private Gentlemen— *Alexander Cowitch, Humphrey Mundungus, William Faggot, Nicholas Scab, Timothy Megrim, Philip Scratch, Nehemiah Dust, Humphry Garbage, Nathaniel Matchlock.*

Cam. What, is *Matchlock* come back to the Company? That's the Fellow that brought me off at *Steinkirk*.

Ld. H. No, Sir, 'tis I am oblig'd to him for that; [*Offering to give him Money*] there Friend; you shall want for nothing, I'll give thee a Halbert too.

Kate. O brave me! Shall I be a Serjeant's Lady— I 'faith I'll make the Drums and the Corporal's Wives and Company-keepers know their Distance.

Cam. How far out of the Country did you come to Lift, don't you come from *Cornwall*, how did you bear your Charges?

Match. I was whipt from Constable to Constable——

Trim. Ay, my Lord, that's due by the Courtesy of *England* to all that want in red Coats; besides, there's an Act that makes us Free of all Corporations, and that's the Ceremony of it.

Cam.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 61

Cam. But what Pretence had they for using you so ill, you did not Pilfer?

Match. I was found guilty of being Poor.

Cam. Poor Devil!

Ld. H. Timothy Ragg—— Oh *Ragg!* I thought when I gave you your Discharge, just afore the Peace, we should never have had you again, how came you to List now?

Ragg. To pull down the *French King*.

Ld. H. Bravely resolv'd—— But pull your Shirt into your Breeches, in the mean time—— *Jeoffrey Tatter*—— What's become of the Skirts and Buttons of your Coat?

Tatter. In our last Cloathing in the Regiment I serv'd in afore, the Colonel had one Skirt before, the Agent one behind, and every Captain of the Regiment a Button.

Ld. H. Hush, you Rogue, you talk Mutiny.
[Smiling.]

Trim. Ay Sirrah, what have you to do with more Knowledge than that of your Right Hand from your Left?
[Hits him a Blow on the Head.]

Ld. H. Hugh Clump—— *Clump*, thou growest a little too heavy for Marching.

Trim. Ay, my Lord, but if we don't allow him the Pay he'll starve, for he's too Lame to get into the Hospital.

Ld. H. Richard Bumpkin: Ha! A perfect Country Hick—— how came you, Friend, to be a Soldier?

Bump. An't please your Honour, I have been cross'd in Love, and am willing to seek my Fortune.

Ld. H. Well I've seen enough of 'em, if you mind your Affair, and act like a wise General, these Fellows may do—— come take your Orders. [*Trim puts his Hat on his Stick, while My Lord is giving him the Ring and whispers Orders*—— Well, Gentlemen, do your Business

ness manfully, and nothing shall be too good for you.

All. Bless your Honour. [*Exe. Har. and Campley.*]

Trim. Now, my brave Friends and Fellow-Soldiers— [*Aside.*] I must Fellow-Soldier 'em just afore a Battel, like a true Officer, tho' I Cane 'em all the Year round beside— [*Strutting about*] Major General *Trim*, no, Pox, *Trim* sounds so very short and priggish— that my Name should be a Monosyllable! But the Foreign News will write me, I suppose, Monsieur or Chevalier *Trimout*, Seigneur *Trimoni*, or Count *Trimuntz* in the *German* I shall perhaps be call'd; ay, that's all the Plague and Comfort of us great Men, they do so tofs our Names about— But Gentlemen, you are now under my Command— Huzza! Thrice— Faith, this is very pleasing this Grandeur! Why, after all, 'tis upon the Neck of such Scoundrels as these Gentlemen, that we great Captains build our Renown— A Million or two of these Fellows make an *Alexander*, and as that my Predecessor said in the Tragedy of him on the very same occasion going to storm for his *Statira*, so do I for my dear Semstrefs, Madam *d'Epingle*.

*When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay;
'Tis Beauty calls, and Glory leads the way.*



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Trusty and Lord Brumpton.

Tru. **S**HE knows no Moderation in her good Fortune; she has, out of Impatience to see her self in her Weeds, order'd her Mantua Woman to stitch up any thing immediately—You may hear her and *Tattleaid* laugh aloud — she is so wantonly merry.

Ld. B. But this of Lady *Sharlot* is the very utmost of all Ill—Pray read—But I must fit—My late Fit of the Gout makes me act with Pain and Constraint—Let me see—

Tru. She writ it by the Page who brought it me, as I had wheedled him to do all their Passages.

Ld. B. [*reads.*] ‘ You must watch the occasion of the Servants being gone out of the House with the Corps, *Tattelaidd* shall Conduct you to my Lady *Sharlot*’s Apartment—away with her—and be sure you Bed her—

‘ *Your Affectionate Sister, Mary Brumpton.*

Brumpton? The Creature—She call’d as *Frank*’s Mother was? *Brumpton!* The Succuba! What a Devil Incarnate have I had in my Bosom? Why the common abandon’d Town Women would scruple such an Action as this—Tho’ they have lost all regard to their own Chastity, they would be tender of another’s—Why sure she had no Infancy — She never had Virginity, to have no Compassion through Memory of her own former Innocence—This is to forget her very Humanity—her very Sex—Where is my poor Boy? Where’s *Frank*? Does not he want! How has he liv’d all this time — Not a Servant, I warrant,

to

64 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

to attend him—What Company can he keep? What can he say of his Father?

Tru. Tho' you made him not your Heir, he is still your Son—and has all the Duty and Tenderness in the World, for your Memory——

Ld. B. It is impossible, *Trusty*, it is impossible—I will not rack my self with the Thought, that one I have injur'd can be so very good—Keep me in Countenance—tell me he hates my very Name—would not assume my Title, because it descends from me—What's his Company?

Tru. Young *Tom Campley*; they are never asunder.

Ld. B. I am glad He has my pretty Tattler—the Cheerful Innocent—*Harriot*—I hope he'll be good to her—he's good-natur'd and well-bred——

Tru. But, my Lord, she was very punctual in ordering the Funeral—she bid *Sable* be sure to lay you deep enough——she had heard such Stories of the wicked Sextons taking up People—but I wish, my Lord, you would please to hear her and *Tattleaid* once more——

Ld. B. I know to what thy Zeal tends—but I tell you, since you cannot be convinc'd but that I have still a Softness for her—I say tho' I had so, it should never make me transgress that scrupulous Honour that becomes a Peer of *England*—if I could forget Injuries done my self thus gross—I never will those done my Friends—You knew *Sharlot's* worthy Father—No——there's no need of my seeing more of this Woman—I behold her now with the same Eyes that you do—there's a Meanness in all she says or does——she has a great Wit, but a little Mind——something ever wanting to make her appear my Lady *Brumpton*——she has nothing natively Great—you see I love her not—I talk with Judgment of her——

Tru.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 65

Tru. I see it, my good Lord, with Joy I see it—
nor care how few things I see more in this World—
my satisfaction is compleat—welcome old Age—
welcome Decay —'tis not Decay, but Growth to
a latter Being. [Exit, leading Ld.B.]

Re-enter Trusty meeting Cabinet.

Tru. I have your Letter, Mr. *Cabinet*.

Cab. I hope, Sir, you'll believe it was not in my
Nature to be guilty of so much Baseness; but being
born a Gentleman, and bred out of all Roads of Indus-
try in that idle manner too many are, I soon spent a
small Patrimony; and being debauch'd by Luxury, I
fell into the narrow Mind to dread no Infamy like
Poverty—which made me guilty, as that Paper tells
you—and had I not writ to you, I am sure I never
could have told you of it.

Tru. It is an ingenuous, pious Penitence in you —
my Lord *Hardy*—(to whom this Secret is inestimable)
is a noble-natur'd Man ——— and you shall find
him such—I give you my Word——

Cab. I know, Sir, your Integrity——

Tru. But pray be there——all that you have to do is
to ask for the Gentlewoman at the House at my Lord
Hardy's——she'll take care of you——And pray have
Patience, where she places you, 'till you see me——
[Exit. *Cab.*] My Lord *Hardy's* being an House where
they receive Lodgers, has allow'd me convenience to
place every Body I think necessary to be by at her Dis-
covery——This prodigious welcome Secret! I see
however impracticable honest Actions may appear, we
may go on with just Hope.

All that is Ours, is to be justly bent,

And Heav'n in its own Cause will bless th' Event. [Exit.]

Enter Trim and his Party.

Trim. March up, March up — Now we are near
the Cittadel——and I halt only to give the necessary
Orders

66 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Orders for the Engagement—Ha! *Clump, Clump,*—When we come to Lord *Brumpton's* Door, and you see us conveniently dispos'd about the House—you are to wait 'till you see a Corps brought out of the House — then to go up to him you observe the Director, and ask importunately for an Alms to a poor Soldier — for which you may be sure you shall have a good Blow or two—but if you have not, be Sawcy 'till you have—Then when you see a File of Men got between the House and the Body—A File of Men, *Bumpkin*, is six Men—I say, when you see the File in such a Posture, that half the File may face to the House, half to the Body — you are to fall down, crying Murder, that the half File fac'd to the Body may throw it and themselves over you—I then March to your Rescue—Then, *Swagger*, you and your Party fall in to secure my Rear, while I march off with the Body—These are the Orders—and this, with a little Improvement of my own, is the same Disposition *Villeroy* and *Catinat* made at *Chiari*.

[*Marches off with his Party.*]

Enter Widow in deep Mourning, with a dead Squirrel on her Arm, and Tattleaid.

Wid. It must be so—It must be your Carelessness—What had the Page to do in my Bed-chamber?

Tat. Indeed, Madam, I can't tell—But I came in and catch'd him wringing round his Neck——

Wid. Tell the Rascal from me—he shall romp with the Footmen no more—No—I'll send the Rogue in a Frock to learn *Latin* among the dirty Boys that come to good — I will—But 'tis ever so among these Creatures that live on one's superfluous Affections; a Lady's Woman, Page and Squirrel are always Rivals. Poor harmless Animal—Pretty ev'n in Death: Death might have over-look'd thy little Life——How could'st thou, *Robin*, leave thy Nuts and me? How was't, importunate Dearest, thou should'st die?

Thou

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 67

Thou never did'st invade thy Neighbour's Soils:
 Never mad'st War with specious Shews of Peace:
 Thou never hast depopulated Regions,
 But chearfully didst bear thy little Chain,
 Content——So I but fed thee with this Hand.

Tat. Alas, alas! we are all Mortal: Consider, Madam, my Lord's dead too. [Weeps.]

Wid. Ay, but our Animal Friends do wholly die; an Husband or Relation, after Death, is rewarded or tormented——That's some Consolation——I know her Tears are false, for she hated *Robin* always——[aside.]
 ——But she's a well-bred dishonest Servant, that never speaks a painful Truth——But I'll resolve to conquer my Affliction——Never speak more of *Robin*——Hide him there——But to my Dress——How soberly magnificent is Black——And the Train——I wonder how Widows came to wear such long Tails!

Tat. Why, Madam, the stateliest of all Creatures has the longest Tail, the Peacock, nay 'thas of all Creatures the finest Mein too——except your Ladyship, who are a Phenix——

Wid. Ho! Brave *Tattleaid*——But did not you observe what a whining my Lady *Sly* made, when she had drank a little? Did you believe her? Do you think there are really People sorry for their Husbands?

Tat. Really, Madam, some Men do leave their Fortunes in such Distraction, that I believe it may be ——

[Speaks with Pins in her Mouth.]

Wid. But I swear I wonder how it came up to dress us thus——I protest, when all my Equipage is ready, and I move in full Pageantry, I shall fancy my self an Embassador from the Commonwealth of Women, the distressed State of *Amazonia*——to treat for Men——But I protest I wonder how two of us thus clad can meet with a grave Face——Methinks they should laugh out like two Fortune-tellers, or two opponent Lawyers that know each other for Cheats——

Tat.

Tat. Ha! ha! ha! I swear to you, Madam, your Ladyship's Wit will choak me one time or other—I had like to have swallowed all the Pins in my Mouth——

Wid. But, *Tatty*, to keep House six Weeks, that's another barbarous Custom; but the Reason of it, I suppose, was that the Base People should not see People of Quality may be as afflicted as themselves——

Tat. No, 'tis because they should not see 'em as merry as themselves.

Wid. Ha! ha! ha! Hussy, you never said that you spoke last—why 'tis just—'tis Satyr—I'm sure you saw it in my Face, that I was going to say it—'twas too good for you——Come, lay down that Sentence and the Pin-cushion, and pin up my Shoulder——Harkee, Hussy, if you shou'd, as I hope you won't, out-live me, take care I an't buried in Flannel, 'twould never become me, I'm sure——That they can be as merry: Well, I'll tell my new Acquaintance——What's her Name?——She that reads so much, and writes Verses——Her Husband was deaf the first Quarter of a Year——I forgot her Name——That Expression she'll like——Well, that Woman does divert me strangely—I'll be very great with her——She talk'd very learnedly of the Ridicule, 'till she was ridiculous——then she spoke of the Decent——of the Agreeable——of the Insensible——she designs to Print the Discourse——But of all things I like her Notion of the Insensible.

Tat. Pray, Madam, how was that?

Wid. A most useful Discourse to be inculcated in our Teens——the Purpose of it is to disguise our Apprehension in this ill-bred Generation of Men, who speak before Women what they ought not to hear——As now suppose you were a Spark in my Company, and you spoke some double Entendre—I look thus! But be a Fellow, and you shall see how I'll use you——The Insensible is useful upon any occasion, where we seem-

ingly

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 69

ingly neglect, and secretly approve, which is our ordinary common Case——Now suppose a Coxcomb dancing, prating and playing his Tricks before me to move me——without Pleasure or Distaste in my Countenance I look at him —— just thus—but—Ha! ha! ha! I have found out a Supplement to this Notion of the Insensible, for my own use, which is infallible, and that is to have always in my Head all that they can say or do to me——so never be surpriz'd with Laughter, the occasion of which is always sudden——

Tat. Oh, my Lady *Brumpton* [*Tattleaid bows and cringes.*] my Lady—your most obedient Servant——

Wid. Look you, Wench, you see by the Art of Insensibility I put you out of Countenance, tho' you were prepar'd for an ill Reception——

Tat. Oh! Madam——how justly are you form'd for what is now fall'n to you, the Empire of Mankind——

Wid. O Sir—that puts me out of all my Insensibility at once —— that was so gallant——Ha; what Noise is that—that noise of Fighting—Run, I say——Whither are you going—What, are you mad——Will you leave me alone—Can't you stir—What you can't take your Message with you——Whatever 'tis, I suppose you are not in the Plot; not you——Nor that now they're breaking open my House for *Sharlot*——Not you——Go see what's the matter I say, I have no Body I can trust——One [*Exit Tattleaid*] minute I think this Wench honest, and the next false——Whither shall I turn me!

Tat. Madam——Madam.

[*Re-entring*]

Wid. Madam, Madam! will you swallow me gaping——

Tat. Pray, good my Lady, be not so out of Humour —— But there is a Company of Rogues have set upon our Servants and the Burial Man's, while others ran away with the Corps——

Wid.

70 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Wid. How! what can this mean? What can they do with it——Well, 'twill save the Charge of Interment——But to what end?

Enter Trusty, and a Servant bloody and dirty, haling in Clump and Bumpkin.

Ser. I'll teach you better Manners——I'll poor Soldier you——You Dog you, I will——Madam, here are two of the Rascals that were in the Gang of Rogues that carried away the Corps——

Wid. We'll examine 'em apart——Well, Sirrah, what are you? Whence came you? What's your Name? Sirrah. [*Clump makes Signs as a dumb Man.*]

Ser. O you Dog, you could speak loud enough just now, Sirrah, when your Brother Rogues mau'd Mr. Sable——We'll make you speak, Sirrah——

Wid. Bring the other Fellow hither——I suppose you will own you knew that Man before you saw him at my Door?

Clump. I think I have seen the Gentleman's Face, [*Bowing to Bumpkin.*]

Wid. The Gentleman's! the Villain mocks me——But, Friend, you look like an honest Man; what are you? whence come you? What are you, Friend?

Bump. I'se at present but a private Gentleman, but I was lifted to be a Serjeant in my Lord Hardy's Company——I'se not ashamed of my Name, nor of my Koptin——

Wid. Leave the Room all.——

[*Exeunt all but Trusty and Tattleiad.*]
Mr. Trusty.——Lord Hardy! O that impious young Man——thus, with the sacrilegious Hands of Ruffians to divert his Father's Ashes from their Urn and Rest——I suspect this Fellow [*aside.*] Mr. Trusty, I must desire you to be still near me——I'll know the bottom of this, and to Lord Hardy's Lodgings as I am, instantly——'Tis but the backside of this Street, I think——

Let

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 71

Let a Coach be call'd—*Tattleaid*, as soon as I am gone—conduct my Brother and his Friends to Lady *Sharlot*, away with her—Bring *Madamoiselle* away to me—that she may not be a Witness—Come, good Mr. *Trusty*. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lord Hardy leading Harriot; Campley and Trim.

L. Ha. Why then I find this Mr. *Trim* is a perfect General—But I'll assure you, Sir, I'll never allow you an Hero, who could leave your Mistress behind you; you should have broke the House down, but you should have brought *Madamoiselle* with you—

Trim. No really, Madam, I have seen such strange Fears come into the Mens Heads, and such strange Resolutions into the Womens, upon the occasion of Ladies following a Camp, that I thought it more discreet to leave her behind me—my Success will naturally touch her as much as if she were here—

L. Ha. A good intelligent arch Fellow this. [aside] But were not you saying, my Lord, you believ'd Lady *Brumpton* would follow hither—if so, pray let me be gone—

Ld. H. No, Madam; I must beseech your Ladyship to stay, for there are things alledg'd against her which you, who have liv'd in the Family, may, perhaps, give light into, and which I can't believe even she could be guilty of.

L. Ha. Nay, my Lord, that's generous to a Folly, for even for her Usage of you (without regard to my self) I am ready to believe she would do any thing that can come into the Head of a close, malicious, cruel, designing Woman—

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Lady *Brumpton*'s below—

L. Ha. I'll run then—

Cam. No, no, stand your Ground: you a Soldier's Wife? Come, we'll rally her to Death—

Ld. H.

72 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Ld. H. Pr'ythee entertain her a little, while I go in for a Moment's Thought on this Occasion. [*Exit.*]

L. Ha. She has more Wit than us both——

Cam. Pſaw, no matter for that——Be ſure as ſoon as the Sentence is out of my Mouth to clap in with ſomething elſe——and laugh at all I ſay; I'll be grateful, and burſt my ſelf at my pretty witty Wife——We'll fall in ſlap upon her——ſhe ſhan't have time to ſay a Word of the running away.

Enter Lady Brumpton and Truſty.

O, my Lady *Brumpton*, your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient Servant: This is my Lady *Harriot Campley*——Why, Madam, your Ladyſhip is immediately in your Mourning——Nay, as you have more Wit than any Body, ſo (what ſeldom Wits have) you have more Prudence too——Other Widows have nothing in a readineſs but a ſecond Husband —— But you, I ſee, had your very Weeds and Dreſs lying by you——

L. Ha. Ay, Madam; I ſee your Ladyſhip is of the Order of Widowhood, for you have put on the Habit——

Wid. I ſee your Ladyſhip is not of the Profeſſion of Virginity, for you have loſt the Look on't——

Cam. You are in the Habit——That was ſo pretty, nay, without Flattery, Lady *Harriot*, you have great deal of Wit, ha! ha! ha!

L. Ha. No, my Lady *Brumpton* here is the Woman of Wit; but, indeed, ſhe has but little enough, conſidering how much her Ladyſhip has to defend. Ha! ha! ha!

Wid. I am ſorry, Madam, your Ladyſhip has not what's ſufficient for your Occaſions, or that this pretty Gentleman can't ſupply 'em——

[*Campley dancing about and troling.*]

Hey day! I find, Sir, your Heels are a great help to your Head——They relieve your Wit, I ſee; and I don't

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 73

don't question but e'er now they have been as kind to your Valour: Ha! ha!

Cam. Pox, I can say nothing; 'twas always thus with your Endeavourers to be witty [*Aside.*] I saw, Madam, your Mouth go, but there could be nothing offer'd in Answer to what my Lady Harriot said—'Twas home——'Twas cutting Satyr——

L. Ha. Oh, Mr. *Campley*! But pray, Madam, has Mr. *Cabinet* visited your Ladyship since this Calamity—— How stands that Affair now!——

Wid. Nay, Madam, if you already want Instructions—— I'll acquaint you how the World stands if you are in Distress—— but I tear Mr. *Campley* over-hears us——

Cam. And all the Tune the Pipers play'd, was Toll-toll-dorol!—— I swear, Lady *Harriot*, were I not already yours, I could have a Tender for this Lady.

Wid. Come, good Folks, I find we are very free with each other—— What makes you two here? Do you Board my Lord, or he you? Come, come, ten Shillings a Head will go a great way in a Family—— What do you say, Mrs. *Campley*, is it so? Does your Ladyship go to Market your self—— Nay, you're in the right of it—— Come—— can you imagine what makes my Lord stay—— He is not now with his Land-Steward—— not signing Leafes I hope; Ha! ha! ha!

Cam. Hang her, to have more Tongue than a Man and his Wife too—— [*Aside.*]

Enter Lord Hardy.

Ld. H. Because your Ladyship is, I know, in very much Pain in Company you have injur'd—— I'll be short—— Open those Doors—— there lies your Husband's my Father's Body—— and by you stands the Man accuses you of Poisoning him——

Wid. Of Poisoning him!——

Tru. The Symptoms will appear upon the Corps.

E

Ld. H.

Ld. H. But I am seiz'd by Nature—How shall I
view a breathless Lump of Clay— Him, whose high
Veins convey'd to me this vital Force, and Motion.
I cannot bear that Sight——

I am as fix'd and motionless as he——

[*They open the Coffin, out of which jumps Lady Sharlot.*

Art thou the ghastly Shape my Mind had form'd!

Art thou the cold Inanimate——Bright Maid!

Thou giv'st new higher Life to all around.

Whither does Fancy, fir'd with Love, convey me!

Whither transported by my pleasing Fury!

The Season vanishes at thy Approach;

'Tis Morn, 'tis Spring——

Daifies and Lillies strow thy flow'ry Way.

Why is my Fair unmov'd—— My Heav'nly Fair;

Does she but smile at my exalted Rapture?

L. Sh. Oh! Sense of Praise to me unfelt before,

Speak on, speak on, and charm my attentive Ear!

How sweet Applause is from an honest Tongue.

Thou lov'st my Mind——Hast well Affection plac'd;

In what, nor Time, nor Age, nor Care, nor Want

can alter——

Oh how I joy in thee—— My eternal Lover;

Immutable as the Object of my Flame!

I love, I'm proud, I triumph that I love,

Pure, I approach thee— Nor did I with empty Shows,

Gorgeous Attire, or studied Negligence,

Or Song, or Dance, or Ball, allure thy Soul;

Nor want, or fear, such Arts to keep, or lose it.

Nor now with fond Reluctance doubt to enter

My spacious, bright Abode, this gallant Heart.

[*Reclines on Hardy.*

L. Ha. Ay marry—— these are high doings indeed,
the greatness of the Occasion has burst their Passion
into Speech— Why, Mr. *Campley*, when we are near
these fine Folks, you and I are but meer Sweet-hearts—

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 75

I protest—I'll never be won so; you shall begin again with me.

Cam. Pr'ythee, why dost name us, poor Annimals! They have forgot there are any such Creatures as their old Acquaintance *Tom* and *Harriot*.

Ld. H. So we did indeed, but you'll pardon us.

Cam. My Lord, I never thought to see the Minute wherein I should rejoice at your forgetting me, but now I do heartily.

[*Embracing*

L. Sh. Harriot! }
L. Ha. Sharlot! }

Embracing.

Wid. Sir, you're at the bottom of all this—I see you're skill'd at close Conveyances—I'll know the Meaning instantly of these Intricacies, 'tis not your seeming Honesty and Gravity shall save you from your Deserts—My Husband's Death was sudden—You and the Burial Fellow were observ'd very familiar—Produce my Husband's Body—or I'll try you for his Murder; which I find you'd put on me, thou hellish Engine!

Tru. Look you, Madam, I could answer you, but I scorn to reproach People in Misery—you're undone—Madam—

Wid. What does the Dotard mean? Produce the Body, Villain, or the Law shall have thine for it—
[*Trusty Exit hastily.*] Do you design to let the Villain escape? How justly did your Father judge, that made you a Beggar, with that Spirit—You meant just now you could not bear the Company of those you'd injur'd.

Ld. H. You are a Woman, Madam, and my Father's Widow—But sure you think you've highly injur'd me.

[*Here my Lord and Trusty half enter and observe*

Wid. No, Sir, I have not, will not, injure you—I must obey the Will of my deceas'd Lord to a Tit-

tle—— I must justly pay Legacies. Your Father, in consideration that you were his Blood, would not wholly Alienate you—— He left you, Sir, this Shilling, with which Estate you now are Earl of *Brumpton*——

Ld. H. Insolent Woman—— It was not me my good Father disinherited, 'twas him you represented. The Guilt was thine, he did an Act of Justice.

Lord Brumpton entering with Trusty.

Ld. B. Oh unparallell'd Goodness!

Tattleaid and Madamoiselle at the other Door entering.

Tru. Oh *Tattleaid*—— His and our Hour is come.

Wid. What do I see, my Lord, my Master, my Husband living!

Ld. B. [*Turning from her, running to his Son.*] Oh my Boy, my Son—— *Mr. Campley*—— *Sharlot*—— *Harriot*—— [*All kneeling to him*] O my Children—— Oh, oh! These Passions are too strong for my old Frame—— Oh the sweet Torture! my Son, my Son! I shall expire in the too mighty Pleasure! my Boy!

Ld. H. A Son, an Heir, a Bridegroom in one Hour! Oh! grant me, Heav'n, grant me Moderation!

Wid. A Son, an Heir! Am I neglected then? What? can my Lord revive, yet dead to me? Only to me deceas'd—— to me alone, Deaf to my Sighs, and senseless to my Moan?

Ld. B. 'Tis so long since I have seen Plays, good Madam, that I know not whence thou dost repeat, nor can I answer.

Wid. You can remember tho' a certain Settlement, in which I am thy Son and Heir—— great Noble, that I suppose not taken from a Play, that's as irrevocable as Law can make it; that if you scorn me—— your Death and Life are equal—— Or I'll still wear my Mourning 'cause you're living.

Tru. Value her not, my Lord, a prior Obligation made you incapable of settling on her your Wife.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 77

Ld. B. Thy Kindness, *Trusty*, does distract thee—
I would indeed disengage my self by any honest
Means, but, alas, I know no Prior Gift that avoids
this to her—Oh my Child!

Tru. Look you, Madam, I'll come again imme-
diately—Be not troubled, my dear Lords—[*Exit.*]

Cam. *Trusty* looks very confident, there is some
good in that.

Re-enter Trusty with Cabinet.

Cab. What, my Lord *Brumpton* living? nay then—

Tru. Hold, Sir, you must not stir, nor can you,
Sir, retract this for your Hand-writing—My Lord,
this Gentleman, since your suppos'd Death, has lurk'd
about the House to speak with my Lady, or *Tattleaid*,
who upon your Decease have shun'd him, in hopes,
I suppose, to buy him off for ever—Now as he was
prying about, he peep'd into your Closet—where he
saw your Lordship reading—struck with Horrour,
and believing himself (as well he might) the Disturber
of your Ghost for Alienation of your Fortune from
your Family—he writ me this Letter, wherein he
acknowledges a private Marriage with this Lady, half
a Year before you ever saw her.

All. How! [All turn upon her disdainfully.]

Wid. No more a Widow then, but still a Wife,

[Recovering from her Confusion.]

I am thy Wife—thou Author of my Evil.
Thou must partake with me an homely Board,
An homely Board that never shall be chearful;
But ev'ry Meal embitter'd with Upbraidings.
Thou that could'st tell me, Good and Ill were Words,
When thou could'st basely lett me to another,
Yet could'st see Sprights, great Unbeliever!
Coward! Bugg-bear'd Penitent—
Stranger henceforth to all my Joys, my Joys,
To thy Dishonour; despicable Thing,

78 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Dishonour thee? Thou voluntary Cuckold.

[Cabinet *sneaks off*, Widow *flings after him*, Tat-
tleaid *following*.

Ld. B. I see you're all confus'd as well as I—Ye
are my Children — I hold you all so. And for your
own use will speak plainly to you, I cannot hate that
Woman: Nor shall she ever want. Tho' I scorn to
bear her Injuries—yet had I ne'er been rous'd
from that low Passion to a worthless Creature—but
by disdain of her Attempt on my Friend's Child. I
am glad that Scorn's confirm'd by her being that Fel-
low's—whom for my own sake I only will con-
temn. Thee, *Trusty*, how shall we prosecute with
equal Praise and Thanks for this great Revolution in
our House?

Tru. Never to speak on't more, my Lord.

Ld. B. You are now, Gentlemen, going into Cares
at a Crisis in your Country.

And on this great Occasion, *Tom*—I'll mount
Old *Campley* which thy Father gave me,
And attend thee, a chearful gay old Man
Into the Field to represent our County.

My rough *Plebeian Britains*, not yet Slaves
To *France*, shall mount thy Father's Son
Upon their Shoulders. Echo loud their Joy—
While I and *Trusty* follow weeping after:
But be thou honest, firm, impartial,

Let neither Love, nor Hate, nor Faction move thee,
Distinguish Words from Things, and Men from Crimes;
Punctual be thou in Payments, nor basely
Screen thy Faults 'gainst Law, behind the
Laws thou makest—

But Thou against my Death, must learn a supereroga-
tory Morality.

[*To Lord Hardy.*

As he is to be just, be generous thou:
Nor let thy reasonable Soul be struck

With

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 79

With Sounds and Appellations : Title is
 No more, if not significant
 Of something that's Superior in thy self
 To other Men, of which thou may'st be
 Conscious, yet not proud——But if you swerve
 From higher Virtue than the Crowd possess,
 Know they that call thee Honourable, mock thee!
 You are to be a Peer, by Birth a Judge
 Upon your Honour of others Lives and Fortunes;
 Because that Honour's dearer than your own.
 Be good, my Son, and be a worthy Lord:
 For when our shining Virtues bless Mankind,
 We disappoint the livid Malecontents,
 Who long to call our noble Order useless.
 Our All's in Danger, Sirs, nor shall you dally
 Your Youth away with your fine Wives.
 No, in your Country's Cause you shall meet Death,
 While feeble we with Minds resign'd do wait it.
 Not but I intend your Nuptials as soon as possible, to
 draw Intails and Settlements. How necessary such
 things are, I had like to have been a fatal Instance.

Cam. But, my Lord, here are a Couple that need
 not wait such Ceremonies. Please but to sit: You've
 been extremely mov'd, and must be tir'd. You say
 we must not spend our time in Dalliance, you'll see,
 my Lord, the Entertainment reminds us also of no-
 bler Things, and what I design'd for my own Wed-
 ding, I'll compliment the General with. The Bride
 dances finely——*Trim*, will you dance with her?

Trim. I will, but I can't——There's a Country
 man of hers without, by Accident.

Cam. Ay, but is he a Dancer?

Trim. Is a *Frenchman* a Dancer? Is a *Welchman* a
 Gentleman? I'll bring him in——

[Here a Dance, and the following Songs.]

Set by Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

Sung by *Jemie Bowen.*

I.

ON yonder Bed supinely laid,
Behold thy lov'd expecting Maid:
In Tremor, Blushes, half in Tears,
Much, much she wishes, more she fears.
Take, take her to thy faithful Arms,
Hymen bestows thee all her Charms.

II.

Heav'n to thee bequeaths the Fair,
To raise thy Joy, and lull thy Care;
Heav'n made Grief, if mutual, cease,
But Joy, divided, to encrease:
To mourn with her exceeds Delight,
Darkness with her, the Joys of Light.

Sung by Mr. *Pate.*

I.

ARise, arise, great Dead, for Arms renown'd,
Rise from Urns, and save your dying Story,
Your Deeds will be in dark Oblivion crown'd,
For Mighty William seizes all your Glory.

II.

Again the British Trumpet sounds,
Again Britannia bleeds;
To glorious Death, on comely Wounds,
Her Godlike Monarch leads.

III.

*Pay us, kind Fate, the Debt you owe,
 Celestial Minds from Clay untie,
 Let coward Spirits dwell below,
 And only give the Brave to die.*

Ld. B. Now, Gentlemen, let the Miseries which I have but miraculously escap'd, admonish you to have always Inclinations proper for the Stage of Life you're in. Don't follow Love when Nature seeks but Ease: Otherwise you'll fall into a Lethargy of your Dishonour, when warm Pursuits of Glory are over with you; for Fame and Rest are utter Opposites.

You who the Path of Honour make your Guide,
 Must let your Passion with your Blood subside;
 And no untim'd Ambition, Love, or Rage
 Employ the Moments of declining Age:
 Else Boys will in your Presence lose their Fear,
 And laugh at the grey Head they should revere.

31MR64





EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Lord *Hardy*.

LOVE, Hope and Fear, Desire, Aversion, Rage,
All that can move the Soul, or can assuage,
Are drawn in Miniature of Life, the Stage. }
Here you can View your Selves, and here is shown
To what you're born in Sufferings not your own.
The Stage to Wisdom's no Fantaſtick Way;
Athens her self learn'd Virtue at a Play.
Our Author me To night a Soldier drew,
But faintly writ, what warmly you purſue:
To his great Purpose, had he equal Fire,
He'd not aim to pleaſe only, but inſpire;
He'd ſing what hovering Fate attends our Iſle,
And from baſe Pleaſure rouse to glorious Toil:
Full time the Earth t'a new Deciſion brings;
While William gives the Roman Eagle Wings:
With Arts and Arms ſhall Britain tamely end,
Which naked Piſts ſo bravely could defend:
The painted Heroes on th' Invaders preſs,
And think their Wounds Addition to their Drefs;
In younger Years we've been with Conqueſt bleſt,
And Paris has the Britiſh Yoke confeſs'd;

EPILOGUE.

*Is't then in England, in lost England, known,
Her Kings are nam'd from a revolted Throne?
But we offend—You no Examples need,
In Imitation of your selves proceed;
'Tis you your Country's Honour must secure,
Be all your Actions worthy of Namur:
With gentle Fires your Gallantry improve,
Courage is brutal, if untouch'd with Love:
If soon our utmost Bravery's not display'd,
Think that bright Circle must be Captives made.
Let Thoughts of saving them our Toils beguile,
And they reward our Labours with a Smile.*



31 MR 64

T H E
Tender Husband;

O R, T H E
Accomplish'd Fools.

A
C O M E D Y.

*Oportet ut is qui Audiat Cogitet plura
quam Videat. Tull. de Oratore.*



L O N D O N :
Printed for J. T O N S O N. 1723.





T O

Mr. *ADDISON*.

S I R,

YOU'll be surpriz'd, in the
midst of a daily and fami-
liar Conversation, with an
Address which bears so distant an
Air as a publick Dedication: But
to put You out of the Pain which
I

DEDICATION.

I know this will give You, I assure I do not design in it, what would be very needless, a Panegyrick on Your Self, or what perhaps is very necessary, a Defence of the Play. In the one I should discover too much the Concern of an Author, in the other too little the Freedom of a Friend.

My Purpose, in this Application, is only to show the Esteem I have for You, and that I look upon my Intimacy with You as one of the most valuable Enjoyments of my Life. At the same time, I hope I make the Town no ill Compliment for their kind Acceptance of this Comedy, in acknowledging that it has so far rais'd
my

DEDICATION.

my Opinion of it, as to make me think it no improper Memorial of an inviolable Friendship.

I should not offer it to You as such, had I not been very careful to avoid every thing that might look Ill-natur'd, Immoral, or prejudicial to what the Better Part of Mankind hold Sacred and Honourable.

Poetry, under such Restraints, is an obliging Service to Human Society; especially when 'tis us'd, like your Admirable Vein, to recommend more useful Qualities in your self, or Immortalize Characters truly Heroick in others. I am, here, in danger of breaking my Promise to You, therefore shall

DEDICATION.

shall take the only Opportunity
that can offer it self of resisting my
own Inclinations, by complying
with Yours. I am,

S I R,

Your most Faithful,

Humble Servant,

Richard Steele.



PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. *ADDISON*.

Spoken by Mr. *Walks*.

I*N the first Rise and Infancy of Farce,
When Fools were many, and when Plays were scarce,
The Raw unpractis'd Authors could, with Ease,
A young and unexperienc'd Audience please:
No single Character had e'er been shown,
But the whole Herd of Fops was all their Own;
Rich in Originals, they set to View.
In ev'ry Piece, a Coxcomb that was new.*

*But now our British Theatre can boast
Droles of all kinds, a vast Unthinking Hoast!
Fruitful of Folly and of Vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and Cits, and Bawds, and Pimps, and Beaux;
Rough Country Knights are found in ev'ry Shire,
Of ev'ry Fashion gentle Fops appear;
And Punks of different Characters we meet,
As frequent on the Stage as in the Pit:
Our Modern Wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by Chance glean up a Fool:
Long e'er they find the necessary Spark,
They search the Town, and beat about the Park:
To all his most frequented Haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the Ring, and oft to Court;
As Love of Pleasure, or of Place invites:
And sometimes catch him taking Snuff at White's.*

PROLOGUE.

Howe'er, to do you Right, the present Age
Breeds very hopeful Monsters for the Stage;
That scorn the Paths their dull Forefathers trod,
And won't be Blockheads in the Common Road.
Do but survey this Crowded House To-night:
—Here's still Encouragement for those that Write,

Our Author, to divert his Friends To-day,
Stocks with Variety of Fools his Play;
And that there may be something Gay and New,
Two Ladies Errant has expos'd to View:
The First a Damsel, travell'd in Romance;
The t'other more refin'd; she comes from France:
Rescue, like Courteous Knights, the Nymph from Danger;
And kindly Treat, like Well-bred Men, the Stranger.

31MR64





A
S O N G

Design'd for the Fourth ACT,
but not Set.

I.

SEE Britons, see with awful Eyes,
Britannia from her Seas arise!
Ten Thousand Billows round me row,
While Winds and Waves engage,
That break in Froth upon my Shoar,
And impotently Rage.
Such were the Terrors, which of late
Surrounded my afflicted State;
United Fury thus was bent
On my devoted Seats,
'Till all the mighty Force was spent
In feeble Swells, and empty Threats.

II.

But now with rising Glory crown'd,
My Joys run high, they know no Bound;
Tides of unruly Pleasure flow
Through ev'ry swelling Vein,

Now

*New Raptures in my Bosom glow,
And warm me up to Youth again.
Passing Pomps my Streets adorn;
Captive Spoils, in Triumph born,
Standards of Gauls, in Fight subdu'd,
Colours in Hostile Blood embrou'd,
Ensigns of Tyrannic Might,
Foes to Equity and Right,
In Courts of British Justice wave on high,
Sacred to Law, and Liberty,
My crowded Theatres repeat,
In Songs of Triumph, the Defeat.
Did ever joyful Mother see
So bright, so brave a Progeny!
Daughters with so much Beauty crown'd,
Or Sons for Valour so renown'd!*

III.

*But oh I gaze, and seek in vain
To find amidst this warlike Train
My absent Sons, that us'd to grace
With decent Pride this joyous Place :
Unhappy Youths ! how do my Sorrows rise,
Swell my Breast and melt my Eyes,
While I your mighty Loss deplore?
Wild, and raging with Distress,
I mourn, I mourn my own Success,
And boast my Victories no more.*

Unhappy

Unhappy Youth! far from their native Sky,

On Danube's Banks interr'd they lye.

Germania, give me back my Slain,

Give me my slaughter'd Sons again.

Was it for this they rang'd so far,

To free thee from oppressive War?

Germania, &c.

IV.

Tears of Sorrow while I shed

O'er the Manes of my Dead,

Lasting Altars let me raise

To my living Heroes Praise;

Heav'n give them a longer Stay,

As glorious Actions to display,

Or perish on as great a Day.

}



Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

SIR Harry Gubbin,

Humphry Gubbin,

Mr. Tipkin,

Clerimont Sen.

Capt. *Clerimont,*

Mr. Pounce,

Mr. Bullock.

Mr. Pinkethman.

Mr. Norris.

Mr. Mills.

Mr. Wilks.

Mr. Estcourt.

W O M E N.

Mrs. *Clerimont,*

Aunt,

Neice,

Fainlove,

*Fenny, Maid to }
Mrs. Clerimont. }*

Mrs. Cross.

Mrs. Powell.

Mrs. Oldfield.

Mrs. Kent.

Mrs. Sapsford.

T H E



THE
Tender Husband;
OR, THE
Accomplish'd Fools.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Clerimont Sen. and Fainlove.

CLERIMONT Sen.

WELL, Mr. *Fainlove*, how do you go on in your Amour with my Wife?

Fain. I am very civil and very distant; if she smiles or speaks, I bow and gaze at her.— Then throw down my Eyes, as if oppress'd by fear of Offence, then steal a Look again 'till she again sees me— This is my general Method.

Cler. Sen. And 'tis right—For such a fine Lady has no Guard to her Virtue, but her Pride; therefore you must constantly apply your self to that: But, dear *Lucy*, as you have been a very faithful, but a very costly Wench to me, so my Spouse also has

F

been

been constant to my Bed, but careless of my Fortune.

Fain. Ah ! my Dear, how could you leave your poor *Lucy*, and run into *France* to see Sights, and show your Gallantry with a Wife ? Was not that unnatural ?

Cler. Sen. She brought me a noble Fortune, and I thought she had a right to share it : Therefore carried her to see the World, forsooth, and make the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, where she learn'd to lose her Money gracefully, to admire every Vanity in our Sex, and contemn every Virtue in her own, which, with ten thousand other Perfections, are the ordinary Improvements of a Travell'd Lady. Now I can neither mortifie her Vanity that I may live at ease with her, or quite discard her, 'till I have catch'd her a little enlarging her Innocent Freedoms, as she calls 'em : For this end I am content to be a *French* Husband, tho' now and then with the secret Pangs of an *Italian* one ; and therefore, Sir, or Madam, you are thus equipp'd to attend and accost her Ladyship : It concerns you to be diligent : If we wholly part——I need say no more ; if we do not——I'll see thee well provided for.

Fain. I'll do all I can, I warrant you ; but you are not to expect I'll go much among the Men.

Cler. Sen. No, no, you must not go near Men ; you are only (when my Wife goes to a Play) to sit in a side Box with pretty Fellows——I don't design you to personate a real Man, you are only to be a pretty Gentleman——Not to be of any Use or Consequence in the World, as to your self, but merely as a Property to others ; such as you see now and then have a Life in the Intail of a great Estate, that seem to have come into the World only to be Taggs in the Pedigree of a wealthy House——You must have seen many of that Species.

Fain.

Fain. I apprehend you, such as stand in Assemblies, with an indolent Softness and Contempt of all around 'em; who make a Figure in Publick, and are scorn'd in Private; I have seen such a one with a Pocket Glass to see his own Face, and an affected Perspective to know others.

[Imitates each.

Cler. Sen. Ay, ay, that's my Man—— Thou dear Rogue.

Fain. Let me alone—— I'll lay my Life I'll horn you, that is, I'll make it appear I might if I could——

Cler. Sen. Ay, that will please me quite as well.

Fain. To show you the Progress I have made, I last Night won of her Five hundred Pounds, which I have brought you safe.

[Giving him Bills.

Cler. Sen. Oh, the damn'd Vice! That Women can imagine all Household Care, regard to Posterity, and fear of Poverty, must be sacrificed to a Game at Cards—— Suppose she had not had it to pay, and you had been capable of finding your Account another Way——

Fain. That's but a Suppose——

Cler. Sen. I say, she must have complied with every thing you ask'd——

Fain. But she knows you never limit her Expences—— I'll gain him from her for ever, if I can——

[Aside.

Cler. Sen. With this you have repaid me two thousand Pounds; and if you did not refund thus honestly, I could not have supplied her—— We must have parted.

Fain. Then you shall part—— If t'other way fails [aside.] However, I can't blame your Fondness of her, she has so many entertaining Qualities with her Vanity—— Then she has such a pretty unthinking Air, while she saunters round a Room, and prattles Sentences.——

Cler. Sen. That was her Turn from her Infancy, she always had a great Genius for knowing every thing, but what it was necessary she should—The Wits of the Age, the great Beauties and short-liv'd People of Vogue, were always her Discourse and Imitation—Thus the Case stood when she went to *France*; but her fine Follies improv'd so daily, that tho' I was then proud of her being call'd Mr. *Clerimont's* Wife, I am now as much out of Countenance to hear my self call'd Mrs. *Clerimont's* Husband, so much is the Superiority of her side.

Fain. I am sure if ever I gave my self a little Liberty, I never found you so indulgent.

Cler. Sen. I should have the whole Sex on my Back, should I pretend to retrench a Lady so well visited as mine is—Therefore I must bring it about that it shall appear her own Act, if she reforms; or else I shall be pronounc'd Jealous, and have my Eyes pull'd out for being open—But I hear my Brother *Jack* coming, who, I hope, has brought yours with him—Hift, not a Word.

Enter Captain Clerimont and Pounce.

Cler. I have found him out at last, Brother, and brought you the Obsequious Mr. *Pounce*. I saw him at a distance in a Croud, whispering in their turns with all about him—He is a Gentleman so received, so courted, and so trusted—

Pounce. I am very glad if you saw any thing like that, if the Approbation of others can recommend me (where I much more desire it) to this Company—

Cler. Oh, the Civil Person—But, dear *Pounce*, you know I am your profess'd Admirer; I always celebrated you for your excellent Skill and Address, for that happy Knowledge of the World, which makes you seem Born for living with the Persons you are
with,

with, where-ever you come——Now, my Brother and I want your help in a Business that requires a little more Dexterity than we our selves are Masters of.

Pounce. You know, Sir, my Character is helping the Distress'd, which I do freely and without reserve; while others are for distinguishing rigidly on the Justice of the Occasion, and so lose the Grace of the Benefit——Now, 'tis my Profession to assist a free-hearted young Fellow against an unnatural long-liv'd Father——to disencumber Men of Pleasure of the Vexation of unwieldy Estates, to support a feeble Title to an Inheritance, to——

Cler. Sen. I have been well acquainted with your Merits, ever since I saw you with so much Compassion prompt a stammering Witness in *Westminster-hall*——that wanted Instruction——I love a Man that can venture his Ears with so much Bravery for his Friend.——

Pounce. Dear Sir, spare my Modesty, and let me know to what all this Panegyrick tends.

Cler. Sen. Why, Sir, what I would say is in behalf of my Brother the Captain here, whose Misfortune it is that I was born before him.

Pounce. I am confident he had rather you should have been so than any other Man in *England*.

Cler. You do me Justice, Mr. *Pounce*——But, tho' 'tis to that Gentleman, I am still a younger Brother, and you know we that are so, are generally condemn'd to Shops, Colleges, or Inns of Court.

Pounce. But you, Sir, have escap'd 'em, you have been Trading in the Noble Mart of Glory——

Cler. That's true——but the General makes such haste to finish the War, that we red Coats may be soon out of Fashion,——and then I am a Fellow of the most easie indolent Disposition in the World! I hate all manner of Business.

102 *The Tender Husband : Or,*

Pounce. A compos'd Temper, indeed !

Cler. In such a Case I should have no way of Livelihood, but calling over this Gentleman's Dogs in the Country, drinking his Stale Beer to the Neighbourhood, or marrying a Fortune.

Cler. Sen. To be short, *Pounce*——I am putting Jack upon Marriage, and you are so publick an Envoy, or rather Plenipotentiary, from the very different Nations of *Cheapside*, *Covent-Garden*, and *St. James's*; you have too the Mein and Language of each Place so naturally, that you are the properest Instrument I know in the World, to help an honest young Fellow to Favour in one of 'em, by Credit in the other.

Pounce. By what I understand of your many Prefaces, Gentlemen, the purpose of all this is——That it would not in the least discompose this Gentleman's easie indolent Disposition to fall into Twenty thousand Pounds, tho' it came upon him never so suddenly.

Cler. You are a very discerning Man——How could you see so far through me as to know I love a fine Woman, pretty Equipage, good Company, and a clean Habitation ?

Pounce. Well, tho' I am so much a Conjuror——What then ?

Cler. Sen. You know a certain Person, into whose Hands you now and then recommend a young Heir, to be reliev'd from the Vexation of Tenants, Taxes, and so forth——

Pounce. What ! My worthy Friend and City-Patron *Hezekiah Tipkin*, Banker in *Lombard Street*, would the Noble Captain lay any Sums in his Hands ?

Cler. No——But the Noble Captain would have Treasure out of his Hands——You know his Neice.

Pounce. To my knowledge Ten thousand Pounds in Money.

Cler.

Cler. Such a Stature, such a blooming Countenance, so easie a Shape !

Pounce. In Jewels of her Grandmother's Five thousand—

Cler. Her Wit so lively, her Mein so alluring !

Pounce. In Land a Thousand a Year.

Cler. Her Lips have that certain Prominence, that swelling Softness, that they invite to a Pressure ; her Eyes that languish, that they give Pain, tho' they look only inclin'd to Rest.—Her whole Person that one Charm—

Pounce. Raptures ! Raptures !

Cler. How can it, so insensibly to it self, lead us through Cares it knows not, thro' such a Wilderness of Hopes, Fears, Joys, Sorrows, Desires, Despairs, Ecstasies and Torments, with so sweet, yet so anxious Vicissitude !

Pounce. Why I thought you had never seen her—

Cler. No more I han't.

Pounce. Who told you then of her inviting Lips, her soft sleepy Eyes—

Cler. You, your self—

Pounce. Sure you rave, I never spoke of her afore to you.

Cler. Why, you won't face me down—Did you not just now say, she had Ten thousand Pounds in Money, Five in Jewels, and a Thousand a Year ?

Pounce. I confess my own Stupidity and her Charms—Why, if you were to meet, you would certainly please her, you have the cant of Loving ; but, pray, may we be free—That young Gentleman—

Cler. A very honest, modest Gentleman of my Acquaintance, one that has much more in him, than he appears to have ; you shall know him better, Sir : this is Mr. *Pounce* : Mr. *Pounce*, this is Mr. *Fainlove* ; I must desire you to let him be known to you, and your Friends.

Pounce. I shall be proud—Well then, since we may be free, you must understand, the young Lady, by being kept from the World, has made a World of her own—She has spent all her Solitude in reading Romances, her Head is full of Shepherds, Knights, Flowery Meads, Groves and Streams ; so that if you talk like a Man of this World to her, you do nothing.

Cler. Oh, let me alone—I have been a great Traveller in Fairy-Land my self, I know *Oroondates*, *Cassandra*, *Astræa* and *Clelia* are my intimate Acquaintance.

*Go my Heart's Envoys, tender Sighs make haste,
And with your Breath swell the soft Zephyr's Blast;
Then near that Fair One, if you chance to fly,
Tell her, in Whispers, 'tis for her I die.*

Pounce. That would do, that would do—her very Language.

Cler. Sen. Why then, dear *Pounce*, I know thou art the only Man living that can serve him.

Pounce. Gentlemen, you must pardon me, I am soliciting the Marriage Settlement between her and a Country Booby, her Cousin *Humphrey Gubbin*, Sir *Harry's* Heir, who is come to Town to take Possession of her.

Cler. Sen. Well, all that I can say to the Matter is, that a Thousand Pound on the Day of *Jack's* Marriage to her, is more than you'll get by the dispatch of those Deeds.

Pounce. Why, a Thousand Pound is a pretty thing, especially when 'tis to take a Lady fair out of the Hands of an obstinate ill-bred Clown, to give her to a gentle Swain, a dying enamour'd Knight.

Cler. Sen. Ay, dear *Pounce*—consider but that—the Justice of the thing.

Pounce. Besides, he is just come from the Glorious *Blenheim* ! Look ye, Captain, I hope you have learn'd an implicit Obedience to your Leaders. *Cler.*

Cler. 'Tis all I know.

Pounce. Then, if I am to Command—make not one step without me—And since we may be free—I am also to acquaint you, there will be more Merit in bringing this Matter to bear than you imagine—Yet right Measures make all things possible.

Cler. We'll follow yours exactly.

Pounce. But the great Matter against us is want of Time, for the Nymph's Uncle, and 'Squire's Father, this Morning met, and made an end of the Matter—But the difficulty of a thing, Captain, shall be no Reason against attempting it.

Cler. I have so great an Opinion of your Conduct, that I warrant you we Conquer all.

Pounce. I am so intimately employ'd by old *Tipkin*, and so necessary to him—that I may perhaps, puzzle things yet.

Cler. Sen. I have seen thee Cajole the Knave very dexterously.

Pounce. Why, really, Sir, generally speaking, 'tis but knowing what a Man thinks of himself, and giving him that, to make him what else you please—Now *Tipkin* is an absolute *Lombard Street* Wit, a Fellow that droles on the strength of Fifty thousand Pounds: He is call'd on *Change*, *Sly-Boots*, and by the force of a very good Credit, and very bad Conscience, he is a leading Person: But we must be quick, or he'll sneer old Sir *Harry* out of his Senses, and strike up the Sale of his Neice immediately.

Cler. But my Rival, what's he—

Pounce. There's some hopes there, for I hear the Booby is as averse as his Father is inclin'd to it—One is as Obstinate, as the other Cruel.

Cler. Sen. He is, they say, a pert Blockhead, and very lively out of his Father's sight.

106 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Pounce. He that gave me his Character, call'd him a docile Dunce, a Fellow rather absurd, than a direct Fool—When his Father's absent, he'll pursue any thing he's put upon—But we must not lose time—Pray be you two Brothers at home to wait for any Notice from me—While that pretty Gentleman and I, whose Face I have known, take a Walk and look about for 'em—So, so—Young Lady—

[*Aside to Fainlove*] [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Harry Gubbin and Tipkin.

Sir Har. Look y', Brother *Tipkin*, as I told you before, my Business in Town is to dispose of an hundred Head of Cattle, and my Son.

Tip. Brother *Gubbin*, as I signified to you in my last, bearing Date *September 13th*, my Neice has a Thousand Pound *per Annum*, and because I have found you a plain dealing Man (particularly in the easie Pad you put into my Hands last Summer) I was willing you should have the Refusal of my Neice, provided that I have a Discharge from all Retrospects while her Guardian, and One thousand Pounds for my Care.

Sir Har. Ay, but Brother, you rate her too high; the War has fetch'd down the Price of Women: The whole Nation is over-run with Petticoats; our Daughters lye upon our Hands, Brother *Tipkin*; Girls are Drugs, Sir, mere Drugs.

Tip. Look y', Sir *Harry*—Let Girls be what they will—a Thousand Pound a Year, is a Thousand Pound a Year; and a Thousand Pound a Year is neither Girl nor Boy.

Sir Har. Look y', Mr. *Tipkin*, the main Article with me is, that Foundation of Wives Rebellion, and Husband's Cuckoldom, that cursed Pin-Money—Five hundred Pound *per Annum* Pin-Money!

Tip. The Word Pin Money, Sir *Harry*, is a Term—

Sir Har.

Sir Har. It is a Term, Brother, we never had in our Family, nor ever will——Make her Jointure in Widowhood accordingly large, but Four hundred Pound a Year is enough to give no account of.

Tip. Well, *Sir Harry*, since you can't swallow these Pins, I will abate to Four hundred Pounds.

Sir Har. And to mollifie the Article——as well as specifie the Uses, we'll put in the Names of several Female Utensils, as Needles, Knitting-Needles, Tape, Thread, Scissors, Bodkins, Fans, Play-Books, with other Toys of that nature : And now, since we have as good as concluded on the Marriage, it will not be improper that the young People see each other.

Tip. I don't think it prudent 'till the very Instant of Marriage, lest they should not like one another.

Sir Har. They shall meet——As for the young Girl, she cannot dislike *Numps* ; and for *Numps*, I never suffer'd him to have any thing he lik'd in his Life. He'll be here immediately ; he has been train'd up from his Childhood under such a Plant as this in my Hand——I have taken pains in his Education.

Tip. *Sir Harry*, I approve your Method ; for since you have left off Hunting, you might otherwise want Exercise, and this is a subtle Expedient to preserve your own Health, and your Son's good Manners.

Sir Har. It has been the Custom of the *Gubbins* to preserve Severity and Discipline in their Families——I my self was caned the Day before my Wedding.

Tip. Ay, *Sir Henry*, had you not been well Cudgelled in your Youth, you had never been the Man you are.

Sir Har. You say right, Sir, now I feel the Benefit of it——There's a Crab-Tree near our House which flourishes for the good of my Posterity, and has brusk'd our Jackets, from Father to Son, for several Generations._____

Tip.

108 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Tip. I am glad to hear you have all things necessary for the Family within your selves——

Sir Har. Oh, yonder, I see *Numps* is coming—— I have dress'd him in the very Suit I had on at my own Wedding; 'tis a most becoming Apparel——

Enter Humphrey Gubbin.

Tip. Truly, the Youth makes a good Marriageable Figure.

Sir Har. Come forward, *Numps*; this is your Uncle *Tipkin*, your Mother's Brother, *Numps*, that is so kind as to bestow his Neice upon you. (*Don't be so Glum, Sirrah, don't bow to a Man with a Face as if you'd knock him down, don't Sirrah.*) [*Apart.*

Tip. I am glad to see you, Cousin *Humphrey*—— He is not Talkative, I observe already.

Sir Har. He is very shrowd, Sir, when he pleases; *Do you see this Crab-stick, you Dog?* [*Apart.*] Well, *Numps*, don't be out of Humour. *Will you talk?* [*Apart.*] Come, we're your Friends, *Numps*, come Lad.

Hump. You are a pure Fellow for a Father. This is always your Tricks, to make a great Fool of one before Company. [*Apart to his Father.*]

Sir Har. *Don't disgrace me, Sirrah: You grim Graceless Rogue*—— [*Apart.*] Brother, he has been bred up to Respect and Silence before his Parents——Yet did you but hear what a noise he makes sometimes in the Kitchin, or the Kennel, he's the loudest of 'em all.

Tip. Well, Sir *Harry*, since you assure me he can speak, I'll take your Word for it.

Hum. I can speak when I see occasion, and I can hold my Tongue when I see occasion.

Sir Har. Well said, *Numps*——*Sirrah*, I see you can do well, if you will. [*Apart.*]

Tip. Pray walk up to me, Cousin *Humphrey*.

Sir Har. Ay, walk to and fro between us with your Hat under your Arm. *Clear up your Countenance.* [*Apart.*]

Tip.

Tip. I see, Sir *Harry*, you han't set him a Capering under a *French* Dancing-Master: He does not mince it: he has not learn'd to walk by a *Courant*, or a *Boree*—His *Paces* are natural——Sir *Harry*.

Hump. I don't know but 'tis, so we walk in the West of *England*.

Sir Har. Ay, right *Numps*, and so we do —— Ha! ha! ha! Pray, Brother, observe his Make, none of your Lath-back'd wishy washy Breed — Come hither.

Numps. Can't you stand still? [*Apart*].

[*Measuring his Shoulders*.]

Tip. I presume this is not the first time, Sir *Harry*, you have measur'd his Shoulders with your Cane.

Sir Har. Look y', Brother, two Foot and an half in the Shoulders.

Tip. Two Foot and an half? We must make some Settlement on the younger Children.

Sir Har. Not like him, Quotha'!

Tip. He may see his Cousin when he pleases.

Hump. But hark y', Unkle, I have a Scruple I had better mention before Marriage than after.

Tip. What's that? What's that?

Hump. My Cousin, you know, is a-kin to me, and I don't think it lawful for a young Man to marry his own Relations.

Sir Har. Hark y', hark y', *Numps*, we have got a way to solve all that: *Sirrah!* Consider this Cudgel! Your Cousin! suppose I'd have you marry your Grandmother? what then? [*Apart*.]

Tip. Well, has your Father satisfy'd you in the Point, Mr. *Humphry*?

Hump. Ay, ay, Sir, very well: I have not the least Scruple remaining; no, no —— not in the least, Sir.

Tip. Then hark y', Brother, we'll go take a Whet, and settle the whole Affair.

Sir Har.

110 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Sir Har. Come, we'll leave *Numps* here ——— he knows the Way. *Not Marry your own Relations, Sirrah?* [*Apart.*] [*Exeunt.*]

Hump. Very fine, very fine! How prettily this Park is stock'd with Soldiers, and Deer, and Ducks, and Ladies ——— Ha! where are the old Fellows gone? where can they be tro — I'll ask these People ———

Enter Pounce and Fainlove.

Hump. Ha, you pretty young Gentleman, did you see my Father?

Fain. Your Father, Sir?

Hump. A Weezel-fac'd cross old Gentleman with Spindle-Shanks?

Fain. No, Sir.

Hump. A Crab-tree Stick in his Hand?

Pounce. We han't met any body with these Marks, but sure I have seen you before ——— Are not you Mr. *Humphry Gubbin*, Son and Heir to Sir *Henry Gubbin*?

Hump. I am his Son and Heir ——— But how long I shall be so I can't tell, for he talks every Day of Disinheriting me.

Pounce. Dear Sir, let me embrace you ——— Nay, don't be offended if I take the Liberty to kiss you. Mr. *Fainlove*, pray [*Fainlove kisses*] kiss the Gentleman ——— Nay, dear Sir, don't stare and be surpriz'd, for I have had a desire to be better known to you ever since I saw you one Day clinch your Fist at your Father, when his Back was turn'd upon you ——— For I must own I very much admire a young Gentleman of Spirit.

Hump. Why, Sir, would it not vex a Man to the Heart, to have an old Fool snubbing a Body every Minute afore Company ———

Pounce. Oh fie, he uses you like a Boy.

Hump. Like a Boy! He lays me on now and then, as if I were one of his Hounds ——— You can't think
what

what a Rage he was in this Morning, because I bog-
gled a little at Marrying my own Cousin.

Pounce. A Man can't be too scrupulous, Mr. *Hump-*
phry, a Man can't be too scrupulous.

Hump. Sir, I could as soon love my own Flesh and
Blood, we should squabble like Brother and Sister; do
you think we should not? Mr. — Pray, Gentlemen,
may I crave the Favour of your Names?

Pounce. Sir, I am the very Person that have been
employ'd to draw up the Articles of Marriage be-
tween you and your Cousin.

Hump. Ay, say you so? Then you can inform me
in some things concerning my self — Pray, Sir, what
Estate am I Heir to?

Pounce. To Fifteen hundred Pound a Year, an in-
tail'd Estate —

Hump. I am glad to hear it with all my Heart;
and can you satisfy me in another Question — Pray
how Old am I at present?

Pounce. Three and twenty last *March*.

Hump. Why, as sure as you are there, they have
kept me back. I have been told by some of the
Neighbourhood, that I was Born the very Year the
Pigeon-house was built, and every Body knows the
Pigeon-house is three and twenty — Why? I find
there has been Tricks play'd me. I have obey'd him
all along, as if I had been oblig'd to it.

Pounce. Not at all, Sir; your Father can't cut you
out of one Acre of Fifteen hundred Pound a Year.

Hump. What a Fool have I been to give him his
Head so long?

Pounce. A Man of your Beauty and Fortune may find
out Ladies enough that are not a-kin to you.

Hump. Look y', Mr. what d'ye call — As to my
Beauty, I don't know but they may take a liking to
that — But, Sir, mayn't I crave your Name?

Pounce.

Pounce. My Name, Sir, is *Pounce*, at your Service.

Hump. *Pounce*, with a P ——— !

Pounce. Yes, Sir, and *Samuel*, with an S ———

Hump. Why then, Mr. *Samuel Pounce*, do you know any Gentlewoman that you think I could like? For, to tell you truly, I took an Antipathy to my Cousin, ever since my Father propos'd her to me — And since every Body knows I came up to be Married, I don't care to go down, and look balk'd.

Pounce. I have a Thought just come into my Head — Do you see this young Gentleman? He has a Sister, a prodigious Fortune — 'Faith you two shall be acquainted ———

Fain. I can't pretend to expect so accomplish'd a Gentleman as Mr. *Humphry* for my Sister; but being your Friend, I'll be at his Service in the Affair.

Hump. If I had your Sister, she and I should live like two Turtles.

Pounce. Mr. *Humphry*, you shan't be fool'd any longer, I'll carry you into Company; Mr. *Fainlove*, you shall introduce him to Mrs. *Clerimont's* Toilet.

Fain. She'll be highly taken with him — for she loves a Gentleman, whose Manner is particular.

Pounce. What, Sir, a Person of your Pretensions, a clear Estate, no Portions to pay! 'Tis barbarous, your Treatment — Mr. *Humphry*, I'm afraid you want Money — There's for you — What, a Man of your Accomplishments? [Giving a Purse.

Hump. And yet you see, Sir, how they use me — Dear Sir, you are the best Friend I ever met with in all my Life — Now I am flush of Money, bring me to your Sister, and I warrant you for my Behaviour — A Man's quite another thing with Money in his Pocket — you know.

Pounce. How little the Oaf wonders why I should give him Money! You shall never want, Mr. *Humphry*, while

while I have it——Mr. *Humphry*; but dear Friend, I must take my leave of you, I have some extraordinary Business on my Hands. I can't stay: But you must not say a Word——

Fain. But you must be in the way half an Hour hence, and I'll introduce you at Mrs. *Clerimont's*.

Pounce. Make 'em believe you are willing to have your Cousin *Bridget*, 'till opportunity serves; Farewel, dear Friend.

[*Ex. Pounce and Fain.*]

Hump. Farewel, good Mr. *Samuel Pounce*——But let's see my Cash——'tis very true, the old Saying, a Man meets with more Friendship from Strangers, than his own Relations——Let's see my Cash, 1, 2, 3, 4, there on that side—1, 2, 3, 4, on that side; 'tis a foolish thing to put all ones Money in one Pocket, 'tis like a Man's whole Estate in one County—These five in my Fob—I'll keep these in my Hand, least I should have a present Occasion——But this Town's full of Pick-pockets——I'll go home again.

[*Exit Whistling.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pounce, and Captain Clerimont with his Arm in a Scarf.

Pounce. **Y**OU are now well enough instructed both in the Aunt and Neice to form your Behaviour.

Cler. But to talk with her apart is the great matter.

Pounce. The antiquated Virgin has a mighty Affection for Youth, and is a great lover of Men and Money

114 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Money — One of these, at least, I am sure I can gratifie her in, by turning her Pence in the Annuities, or the Stocks of one of the Companies; some way or other I'll find to entertain her, and engage you with the young Lady.

Cler. Since that is her Ladyship's turn, so busie and fine a Gentleman as Mr. *Pounce* must needs be in her good Graces.

Pounce. So shall you too — But you must not be seen with me at first Meeting. I'll dog 'em, while you watch at a Distance. [Exeunt.]

Enter Aunt and Neice.

Neice. Was it not my Gallant that whistled so charmingly in the Parlour, before he went out this Morning? He's a most accomplish'd Cavalier.

Aunt. Come, Neice, come — You don't do well to make sport with your Relations, especially with a young Gentleman that has so much kindness for you.

Neice. Kindness for me! What a Phrase is there to express the Darts and Flames, the Sighs and Languishings of an expecting Lover!

Aunt. Pray, Neice, forbear this idle Trash, and talk like other People. Your Cousin *Humphry* will be true and hearty in what he says, and that's a great deal better than the talk and complement of Romances,

Neice. Good Madam, don't wound my Ears with such Expressions; do you think I can ever love a Man that's true and hearty! What a Peasant-like Amour do these coarse Words import! True and hearty! pray, Aunt, endeavour a little at the Embellishment of your Stile.

Aunt. Alack-a-day, Cousin *Biddy*, these idle Romances have quite turn'd your Head.

Neice. How often must I desire you, Madam, to lay aside that familiar Name, Cousin *Biddy*? I never
hear

hear it without blushing—Did you ever meet with an Heroine, in those idle Romances as you call 'em, that was term'd *Biddy*?

Aunt. Ah! Cousin, Cousin—These are meer Vapours, indeed—Nothing but Vapours—

Neice. No, the Heroine has always something soft and engaging in her Name—Something that gives us a Notion of the sweetness of her Beauty and Behaviour. A Name that glides through half a dozen tender Syllables, as *Elismonda*, *Clidamira*, *Deidamia*, that runs upon Vowels off the Tongue, not hissing through one's Teeth, or breaking them with Consonants—'Tis strange Rudeness those familiar Names they give us, when there is *Aurelia*, *Sacharissa*, *Gloriana*, for People of Condition; and *Celia*, *Chloris*, *Corinna*, *Mopsa*, for their Maids, and those of lower Rank.

Aunt. Look y', *Biddy*, this is not to be supported—I know not where you learn'd this Nicety; but I can tell you, forsooth, as much as you despise it, your Mother was a *Bridget* afore you, and an excellent House-wife.

Neice. Good Madam, don't upbraid me with my Mother *Bridget*, and an excellent House-wife.

Aunt. Yes, I say, she was, and spent her time in better Learning than you ever did—not in reading of Fights and Battels of Dwarfs and Giants; but in writing out Receipts for Broths, Possets, Caudles and Surfeit-Waters, as became a good Country Gentlewoman.

Neice. My Mother, and a *Bridget*!

Aunt. Yes, *Neice*, I say again, your Mother, my Sister, was a *Bridget*! the Daughter of her Mother *Margery*, of her Mother *Sissy*, of her Mother *Alice*.

Neice. Have you no Mercy? Oh, the barbarous Genealogy!

Aunt. Of her Mother *Winifred*, of her Mother *Joan*.

Neice.

116 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Neice. Since you will run on, then I must needs tell you I am not satisfy'd in the Point of my Nativity. Many an Infant has been placed in a Cottage with obscure Parents, 'till by chance some ancient Servant of the Family has known it by its Marks.

Aunt. Ay, you had best be search'd——That's like your calling the Winds the fanning Gales, before I don't know how much Company, and the Tree that was blown by it, had, forsooth, a Spirit imprison'd in the Trunk of it.

Neice. Ignorance!

Aunt. Then a Cloud this Morning had a flying Dragon in it.

Neice. What Eyes had you, that you could see nothing? For my part I look upon it to be a Prodigy, and expect something extraordinary will happen to me before Night——But you have a gross Relish of Things. What noble Descriptions in Romances had been lost if the Writers had been Persons of your Gouff?

Aunt. I wish the Authors had been hang'd, and their Books burnt, before you had seen 'em.

Neice. Simplicity!

Aunt. A parcel of improbable Lies.

Neice. Indeed, Madam, your Raillery is course——

Aunt. Fit only to corrupt young Girls, and fill their Heads with a thousand foolish Dreams of I don't know what.

Neice. Nay, now, Madam, you grow extravagant.

Aunt. What I say is not to vex, but advise you for your Good,

Neice. What, to burn *Philocles*, *Artaxerxes*, *Oroondates*, and the rest of the Heroick Lovers, and take my Country-Booby, Cousin *Humphry*, for an Husband!

Aunt.

Aunt. Oh Dear, Oh Dear, *Biddy!* Pray, good Dear, learn to act and speak like the rest of the World; come, come, you shall marry your Cousin, and live comfortably.

Neice. Live comfortably! What kind of Life is that? A great Heirefs live comfortably! Pray, Aunt, learn to raise your Idea's——What is, I wonder, to live comfortably?

Aunt. To live comfortably, is to live with Prudence and Frugality, as we do in *Lombard-street.*

Neice. As we do——That's a fine Life, indeed, with one Servant of each Sex —— Let's see how many Things our Coachman is good for —— He rubs down his Horses, lays the Cloth, whets the Knives, and sometimes makes Beds.

Aunt. A good Servant should turn his Hand to every thing in a Family.

Neice. Nay, there's not a Creature in our Family, that has not two or three different Duties; as *John* is Butler, Footman and Coachman; so *Mary* is Cook, Laundress and Chamber-maid.

Aunt. Well, and do you laugh at that?

Neice. No—not I—nor at the Coach-Horses, tho' one has an easie Trot for my Unkle's Riding, and t'other an easie Pace for your Side-Saddle——

Aunt. And so you jeer at the good Management of your Relations, do you?

Neice. No, I'm well satisfied that all the House are Creatures of Business, but, indeed, was in hopes that my poor little Lap-Dog might have liv'd with me upon my Fortune without an Employment, but my Unkle threatens every Day to make him a Turn-spirit, that he too, in his Sphere, may help us to live comfortably——

Aunt. Hark y', Cousin *Biddy.*

Neice.

118 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Neice. I vow I'm out of Countenance, when our Butler, with his careful Face, drives us all stowed in a Chariot, drawn by one Horse ambling, and t'other trotting, with his Provisions behind for the Family, from *Saturday Night* 'till *Monday Morning*, bound for *Hackney*——Then we make a comfortable Figure, indeed.

Aunt. So we do, and so will you always, if you marry your Cousin *Humphry*——

Neice. Name not the Creature.

Aunt. Creature! What, your own Cousin a Creature!

Neice. Oh, let's be going. I see yonder another Creature that does my Uncle's Law-business, and has, I believe, made ready the Deeds, those barbarous Deeds!

Aunt. What, Mr. *Pounce* a Creature too! Nay, now I'm sure you're Ignorant——You shall stay, and you'll learn more Wit from him in an Hour, than in a Thousand of your foolish Books in an Age——Your Servant Mr. *Pounce*.

Enter Pounce.

Pounce. Ladies, I hope I don't interrupt any private Discourse.

Aunt. Not in the least, Sir.

Pounce. I should be loath to be esteem'd one of those, who think they have a Privilege of mixing in all Companies, without any Business, but to bring forth a loud Laugh, or vain Jest.

Neice. He talks with the Mein and Gravity of a *Paladin*. [*Aside.*

Pounce. Madam, I bought the other Day at three and an half, and sold at Seven——

Aunt. Then pray, Sir, sell for me in time. *Neice,* mind him; he has an infinite deal of Wit ——

Pounce. This that I speak of was for you—I never neglect such Opportunities to serve my Friends.

Aunt. Indeed, Mr. *Pounce*, you are, I protest, without flattery, the wittiest Man in the World.

Pounce. I assure you, Madam, I said last Night before an Hundred Head of Citizens, that Mrs. *Barsheba Tipkin* was the most Ingenious young Lady in the Liberties.

Aunt. Well, Mr. *Pounce*, you are so facetious—— But you are always among the great Ones—— 'Tis no wonder you have it.

Neice. Idle! Idle!

Pounce. But, Madam, you know Alderman *Grey-Goose*, he's a notable joking Man—— Well, says he, here's Mrs. *Barsheba's* Health——She's my Mistress.

Aunt. That Man makes me split my Sides with Laughing, he's such a Wag——(Mr. *Pounce* pretends, *Grey-Goose* said all this, but I know 'tis his own Wit, for he's in love with me.) [Aside.]

Pounce. But, Madam, there's a certain Affair I should Communicate to you. [Apart.]

Aunt. Ay, 'tis certainly so—— he wants to break his Mind to me. [Captain *Clerimont* passing.]

Pounce. Oh, Mr. *Clerimont*, Mr. *Clerimont*—— Ladies, pray let me introduce this young Gentleman, he's my Friend, a Youth of great Virtue and Goodness, for all he's in a red Coat.

Aunt. If he's your Friend, we need not doubt his Virtue.

Cler. Ladies, you are taking the cool Breath of the Morning.

Neice. A pretty Phrase.

[Aside.]

Aunt. That's the pleasantest time this warm Weather.

Cler. Oh, 'tis the Season of the Pearly Dews, and gentle Zephirs.

Neice.

Neice. Ay! pray mind that again, Aunt. [*Aside.*

Pounce. Shan't we repose our selves on yonder Seat? I love improving Company, and to communicate.

Aunt. 'Tis certainly so — He's in love with me, and wants Opportunity to tell me so — I don't care if we do — He's a most ingenious Man.

[*Ex. Aunt and Pounce.*

Cler. We enjoy here, Madam, all the pretty Land-skips of the Country, without the pains of going thither.

Neice. Art and Nature are in a Rivalry, or rather a Confederacy, to adorn this beauteous Park with all the agreeable Variety of Water, Shade, Walks and Air. What can be more charming than these flowery Lawns?

Cler. Or these gloomy Shades —

Neice. Or these embroider'd Vallies —

Cler. Or that transparent Stream?

Neice. Or these bowing Branches on the Banks of it, that seem to admire their own Beauty in the Crystal Mirrour?

Cler. I am surpriz'd Madam at the Delicacy of your Phrase — Can such Expressions come from *Lombard-street*?

Neice. Alas! Sir, what can be expected from an innocent Virgin, that has been immur'd almost one and twenty Years from the Conversation of Mankind, under the Care of an *Urganda* of an *Aunt*?

Cler. Bless me, Madam, how have you been abus'd! Many a Lady before your Age has had an hundred Lances broken in her Service, and as many Dragons cut to pieces in Honour of her.

Neice. Oh, the charming Man!

[*Aside.*

Cler. Do you believe *Pamela* was one and twenty before she knew *Musidorus*?

Neice. I could hear him ever —

[*Aside.*

Cler.

Cler. A Lady of your Wit and Beauty might have given Occasion for a whole Romance in Folio before that Age.

Neice. Oh, the Powers! Who can he be? Oh, Youth unknown! But let me, in the first Place, know whom I talk to, for, Sir, I am wholly unacquainted both with your Person, and your History — You seem, indeed, by your Deportment, and the distinguishing Mark of your Bravery which you bear, to have been in a Conflict — May I not know what cruel Beauty oblig'd you to such Adventures, 'till she pitied you?

Cler. Oh, the pretty Coxcomb! [*Aside.*
Oh, *Blenheim, Blenheim!* Oh, *Cordelia, Cordelia!*

Neice. You mention the place of Battle — I would fain hear an exact Description of it — Our publick Papers are so defective, they don't so much as tell us how the Sun rose on that glorious Day — Were there not a great many Flights of Vultures before the Battle began?

Cler. Oh, Madam, they have eaten up half my Acquaintance.

Neice. Certainly never Birds of Prey were so feasted — by report, they might have liv'd half a Year on the very Legs and Arms our Troops left behind 'em.

Cler. Had we not fought near a Wood, we should ne'er have got Legs enough to have come home upon. The Joyner the of Foot-Guards has made his Fortune by it.

Neice. I shall never forget your General — He has put all my ancient Heroes out of Countenance. He has pull'd down *Cyrus* and *Alexander*, as much as *Louis le Grand* — But your own part in that Action?

Cler. Only that slight hurt: for the Astrologer said at my Nativity — Nor Fire, nor Sword, nor Pike, nor Musquet, shall destroy this Child, let him but avoid fair Eyes — But, Madam, mayn't I crave the Name of her that has captivated my Heart.

Neice. I can't guess whom you mean by that Description; but if you ask my Name — I must confess you put me upon Revealing what I always keep as the greatest Secret I have — for would you believe it — they have call'd me — I don't know how to own it, but they have called me — *Bridget.*

Cler. Bridget?

Neice. Bridget.

Cler. Bridget?

Neice. Spare my Confusion, I beseech you, Sir, and if you have Occasion to mention me, let it be by *Parthenissa*, for that's the Name I have assum'd ever since I came to Years of Discretion.

Cler. The insupportable Tyranny of Parents, to fix Names on helpless Infants, which they must blush at all their Lives after! I don't think there's a Sirname in the World to match it.

Neice. No! What do you think of *Tipkin*?

Cler. Tipkin! Why, I think if I was a young Lady that had it, I'd part with it immediately.

Neice. Pray, how would you get rid of it?

Cler. I'd change it for another — I could recommend to you three very pretty Syllables — What do you think of *Clerimont*?

Neice. Clerimont! Clerimont! Very well — But what right have I to it?

Cler. If you will give me leave, I'll put you in Possession of it. By a very few Words I can make it over to you, and your Children after you.

Neice. Oh, fie! Whither are you running! You know a Lover should Sigh in private, and Languish whole

whole Years before he reveals his Passion; he should retire into some solitary Grove, and make the Woods and wild Beasts his Confidants — You should have told it to the Eccho half a Year before you had discover'd it, even to my Hand-maid. And yet besides — to talk to me of Children — Did you ever hear of an *Heroine* with a Big-belly?

Cler. What can a Lover do, Madam, now the Race of Giants is extinct? Had I liv'd in those Days, there had not been a Mortal six Foot high, but should have own'd *Parthenissa* for the Paragon of Beauty, or measur'd his length on the Ground — *Parthenissa* should have been heard by the Brooks and Desarts at Midnight — The Eccho's Burden, and the River's Murmur.

Neice. That had been a Golden Age, indeed! But see, my Aunt has left her Grave Companion, and is coming towards us — I command you to leave me.

Cler. Thus *Oroondates* when *Statira* dismiss'd him her Presence, threw himself at her Feet, and implor'd Permission but to live. [Offering to Kneel.

Neice. And thus *Statira* rais'd him from the Earth, permitting him to live and love. [Exit *Cler.*

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Is not Mr. *Pounce's* Conversation very improving, Neice?

Neice. Is not *Clerimont* a very pretty Name, Aunt?

Aunt. He has so much Prudence.

Neice. He has so much Gallantry.

Aunt. So sententious in his Expressions.

Neice. So polish'd in his Language!

Aunt. All he says, is, methinks, so like a Sermon.

Neice. All he speaks favours of Romance.

Aunt. Romance, Neice? Mr. *Pounce!* what favours of Romance?

Neice. No, I mean his Friend, the accomplish'd Mr. *Clerimont.*

124 *The Tender Husband : Or,*

Aunt. Fie, for one of your Years to commend a young Fellow!

Neice. One of my Years is mightily govern'd by Example! you did not dislike Mr. *Pounce*.

Aunt. What, Censorious too? I find there is no trusting you out of the House——A Moment's fresh Air does but make you still the more in love with Strangers, and despise your own Relations.

Neice. I am certainly by the Power of an Enchantment plac'd among you, but I hope I this Morning employed one to seek Adventures, and break the Charm.

Aunt. Vapours, *Biddy*, indeed! Nothing but Vapours——Cousin *Humphry* shall break the Charm.

Neice. Name him not——Call me still *Biddy*, rather than name that Brute [Exe. Aunt and Neice.]

Enter Captain Clerimont and Pounce.

Cler. A perfect *Quixot* in Petticoats! I tell thee, *Pounce*, she governs her self wholly by Romance——It has got into her very Blood——She starts by Rule, and blushes by Example——Could I but have produc'd one Instance of a Lady's complying at first Sight, I should have gain'd her Promise on the Spot——How am I bound to curse the cold Constitutions of the *Philoclea's* and *Statira's*! I am undone for want of Precedents.

Pounce. I am sure I labour'd hard to favour your Conference; and ply'd the Old Woman all the while with something that tickled either her Vanity or her Covetousness; I consider'd all the Stocks, old and new Company, her own Complexion and Youth, Partners for Sword-blades, Chamber of *London*, Banks for Charity, and Mine-Adventures, 'till she told me I had the Repute of the most facetious Man that ever came to *Garaway's*——For you must know publick Knaves and Stock-Jobbers pass for Wits at her End of the Town, as common Cheats and Gamesters do at yours.

Cler.

Cler. I pity the Drudgery you have gone through, but what's next to be done towards getting my pretty Heroine?

Pounce. What should next be done, in ordinary Method of Things—You have seen her; the next regular Approach is, that you cannot subsist a Moment, without sending forth musical Complaints of your Misfortune by way of Serenade.

Cler. I can nick you there, Sir—I have a Scribbling-Army-Friend, that has writ a triumphant, rare, noisie Song, in honour of our late Victory, that will hit the Nymph's Fantafque to a Hair; I'll get every thing ready as fast as possible.

Pounce. While you are playing upon the Fort, I'll be within, and observe what Execution you do, and give you Intelligence accordingly.

Cler. You must have an Eye upon Mr. *Humphry*, while I feed the Vanity of *Parthenissa*—For I am so experienc'd in these Matters that I know none but Coxcombs think to win a Woman by any desert of their own—No, it must be done rather by complying with some prevailing Humour of your Mistress, than exerting any good Quality in your self.

*'Tis not the Lover's Merit wins the Field,
But to themselves alone the Beauteous yield.*





ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Clerimont, Fainlove (carrying her Lap-Dog) and Jenny.

Jen. **M**Adam, the Footman that's recommended to you is below, if your Ladyship will please to take him —

Mrs. Cler. Oh, fie; don't believe I'll think on't — It is impossible he should be good for any thing — The *English* are so saucy with their Liberty — I'll have all my lower Servants *French* — There cannot be a good Footman born out of an absolute Monarchy —

Jen. I am beholden to your Ladyship, for believing so well of the Maid Servants in *England*.

Mrs. Cler. Indeed, *Jenny*, I could wish thou wer't really *French*; for thou art plain *English* in spite of Example — Your Arms do but hang on, and you move perfectly upon Joints. Not with a Swim of the whole Person — But I am talking to you, and have not adjusted my self to-day: what pretty Company a Glass is, to have another self! (*Kisses the Dog*) to converse in Soliloquy! To have Company that never contradicts or displeases us! The pretty visible Eccho of our Actions (*Kisses the Dog*) How easie too it is to be disencumber'd with Stays, where a Woman has any thing like Shape, if no Shape, a good Air — But I look best when I'm talking.

[*Kisses the Lap-Dog in Fainlove's Arms.*]

Jen. You always look well.

Mrs. Cler. For I'm always talking, you mean so, that disquiets thy fullen *English* Temper, but I don't really

really look so well when I am silent——If I do but offer to speak——Then I may say that——Oh, bless me, *Fenny*, I am so pale, I am afraid of my self——I have not laid on half red enough——What a Dough-bak'd thing was I before I improv'd my self, and travell'd for Beauty——However, my Face is very prettily design'd to day.

Fain. Indeed, Madam, you begin to have so fine an Hand, that you are younger every Day than other.

Mrs. Cler. The Ladies abroad us'd to call me *Mademoiselle Titian*, I was so famous for my Colouring; but pr'ythee, Wench, bring me my black Eye-brows out of the next Room.

Fen. Madam, I have 'em in my Hand.

Fain. It would be happy for all that are to see you to Day, if you could change your Eyes too.

Mrs. Cler. Gallant enough——No, hang it, I'll wear these I have on, this Mode of Visage takes mightily. I had three Ladies last Week came over to my Complexion——I think to be a fair Woman this Fortnight, 'till I find I'm ap'd too much——I believe there are an hundred Copies of me already.

Fen. Dear Madam, won't your Ladyship please to let me be of the next Countenance you leave off?

Mrs. Cler. You may, *Fenny*——but I assure you——it is a very pretty piece of Ill-nature, for a Woman that has any Genius for Beauty, to observe the Servile Imitation of her Manner, her Motion, her Glances, and her Smiles.

Fain. Ay indeed, Madam, nothing can be so ridiculous as to imitate the Inimitable.

Mrs. Cler. Indeed, as you say, *Fainlove*, the French Mein is no more to be learn'd, than the Language, without going thither——Then again to see some

128 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

poor Ladies who have Clownish, Penurious, *English* Husbands, turn and torture their old Cloaths into so many Forms, and dye 'em into so many Colours, to follow me——What say'st, *Fenny*? What say'st? Not a Word?

Fen. Why, Madam, all that I can say——

Mrs. Cler. Nay, I believe, *Fenny*, thou hast nothing to say any more than the rest of thy Country-Women——The Splenaticks speak just as the Weather lets 'em——They are meer talking Barometers——Abroad the People of Quality go on so eternally, and still go on, and are Gay and Entertain——In *England* Discourse is made up of nothing but Question and Answer——I was t'other Day at a Visit, where there was a profound Silence, for, I believe, the third Part of a Minute.

Fen. And your Ladyship there?

Mrs. Cler. They infected me with their Dulness: Who can keep up their good Humour at an *English* Visit?——They sit as at a Funeral, silent in the midst of many Candles——One, perhaps, alarms the Room——'Tis very cold Weather——then all the Mutes play their Fans——'till some other Question happens, and then the Fans go off again——

Boy. Madam, your Spinnet-Master is come.

Mrs. Cler. Bring him in, he's very pretty Company.

Fain. His Spinnet is, he never speaks himself.

Mrs. Cler. Speak, *Simpleton*? What then, he keeps out Silence, does not he——Oh, Sir, you must forgive me, I have been very Idle——Well, you pardon me (*Master Bows*——) Did you think I was perfect in the Song——(*Bows*) but pray let me hear it once more.

Let us see it——

[*Reads.*

SONG.

SONG.

*With studied Airs, and practis'd Smiles,
Flavia my ravish'd Heart beguiles:
The Charms we make, are ours alone,
Nature's Works are not our own;
Her skilful Hand gives ev'ry Grace,
And shows her Fancy in her Face.
She feeds with Art and am'rous Rage,
Nor fears the Force of coming Age.*

You sing it very well; but, I confess, I wish you'd give more into the *French* Manner.
Observe me Hum it *A-la-Françoise*.

With studied Airs, &c.

The whole Person, every Limb, every Nerve sings—
The *English* Way is only being for that time a mere Musical Instrument, just sending forth a Sound without knowing they do so—Now I'll give you a little of it, like an *English* Woman——You are to suppose I've deny'd you twenty times, look'd silly, and all that—Then with Hands and Face insensible—I have a mighty Cold.

With studied, &c.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, Captain Clerimont, and a very strange Gentleman, are come to wait on you.

Mrs. Cler. Let him and the very strange Gentleman come in.

Fain. Oh! Madam, that's the Country Gentleman I was telling you of.

G 5

Enter

130 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Enter Humphry and Captain Clerimont.

Fain. Madam, may I do my self the Honour to commend Mr. *Gubbin*, Son and Heir to Sir *Harry Gubbin*, to your Ladyship's Notice?

Mrs. Cler. Mr. *Gubbin*, I am extreamly pleased with your Suit, 'tis Antique, and originally from *France*.

Hump. It is always lock'd up, Madam, when I'm in the Country. My Father prizes it mightily.

Mrs. Cler. 'Twould make a very pretty Dancing-Suit in a Mask. Oh! Captain *Clerimont*, I have a Quarrel with you.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, your Ladyship's Husband desires to know whether you see Company to-day or not?

Mrs. Cler. Who, you Clown?

Ser. Mr. *Clerimont*, Madam.

Mrs. Cler. He may come in.

Enter Clerimont Senior.

Mrs. Cler. Your very humble Servant.

Cler. Sen. I was going to take the Air this Morning in my Coach, and did my self the Honour, before I went, to receive your Commands, finding you saw Company.

Mrs. Cler. At any time when you know I do, you may let me see you. Pray, how did you sleep last Night?—If I had not ask'd him that Question, they might have thought we lay together [*Aside.*] [*Here Fainlove looking thro' a Perspective, bows to Clerimont Senior.*] But, Captain, I have a quarrel with you—I have utterly forgot those three Coupees you promis'd to come again, and shew me.

Cler. Sen. Then, Madam, you have no Commands this Morning?

Mrs. Cler. Your humble Servant, Sir — But, oh! [*As she is going to be led by the Captain*] Have you sign'd that

that Mortgage, to pay off my Lady Faddle's Winnings at Ombre?

Cler. Sen. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Cler. Then all's well, my Honour's safe. [*Exit Clerimont Sen.*] Come, Captain——lead me this Step——for I'm apt to make a false one——You shall shew me.

Cler. I'll shew you, Madam; 'tis no matter for a Fiddle; I'll give you 'em the *French* way, in a teaching Tune. Pray more quick——*Oh Mademoiselle que faites vous — A moi*——There again——Now slide as it were with and without Measure——There you out-did the Gipsie——and you have all the Smiles of the Dance to a tittle.

Mrs. Cler. Why truly I think that the greatest part——I have seen an *English* Woman dance a Jigg with the Severity of a Vestal Virgin——

Hum. If this be *French* dancing and singing, I fancy I could do it——Haw! haw! [*Capers aside.*]

Mrs. Cler. I protest, Mr. Gubbin, you have almost the Step, without any of our Country Bashfulness. Give me your Hand——Haw! haw! So, so, a little quicker——That's right, Haw! Captain, your Brother deliver'd this Spark to me, to be diverted here 'till he calls for him. [*Exit Clerimont.*]

Hump. This cutting so high makes one's Mony jingle confoundedly, I'm resolv'd I'll never carry above one Pocket full hereafter.

Mrs. Cler. You do it very readily——You amaze me.

Hump. Are the Gentlemen in *France* generally so well bred as we are in *England*——Are they, Madam, ha! But, young Gentleman, when shall I see this Sister? Haw! haw! haw! Is not the higher one jumps the better?

Fain.

132 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Fain. She'll be mightily taken with you, I'm sure. One would not think 'twas in you—You're so gay—and dance so very high——

Hump. What should ail me? Did you think I was Wind-gall'd? I can sing too, if I please—but I won't 'till I see your Sister— This is a mighty pretty House.

Mrs. Cler. Well, do you know that I like this Gentleman extremely? I should be glad to 'form him— But were you never in *France*, Mr. *Gubbin*?

Hump. No— but I'm always thus pleasant, if my Father is not by— I protest I'd advise your Sister to have me——I'm for Marrying her at once—— Why should I stand shilly-shally, like a Country Bumkin?

Fain. Mr. *Gubbin*, I dare say, she'll be as forward as you; we'll go in, and see her. [Apart.

Mrs. Cler. Then he has not yet seen the Lady he is in Love with, I protest very new and gallant—— Mr. *Gubbin*, she must needs believe you a frank Person——*Fainlove*, I must see this Sister too, I'm resoly'd she shall like him.

*There needs not time true Passion to discover;
The most believing is the most a Lover.*

[Exeunt.

Enter Neice Sola.

Neice. Oh *Clerimont*! *Clerimont*! To be struck at first sight! I'm ashamed of my Weakness; I find in my self all the Symptoms of a raging Amour; I love Solitude, I grow pale, I sigh frequently, I call upon the Name of *Clerimont* when I don't think of it——His Person is ever in my Eyes, and his Voice in my Ears——Me-thinks I long to lose my self in some pensive Grove, or to hang over the Head of some warbling Fountain, with a Lute in my Hand, softning the Murmurs of the Water.

Enter

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Biddy, Biddy; where's Biddy Pitkin?

Neice. Whom do you enquire for?

Aunt. Come, come, he's just a-coming at the Park Door.

Neice. Who is coming?

Aunt. Your Cousin *Humphry*——who should be coming? Your Lover, you Husband that is to be——Pray, my Dear, look well, and be civil, for your Credit, and mine too.

Neice. If he answers my Idea, I shall rally the Rustick to Death.

Aunt. Hift——here he is.

Enter Humphry.

Hump. Aunt, your humble Servant——Is that——Ha! Aunt?

Aunt. Yes, Cousin *Humphry*, that's your Cousin *Bridget*. Well, I'll leave you together.

[Exit Aunt. They sit.]

Hump. Aunt does as she'd be done by, Cousin *Bridget*, does not she, Cousin? Ha! What are you a *Londoner*, and not speak to a Gentleman? Look y', Cousin, the old Folks resolving to marry us, I thought it would be proper to see how I lik'd you, as not caring to buy a Pig in a Poke——for I love to look before I leap.

Neice. Sir, your Person and Address bring to my mind the whole History of *Valentine* and *Orson*: What, would they marry me to a wild Man? Pray answer me a Question or two.

Hump. Ay, ay, as many as you please, Cousin *Bridget*.

Neice. What Wood were you taken in? How long have you been caught?

Hump. Caught!

Neice. Where were your Haunts?

Hump.

234 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Hump. My Haunts !

Neice. Are not Clothes very uneasie to you ? Is this strange Dress the first you ever wore ?

Hump. How !

Neice. Are not you a great Admirer of Roots, and raw Flesh ? — Let me look upon your Nails — Don't you love Black-berries, Haws, and Pig-nuts, mightily ?

Hump. How !

Neice. Canst thou deny that thou wer't suckled by a Wolf ? You han't been so barbarous, I hope, since you came amongst Men, as to hunt your Nurse — have you ?

Hump. Hunt my Nurse ? Ay, 'tis so, she's distracted as sure as a Gun — Hark ye, Cousin, pray will you let me ask you a Question, or two ?

Neice. If thou hast yet learn'd the use of Language, speak Monster.

Hump. How long have you been thus ?

Neice. Thus ! What wouldst thou say ?

Hump. What's the Cause of it ? Tell me truly now — Did you never love any Body before me ?

Neice. Go, go, thou'rt a Savage. [Rises.]

Hump. They never let you go abroad, I suppose.

Neice. Thou'rt a Monster, I tell thee.

Hump. Indeed, Cousin, tho' 'tis a Folly to tell thee so — I am afraid thou art a mad Woman.

Neice. I'll have thee carried into some Forest.

Hump. I'll take thee into a dark Room.

Neice. I hate thee.

Hump. I wish you did — There's no Hate lost, I assure you, Cousin *Bridget*.

Neice. Cousin *Bridget*, quoth 'a — I'd as soon claim Kindred with a Mountain Bear — I detest thee.

Hump. You never do any harm in these Fits, I hope — But do you hate me in earnest ?

Neice,

Neice. Dost thou ask it, ungentle Forester?

Hump. Yes, for I've a Reason, look ye. It happens very well if you hate me, and are in your Senses, for to tell you truly—I don't much care for you; and there is another fine Woman, as I am inform'd, that is in some hopes of having me.

Neice. This merits my Attention. [*Aside.*

Hump. Look y' d'fee—as I said, since I don't care for you—I would not have you set your Heart on me—but if you like any Body else let me know it—and I'll find out a way for us to get rid of one another, and deceive the old Folks that would Couple us.

Neice. This wears the Face of an Amour——There is something in that Thought which makes thy Presence less insupportable.

Hump. Nay, nay, now you're growing fond; if you come with these Maid's Tricks, to say you hate at first, and afterwards like me—you'll spoil the whole Design.

Neice. Don't fear it——when I think of Consorting with thee, may the Wild Boar defile the cleanly Ermin, may the Tiger be wedded to the Kid.

Hump. When I of thee, may the Pole-Cat Catterwaul with the Civet.

Neice. When I harbour the least Thought of thee, may the Silver *Thames* forget its Course.

Hump. When I like thee, may I be sows'd over Head and Ears in a Horse-Pond——But do you hate me?

Enter Aunt.

Neice. For ever; and you me?

Hump. Most heartily.

Aunt. Ha, I like this——They are come to Promises——and Protestations. [*Aside.*

Hump.

136 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Hump. I am very glad I have found a way to please you.

Neice. You promise to be constant.

Hump. 'Till Death.

Neice. Thou best of Savages.

Hump. Thou best of Savages! Poor *Biddy*.

Aunt. Oh the pretty Couple joking on one another. Well, how do you like your Cousin *Humphry* now?

Neice. Much better than I thought I should—He's quite another thing than what I took him for—We have both the same Passion for one another.

Hump. We wanted only an Occasion to open our Hearts——*Aunt.*

Aunt. Oh, how this will rejoice my Brother, and Sir *Harry*! we'll go to 'em.

Hump. No, I must fetch a Walk with a new Acquaintance, Mr. *Samuel Pounce*.

Aunt. An excellent Acquaintance for your Husband; come, *Neice*, come.

Neice. Farewel, *Rustick*.

Hump. B'w'y, *Biddy*.

Aunt. *Rustick*! *Biddy*! Ha! ha! pretty Creatures.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Captain Clerimont and Pounce.

Cler. **D**Oes she expect me then, at this very Instant?

Pounce. I tell you, she order'd me to bring the Painter at this very Hour, precisely, to draw her Neice—for to make her Picture peculiarly Charming, she has now that down-cast pretty Shame, that warm Cheek, glowing with the Fear and Hope of to-day's Fate, with the inviting, coy Affectation of a Bride, all in her Face at once. Now I know you are a Pretender that way.

Cler. Enough, I warrant, to personate the Character on such an inspiring Occasion.

Pounce. You must have the Song I spoke of, perform'd at this Window—at the end of which I'll give you a Signal—Every thing is ready for you, your Pencil, your Canvas stretch'd—your—Be sure you play your part in Humour: To be a Painter for a Lady, you're to have the excessive Flattery of a Lover; the ready Invention of a Poet; and the easie Gesture of a Player.

Cler. Come, come, no more Instructions, my Imagination out-runs all you can say: Be gone, be gone!
[Exit Pounce.]

A S O N G.

I.

WHY, lovely Charmer, tell me why,
So very kind, and yet so shy?
Why does that cold forbidding Air
Give Damps of Sorrow and Despair?

Or

138 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

*Or why that Smile my Soul subdue,
And kindle up my Flames anew ?*

II.

*In vain you strive with all your Art,
By turns to freeze and fire my Heart :
When I behold a Face so fair,
So sweet a Look, so soft an Air,
My ravish'd Soul is charm'd all o'er,
I cannot love thee less nor more.*

After the Song Pounce appears beckoning the Captain.

Pounce. Captain, Captain.

[Exit Captain.

SCENE *Neice's Lodgings, two Chairs and a Table.*

Enter Aunt and Neice.

*Aunt. Indeed, Neice, I am as much overjoy'd to
see your Wedding-Day, as if it were my own.*

Neice. But, why must it be huddled up so ?

*Aunt. Oh, my Dear, a private Wedding is much
better; your Mother had such a bustle at hers, with
Feasting and Fooling: Besides, they did not go to
Bed 'till two in the Morning.*

*Neice. Since you understand things so well, I won-
der you never married your self.*

*Aunt. My Dear, I was very cruel thirty Years
ago, and no Body has ask'd me since.*

Neice. Alas-a-day !

*Aunt. Yet, I assure you, there were a great many
Matches propos'd to me—There was Sir Gilbert Jol-
ly, but he, forsooth, could not please; he drank Ale,
and smoak'd Tobacco, and was no fine Gentleman,
forsooth—but then again, there was young Mr. Pere-
grine Shapely, who had travell'd, and spoke French, and
smil'd at all I said; he was a fine Gentleman—but
then he was Consumptive: And yet again, to see how
one may be mistaken; Sir Jolly dy'd in half a Year,
and*

and my Lady *Shapely* has by that thin slip eight Children, that should have been mine ; but here's the Bridegroom. So, Cousin *Humphry* !

Enter Humphry.

Hump. Your Servant, Ladies——So, my Dear——

Neice. So, my Savage——

Aunt. O fie, no more of that to your Husband, *Biddy.*

Hump. No matter, I like it as well as Duck or Love : I know my Cousin loves me as well as I do her.

Aunt. I'll leave you together ; I must go and get ready an Entertainment for you when you come home. *[Exit.*

Hump. Well, Cousin, are you constant?—Do you hate me still ?

Neice. As much as ever.

Hump. What an Happiness it is, when Peoples Inclinations jump ? I wish I knew what to do with you : Can you get no Body, d'ye think, to Marry you ?

Neice. Oh! *Clerimont, Clerimont !* Where art thou ? *[Aside.*

Enter Aunt and Captain Clerimont disguis'd.

Aunt. This, Sir, is the Lady, whom you are to draw——You see, Sir, as good Flesh and Blood as a Man would desire to put in Colour——I must have her Maiden Picture.

Hump. Then the Painter must make haste——Ha, Cousin !

Neice. Hold thy Tongue, good Savage.

Cler. Madam, I'm generally forc'd to new-mould every Feature and mend Nature's Handy-work ; but here she has made so finish'd an Original, that I despair of my Copy's coming up to it.

Aunt. Do you hear that, *Neice* ?

Neice. I don't desire you to make Graces where you find none. *Cler.*

140 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Cler. To see the difference of the Fair Sex! — I protest to you, Madam, my Fancy is utterly exhausted with inventing Faces for those that sit to me. The first Entertainment I generally meet with, are Complaints for want of Sleep; They never look'd so pale in their Lives, as when they sit for their Pictures — Then so many Touches and Retouches, when the Face is finish'd — That Wrinkle ought not to have been, those Eyes are too languid, that Colour's too weak, that Side-look hides the Mole on the left Cheek. In short, the whole Likeness is struck out: But in you, Madam, the highest I can come up to will be but rigid Justice.

Hump. A comical Dog this!

Aunt. Truly, the Gentleman seems to understand his Business.

Neice. Sir, if your Pencil flatters like your Tongue, you are going to draw a Picture that won't be at all like me. — Sure I have heard that Voice somewhere. [*Aside.*

Cler. Madam, be pleas'd to place your self near me, nearer still, Madam, here falls the best Light — You must know, Madam, there are three kinds of Airs which the Ladies most delight in — There is your Haughty — your Mild — and your Pensive Air — The Haughty may be express'd with the Head a little more erect than ordinary, and the Countenance with a certain Disdain in it, so as she may appear almost, but not quite, inexorable: This kind of Air is generally heightned with a little knitting of the Brows — I gave my Lady *Scornwell* her choice of a dozen Frowns, before she could find one to her liking.

Neice. But what is the Mild Air?

Cler. The mild Air is compos'd of a Languish, and a Smile — But if I might advise, I'd rather be a Pensive Beauty; the Pensive usually feels her Pulse, leans on one Arm, or sits ruminating with a Book in her Hand —

Hand—which Conversation she is suppos'd to chuse, rather than the endless Importunities of Lovers.

Hump. A comical Dog——

Aunt. Upon my word he understands his Business well; I'll tell you, Neice, how your Mother was drawn——She had an Orange in her Hand, and a Nosegay in her Bosom, but a Look so pure and fresh-colour'd, you'd have taken her for one of the Seasons.

Cler. You seem indeed, Madam, most inclin'd to the Pensive——The Pensive delights also in the fall of Waters, pastoral Figures, or any rural View suitable to a fair Lady, who with a delicate Spleen has retir'd from the World, as sick of its Flattery and Admiration.

Neice. No——since there is room for Fancy in a Picture, I would be drawn like the Amazon *Thalestris*, with a Spear in my Hand, and an Helmet on a Table before me—At a distance behind let there be a Dwarf, holding by the Bridle a Milk-white Palfrey——

Cler. Madam, the Thought is full of Spirit, and if you please, there shall be a *Cupid* stealing away your Helmet, to shew that Love shou'd have a Part in all gallant Actions.

Neice. That Circumstance may be very Picturesque.

Cler. Here, Madam, shall be your own Picture, here the Palfrey, and here the Dwarf——The Dwarf must be very little, or we shan't have room for him.

Neice. A Dwarf cannot be too little.

Cler. I'll make him a Blackamore, to distinguish him from the other too powerful Dwarf——(*sighs*) the *Cupid*——I'll place that beauteous Boy near you, 'twill look very Natural——He'll certainly take you for his Mother *Venus*.

Neice. I leave these Particulars to your own Fancy.

Cler. Please, Madam, to uncover your Neck a little; a little lower still——a little, little lower.

Neice. I'll be drawn thus, if you please, Sir.

Cler.

142 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Cler. Ladies, have you heard the News of a late Marriage between a young Lady of a great Fortune, and a younger Brother of a good Family?

Aunt. Pray, Sir, how is it?

Cler. This young Gentleman, Ladies, is a particular Acquaintance of mine, and much about my Age and Stature; (look me full in the Face, Madam) he accidentally met the young Lady, who had in her all the Perfections of her Sex; (hold up your Head, Madam: that's right) she let him know that his Person and Discourse were not altogether disagreeable to her—The Difficulty was how to gain a second Interview, (your Eyes full upon mine, Madam) for never was there such a Sigher in all the Vallies of *Arcadia*, as that unfortunate Youth, during the Absence of her he lov'd——

Aunt. A-lack-a-day——poor young Gentleman!

Neice. It must be he——what a charming Amour is this? *[Aside.*

Cler. At length, Ladies, he bethought himself of an Expedient; he dress'd himself just as I am now, and came to draw her Picture, (your Eyes full upon mine, pray Madam.)

Hump. A subtle Dog, I warrant him.

Cler. And by that means found an Opportunity of carrying her off, and marrying her.

Aunt. Indeed your Friend was a very vicious young Man.

Neice. Yet perhaps the young Lady was not displeas'd at what he had done.

Cler. But, Madam, what were the Transports of the Lover, when she made him that Confession?

Neice. I dare say she thought her self very happy, when she got out of her Guardian's Hands.

Aunt. 'Tis very true, Neice—There are abundance of those head-strong young Baggages about Town.

Cler. The Gentleman has often told me, he was strangely struck at first Sight; but when she sat to him for her Picture, and assum'd all those Graces that are proper for the Occasion—his Torment was so exquisite, his Passion so violent, that he could not have liv'd a Day, had he not found means to make the Charmer of his Heart his own.

Hump. 'Tis certainly the foolishhest thing in the World to stand shilly-shally about a Woman, when one has a mind to marry her.

Cler. The young Painter turn'd Poet on the Subject; I believe I have the Words by heart.

Neice. A Sonnet! pray repeat it.

I.

*While gentle Parthenissa walks,
And sweetly Smiles, and gaily Talks,
A thousand Shafts around her fly,
A thousand Swains unheeded die.*

II.

*If then she labours to be seen,
With all her killing Air and Mien;
From so much Beauty, so much Art,
What Mortal can secure his Heart?*

Hump. I fancy if 'twas sung, 'twould make a very pretty Catch.

Cler. My Servaat has a Voice, you shall hear it.

[Here 'tis sung.]

Aunt. Why this is pretty! I think a Painter should never be without a good Singer—It brightens the Features strangely—I profess I'm mightily pleas'd, I'll but just step in, and give some Orders, and be with you presently. *[Exit.]*

Neice. Was not this adventurous Painter call'd Clerimont?

Cler.

Cler. It was *Clerimont* the Servant of *Parthenissa*; but let me beseech that beauteous Maid to resolve, and make the Incident I feign'd to her a real one—Consider, Madam, you are environ'd by cruel and treacherous Guards, which would force you to a disagreeable Marriage: your case is exactly the same with the Princess of the *Leontines* in *Clelia*.

Neice. How can we commit such a Solecism against all Rules! What, in the first Leaf of our History to have the Marriage? You know it cannot be.

Cler. The pleasantest part of the History will be after Marriage.

Neice. No! I never yet read of a Knight that entered Tilt or Tournament after Wedlock—'tis not to be expected—when the Husband begins, the Heroe ends; all that noble Impulse to Glory, all the generous Passion for Adventures is consum'd in the Nuptial Torch; I don't know how it is, but *Mars* and *Hymen* never hit it.

Hump. *Liftning.*] Consum'd in the Nuptial Torch! *Mars* and *Hymen*! What can all this mean—I am very glad I can hardly read—They could never get these foolish Fancies into my Head—I had always a strong Brain. [*Aside.*] Harky' Cousin, is not this Painter a comical Dog?

Neice. I think he's very agreeable Company—

Hump. Why then I tell you what—marry him—A Painter's a very genteel Calling—He's an ingenious Fellow, and certainly Poor. I fancy he'd be glad on't; I'll keep my Aunt out of the Room a Minute or two, that's all the Time you have to consider— [*Exit.*]

Cler. Fortune points out to us this only occasion of our Happiness: Love's of Celestial Origin, and needs no long Acquaintance to be manifest. Lovers like Angels speak by Intuition—Their Souls are in their Eyes—

Neice. Then I fear he sees mine. [*Aside.*] But I can't think of abridging our Amours, and cutting off all farther decoration of Disguise, Serenade, and Adventure.

Cler. Nor would I willingly lose the Merit of long Services, midnight Sighs, and plaintive Solitudes—were there not a Necessity.

Neice. Then to be seiz'd by Stealth!

Cler. Why, Madam, you are a great Fortune, and should not be married the common way. Indeed, Madam, you ought to be stoln, nay in strictness, I don't know but you ought to be ravish'd.

Neice. But then our History will be so short.

Cler. I grant it: but you don't consider there's a Device in another's leading you, instead of this Person that's to have you; and, Madam, tho' our Amours can't furnish out a Romance, they'll make a very pretty Novel——Why smiles my Fair?

Neice. I am almost of Opinion, that had *Oroondates* been as pressing as *Clerimont*, *Cassandra* had been but a Pocket-Book: But it looks so ordinary, to go out at a Door to be married—Indeed, I ought to be taken out of a Window, and run away with.

Enter Humphry and Pounce.

Hump. Well, Cousin, the Coach is at the Door. If you please, I'll lead you.

Neice. I put my self into your Hands, good Savage; but you promise to leave me.

Hump. I tell you plainly, you must not think of having me.

Pounce. [*To Cler.*] You'll have Opportunity enough to carry her off; the old Fellows will be busie with me—I'll gain all the Time I can, but be bold and prosper.

Neice. *Clerimont*, you follow us.

Cler. Upon the Wings of Love.

H

A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Clerimont Sen. and Fainlove.

Cler. Sen. **T**HEN she gave you this Letter, and bid you read it as a Paper of Verses ?

Fain. This is the Place, the Hour, the lucky Minute—Now am I rubbing up my Memory, to recollect all you said to me when you first ruin'd me, that I may attack her right.

Cler. Sen. Your Eloquence would be needless—'tis so unmodish to need Perswasion : Modesty makes a Lady embarrass'd—But my Spouse is above that, as for Example, [*Reading her Letter.*] ' Fainlove, You ' *don't seem to want Wit—therefore I need say no* ' *more, than that Distance to a Woman of the World is* ' *becoming in no Man, but an Husband: An hour hence* ' *come up the back Stairs to my Closet.*

Adieu Mon Mignon.

I am glad you are punctual. I'll conceal my self to observe your Interview—Oh, Torture ! but this Wench must not see it— [*Aside.*

Fain. Be sure you come time enough to save my Reputation.

Cler. Sen. Remember your Orders, Distance becomes no Man but an Husband.

Fain. I am glad you are in so good Humour on the Occasion ; but you know me to be but a Bully in Love, that can Bluster only 'till the Minute of Engagement—But I'll top my Part, and form my Conduct by my own Sentiments—If she grows Coy, I'll grow more Saucy—'Twas so I was won my self—

Cler. Sen. Well, my dear Rival—your Assignment draws nigh—you are to put on your Transport, your Im-

Impatient throbbing Heart won't let you wait her Arrival——Let the dull Family-thing an Husband, who reckons his Moments by his Cares, be content to wait, but you are a Gallant, and measure Time by Ecstasies.

Fain. I hear her coming—to your Post—good Husband know your Duty, and don't be in the way when your Wife has a Mind to be in private——To your Post, into the Cole-hole.

Enter Mrs. Clerimont.

Welcome my Dear, my tender Charmer—Oh ! to my longing Arms—feel the Heart pant, that falls and rises as you smile or frown——Oh, the ecstasick Moment !

I think that was something like what has been said to me. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Cler. Very well—*Fainlove*—I protest I value my self for my Discerning—I knew you had Fire through all the Respect you shew'd me——But how came you to make no direct Advances, young Gentleman ?——Why was I forc'd to admonish your Gallantry ?——

Fain. Why, Madam, I knew you a Woman of Breeding, and above the senseless Niceties of an *English* Wife——The *French* way is, you are to go so far, whether you are agreeable or not: If you are so happy as to please, no body that is not of a constrain'd Behaviour is at a Loss to let you know it——Besides, if the humble Servant makes the first Approaches, he has the Impudence of making a Request, but not the Honour of obeying a Command.

Mrs. Cler. Right——a Woman's Man should conceal Passion in a familiar Air of Indifference——now there's Mr. *Clerimont* ; I can't allow him the least Freedom, but the unfashionable Fool grows so fond of me, he cannot hide it in Publick——

Fain. Ay, Madam, I have often wonder'd at your Ladyship's Choice of one that seems to have so little of the *Beau Monde* in his Carriage, but just what you force him to——while there were so many pretty Gentlemen——

[*Dancing.*

Mrs. Cler. O young Gentleman, you are mightily mistaken, if you think such Animals as you, and pretty *Beau Titmouse*, and pert *Billy Butterfly*, tho' I suffer you to come in, and play about my Rooms, are any ways in competition with a Man whose Name one would wear.

Fain. Oh Madam! then I find we are——

Mrs. Cler. A Woman of Sense must have Respect for a Man of that Character; but alas! Respect——What is Respect? Respect is not the thing——Respect has something too solemn for soft Moments——You things are more proper for Hours of Dalliance.

Cler. Sen. [*peeping.*] How have I wrong'd this fine Lady!——I find I am to be a Cuckold out of her pure Esteem for me.

Mrs. Cler. Besides those Fellows for whom we have Respect, have none for us: I warrant on such an occasion *Clerimont* would have ruffled a Woman out of all Form, while you——

Cler Sen. A good hint——now my Cause comes on.

[*Aside.*

Fain. Since then you allow us fitter for soft Moments, why do we misemploy 'em? Let me kiss that beauteous Hand, and clasp that graceful Frame.

Mrs. Cler. How, *Fainlove*! What, you don't design to be impertinent——But my Lips have a certain Roughness on 'em to-day, han't they?

Fain. [*kissing.*] No——they are all Softness——Their delicious Sweetness is inexpressible——Here Language fails——Let me applaud Thy Lips not by the Utterance, but the Touch of Mine.

Enter

Enter Clerimont Sen. drawing his Sword.

Cler. Sen. Ha, Villain! Ravisher! Invader of my Bed and Honour! draw.

Mrs. Cler. What means this Insolence—this Intrusion into my Privacy? What, do you come into my very Closet without knocking? Who put this into your Head?

Cler. Sen. My Injuries have alarm'd me, and I'll bear no longer, but sacrifice your Bravado, the Author of 'em.

Mrs. Cler. Oh! poor Mr. *Fainlove*—Must he die for his Complaisance, and innocent Freedoms with me? How could you, if you might? Oh! the sweet Youth! What, fight Mr. *Fainlove*? What will the Ladies say?

Fain. Let me come at the Intruder on Ladies private Hours—The unfashionable Monster—I'll prevent all future Interruption from him—Let me come——
[*Drawing his Sword.*]

Mrs. Cler. O the brave pretty Creature! Look at his Youth and Innocence—he is not made for such rough Encounters—Stand behind me—Poor *Fainlove*!—There is not a Visit in Town, Sir, where you shall not be display'd at full length for this Intrusion—I banish you for ever from my Sight and Bed.

Cler. Sen. I obey you, Madam, for Distance is becoming in no Man but an Husband—[*Giving her the Letter, which she reads, and falls into a Swoon.*] I've gone too far—[*kissing her.*] The Impertinent was guilty of nothing but what my Indiscretion led her to—This is the first Kiss I've had these six Weeks—but she awakes——

Well, *Fenny*, you topp'd your part, indeed—Come to my Arms thou ready willing Fair One—Thou hast no Vanities, no Niceties; but art thankful for every

150 *The Tender Husband : Or,*

Instant of Love that I bestow on thee——

[*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Cler. What, am I then abus'd ? Is it a Wench then of his ? Oh me ! Was ever poor abus'd Wife, poor innocent Lady thus injur'd !

[*Runs and seizes Fainlove's Sword.*

Cler. Sen. Oh the brave pretty Creature——Hurt

Mr. Fainlove ! Look at his Youth, his Innocence——

Ha ! ha !

[*Interposing.*

Fain. Have a Care, have a Care, dear Sir——I know by my self she'll have no Mercy.

Mrs. Cler. I'll be the Death of her——Let me come on——Stand from between us, *Mr. Clerimont*——I would not hurt you.

[*Pushing and crying.*

Cler. Sen. Run, run, *Fenny.*

[*Exit Jenny.*

[*Looks at her upbraidingly before he speaks.*

Well, Madam, are these the innocent Freedoms you claim'd of me ? Have I deserv'd this ? How has there been a Moment of yours ever interrupted with the real Pangs I suffer ? The daily Importunities of Creditors, who become so by serving your profuse Vanities : Did I ever murmur at supplying any of your Diversions, while I believ'd 'em (as you call'd 'em) harmless ? Must then those Eyes that us'd to glad my Heart with their familiar Brightness, hang down with Guilt ? Guilt has transform'd thy whole Person ; nay, the very memory of it——Fly from my growing Passion.

Mrs. Cler. I cannot fly, nor bear it——Oh ! look not——

Cler. Sen. What can you say, speak quickly.

[*Offering to draw.*

Mrs. Cler. I never saw you mov'd before——Don't murder me impenitent ; I'm wholly in your power as a Criminal, but remember I have been so, in a tender Regard.

Cler. Sen. But how have you consider'd that Regard ?

Mrs. Cler.

Mrs. Cler. Is't possible you can forgive what you ensnar'd me into?—Oh, look at me kindly—You know I have only err'd in my Intention, nor saw my Danger, 'till, by this honest Art, you had shown me what 'tis to venture to the utmost Limit of what is lawful. You laid that Train, I'm sure, to alarm, not to betray, my Innocence—Mr. *Clerimont* scorns such Baseness! Therefore I kneel—I weep—I am convinc'd.

[Kneels.]

[Takes her up embracing her.]

Cler. Sen. Then kneel and weep no more—my Fairest—my Reconcil'd!—Be so in a Moment, for know I cannot (without wringing my own Heart) give you the least Compunction—Be in Humour—It shall be your own Fault, if ever there's a serious Word more on this Subject.

Mrs. Cler. I must correct every Idea that rises in my Mind, and learn every Gesture of my Body anew—I detest the thing I was.

Cler. Sen. No, no—You must not do so—Our Joy and Grief, Honour and Reproach, are the same; you must slide out of your Foppery by degrees, so that it may appear your own Act.

Mrs. Cler. But this Wench!—

Cler. Sen. She is already out of your Way—You shall see the Catastrophe of her Fate your self—But still keep up the fine Lady 'till we go out of Town—You may return to it with as decent Airs as you please—And now I've shewn you your Error, I'm in so good Humour as to repeat you a Couplet on the Occasion—

*They only who gain Minds, true Lawrels wear:
'Tis less to conquer, than convince the Fair.*

[Exe.]

152 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Enter Pounce with Papers.

[*A Table, Chairs, Pen, Ink and Paper.*]

Pounce. 'Tis a Delight to gall these old Rascals, and set 'em at variance about Stakes which I know neither of 'em will ever have Possession of.

Enter Tipkin and Sir Harry.

Tip. Do you design, *Sir Harry*, that they shall have an Estate in their own Hands, and keep House themselves, poor Things?

Sir Har. No, no, *Sir*, I know better; they shall go down into the Country, and live with me, not touch a Farthing of Money, but having all Things necessary provided, they shall go tame about the House, and Breed.

Tip. Well, *Sir Harry*, then considering that all human Things are subject to change, it behoves every Man that has a just Sense of Mortality, to take care of his Money.

Sir Har. I don't know what you mean, Brother—What do you drive at, Brother?

Tip. This Instrument is executed by you, your Son, and my Neice, which discharges me of all Retrospects.

Sir Har. It is confess'd, Brother; but what then?—

Tip. All that remains is, That you pay me for the young Lady's Twelve Years Board, as also all other Charges, as wearing-Apparel, &c.

Sir Har. What is this you say? Did I give you my Discharge from all Retrospects, as you call it, and after all, do you come with this and t'other, and all that? I find you are, I tell you, *Sir*, to your Face, I find you are——

Tip. I find too what you are, *Sir Henry*.

Sir. Har. What am I, *Sir*? What am I?

Tip. Why, *Sir*, you are angry.

Sir

Sir Har. Sir, I scorn your Words, I am not angry——*Mr. Pounce* is my Witness, I am as gentle as a Lamb——Would it not make any Flesh alive angry, to see a close Hunks come after all with a Demand of——

Tip. *Mr. Pounce*, pray inform *Sir Harry* in this Point.

Pounce. Indeed, *Sir Harry*, I must tell you plainly, that *Mr. Tipkin*, in this, demands nothing but what he may recover——For tho' this Case may be consider'd *Multifariam*; that is to say, as 'tis usually, commonly, *Vicatim*, or vulgarly express'd——Yet, I say, when we only observe, that the Power is settled as the Law requires, *Affensu Patris*, by the Consent of the Father——That Circumstance imports you are well acquainted with the Advantages which accrue to your Family, by this Alliance, which corroborates *Mr. Tipkin's* Demand, and avoids all Objections that can be made.

Sir Har. Why then, I find, you are his Adviser in all this——

Pounce. Look'e, *Sir Harry*, to show you I love to promote among my Clients a good Understanding; tho' *Mr. Tipkin* may claim Four Thousand Pounds, I'll engage for him, and I know him so well, that he shall take Three thousand nine hundred and ninety eight Pound, four Shillings, and eight Pence Farthing.

Tip. Indeed, *Mr. Pounce*, you are too hard upon me.

Pounce. You must consider a little, *Sir Harry* is your Brother.

Sir Har. Three thousand nine hundred and ninety eight Pound, four Shillings, and eight Pence Farthing! For what, I say? For what, Sir?

Pounce. For what, Sir! For what she wanted, Sir: a fine Lady is always in want, Sir—Her very Clothes would come to that Money in half the time.

154 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Sir Har. Three thousand nine hundred and ninety eight Pounds, four Shillings, and eight Pence Farthing for Clothes! Pray, how many Suits does she wear out in a Year?

Pounce. Oh, dear Sir, a fine Lady's Clothes are not old by being worn, but by being seen.

Sir Har. Well, I'll save her Clothes for the future, after I have got her into the Country — I'll warrant her she shall not appear more in this wicked Town, where Clothes are worn out by Sight — And as to what you demand, I tell you, Sir, 'tis Extortion.

Tip. *Sir Harry*, do you accuse me of Extortion?

Sir Har. Yes, I say Extortion.

Tip. Mr. *Pounce*, write down that — There are very good Laws provided against Scandal and Calumny — Loss of Reputation may tend to loss of Money —

Pounce. *Item*, For having accus'd Mr. *Tipkin* of Extortion.

Sir Har. Nay, if you come to your *Items* — Looky', Mr. *Tipkin*, this is an Inventory of such Goods as were left to my Neice *Bridget* by her deceas'd Father, and which I expect shall be forth-coming at her Marriage to my Son —

Imprimis, A golden Locket of her Mother's, with something very Ingenious in *Latin* on the inside of it —

Item, A couple of Musquets with two Shoulder-belts and Bandeliers.

Item, A large Silver Caudle-Cup, with a true Story engraven on it.

Pounce. But, *Sir Harry* —

Sir Har. *Item*, A Base Viol with almost all the Strings to it, and only a small hole on the Back.

Pounce. But nevertheless, *Sir* —

Sir. Har. This is the Furniture of my Brother's Bed-Chamber that follows — A Suit of Tapestry Hangings, with the Story of *Judith* and *Holofernes*, torn
only

only where the Head should have been off — an old Bedstead curiously wrought about the Posts, consisting of two Load of Timber. A Hoan, a Basin, three Razors, and a Comb-Case — Look ye, Sir, you see I can *Item* it.

Pounce. Alas, Sir *Harry*, if you had ten Quire of *Items*, 'tis all answer'd in the Word Retrospect.

Sir Har. Why then, Mr. *Pounce* and Mr. *Tipkin*, you are both Rascals.

Tip. Do you call me Rascal, Sir *Harry*?

Sir Har. Yes, Sir.

Tip. Write it down, Mr. *Pounce* — at the end of the Leaf.

Sir Har. If you have room, Mr. *Pounce* — Put down Villain, Son of a Whore, Curmudgeon, Hunks, and Scoundrel.

Tip. Not so fast, Sir *Harry*, he cannot write so fast, you are at the Word Villain — Son of a Whore, I take it, was next — You may make the Account as large as you please, Sir *Harry*.

Sir Har. Come, come, I won't be us'd thus — Hark y', Sirrah, draw — What do you do at this end of the Town without a Sword! — Draw, I say —

Tip. Sir *Harry*, you are a Military Man, a Colonel of the Militia.

Sir Har. I am so, Sirrah, and will run such an Extorting Dog as you through the Guts, to show the Militia is useful.

Pounce. Oh dear, Oh dear! — How am I concern'd to see Persons of your Figure thus mov'd? — The Wedding is coming in — We'll settle these Things afterwards.

Tip. I am calm.

Sir Har. *Tipkin*, live these two Hours — but expect —

Exit

156 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Enter Humphry leading Neice, Mrs. Clerimont led by Fainlove, Captain Clerimont and Clerimont Sen.

Pounce. Who are these? Hey-day, who are these, Sir Harry? Ha!

Sir Har. Some Frolick, 'tis Wedding-day—no matter.

Hump. Haw, haw; Father—Master Unkle—Come, you must stir your Stumps, you must Dance—Come, old Lads, kiss the Ladies——

Mrs. Cler. Mr. Tipkin, Sir Harry—I beg Pardon for an Introduction so *Mal a propos*—I know sudden Familiarity is not the *English* way—Alas, Mr. Gubbin, this Father and Unkle of yours must be new modell'd—How they stare both of 'em!

Sir Har. Hark y', *Numps*, who is this you have brought hither? Is it not the famous fine Lady Mrs. Clerimont—What a Pox did you let her come near your Wife?——

Hump. Look y', don't expose your self, and play some mad Country Prank to disgrace me before her—I shall be laugh'd at, because she knows I understand better.

Mrs. Cler. I Congratulate, Madam, your coming out of the Bondage of a Virgin State—A Woman can't do what she will properly 'till she's marry'd.

Sir Har. Did you hear what she said to your Wife?

Enter Aunt before a Service of Dishes.

Aunt. So, Mr. Bridegroom, pray take that Napkin, and serve your Spouse to-day, according to Custom.

Hump. Mrs. Clerimont, pray know my Aunt.

Mrs. Cler. Madam, I must beg your Pardon; I can't possibly like all that vast load of Meat that you are sending in to Table—besides, 'tis so offensively sweet it wants that Haut-gout we are so delighted with in *France*.

Aunt.

Aunt. You'll pardon it, since we did not expect you.—Who is this? [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Cler. Oh, Madam, I only speak for the future, little Sawceers are so much more Polite—— Look y', I'm perfectly for the *French* way: where-e'er I'm admitted, I take the whole upon me.

Sir Har. The *French*, Madam——I'd have you to know——

Mrs. Cler. You'll not like it at first, out of a natural *English* Sullenness, but that will come upon you by degrees——When I first went into *France*, I was mortally afraid of a Frog, but in a little time I cou'd eat nothing else, except Sallads.

Aunt. Eat Frogs! have I kiss'd one that has eat Frogs——Paw! Paw!

Mrs. Cler. Oh, Madam——A Frog and a Sallad are delicious Fare——'tis not long come up in *France* it self, but their Glorious Monarch has introduc'd the Diet which makes 'em so Spiritual——He eradicated all gross Food by Taxes, and for the Glory of the Monarch sent the Subject a grazing. But I fear I defer the Entertainment and Diverfion of the Day.

Hump. Now Father, Unkle——before we go any further, I think 'tis necessary we know who and who's together——then I give either of you two Hours to guess which is my Wife——And 'tis not my Cousin——so far I'll tell you.

Sir Har. How! What do you say? But oh!——you mean she is not your Cousin now——she's nearer a-kin, that's well enough——Well said *Numps*——Ha, ha, ha.

Hump. No, I don't mean so, I tell you, I don't mean so——My Wife hides her Face under her Hat.

[*All looking at Fainlove.*]

Tip. What does the Puppy mean? His Wife under a Hat!

Hump.

158 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Hump. Ay, ay, that's she, that's she——A good Jest 'faith——

Sir Har. Hark y', *Numps*——what dost mean, Child——Is that a Woman, and are you really married to her?

Hump. I am sure of both.

Sir Har. Are you so, *Sirrah*? then, *Sirrah*, this is your Wedding-dinner, *Sirrah*——Do you see, *Sirrah*, here's Roast-Meat.

Hump. Oh ho! what, beat a marry'd Man! Hold him, *Mr. Clerimont*, Brother *Pounce*, *Mr. Wife*; No Body stand by a young marry'd Man!

[Runs behind *Fainlove*.

Sir Har. Did not the Dog say, Brother *Pounce*? what, is this *Mrs. Ragou*——This *Madam Clerimont*! Who the Devil are you all, but especially who the Devil are you two?

[Beats *Humphry* and *Fainlove* off the Stage, following.

Tip. [aside.] Master *Pounce*, all my Neice's Fortune will be demanded now——for I suppose that Red Coat has her——Don't you think you and I had better break?

Pounce. You may do so as soon as you please, but 'tis my Interest to be honest a little longer.

Tip. Well, *Biddy*, since you would not accept of your Cousin, I hope you han't dispos'd of your self elsewhere.

Neice. If you'll for a little while suspend your Curiosity, you shall have the whole History of my Amour to this my Nuptial-day, under the Title of the Loves of *Clerimont* and *Parthenissa*.

Tip. Then, *Madam*, your Portion is in safe Hands——

Cler. Come, come, old Gentleman, 'tis in vain to contend; here's honest *Mr. Pounce* shall be my Engineer, and I'll warrant you we beat you out of all your Holds——

Aunt.

Aunt. What then is Mr. *Pounce* a Rogue? he must have some Trick, Brother, it cannot be; he must have cheated t'other side, for I'm sure he's honest.

[*Apart to Tipkin.*

Cler. Sen. Mr. *Pounce*, all your Sister has won of this Lady, she has honestly put into my Hands, and I'll return it her, at this Lady's particular Request.

[*To Pounce.*

Pounce. And the Thousand Pounds you promis'd in your Brother's behalf, I'm willing shou'd be hers also.

Cler. Then go in, and bring 'em all back to make the best of an ill Game, we'll eat the Dinner, and have a Dance together, or we shall transgress all Form.

Re-enter Fainlove, Humphry, and Sir Harry.

Sir Har. Well, since you say you are worth something, and the Boy has set his Heart upon you, I'll have patience till I see further.

Pounce. Come, come, Sir *Harry*, you shall find my Alliance more considerable than you imagine, the *Pounces* are a Family that will always have Money, if there's any in the World—Come, Fiddles.

D A N C E here.

Cler. You've seen th'Extreams of the Domestick Life,
A Son too much confin'd—too free a Wife;
By generous Bonds you either shou'd restrain,
And only on their Inclinations gain;
Wives to obey must love, Children revere,
While only Slaves are govern'd by their Fear.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Eastcourt*.

Britons, *who constant War, with factious Rage,*
For Liberty against each other wage,
From Foreign Insult save this English Stage.
No more th' Italian squaling Tribe admit,
In Tongues unknown; 'tis Popery in Wit.
The Songs (their selves confess) from Rome they bring;
And 'tis High Mass, for ought you know, they sing.
Husbands take Care, the Danger may come nigher,
The Women say, their Eunuch is a Friar.

But is it not a serious Ill to see
Europe's great Arbiters so mean can be;
Passive, with an affected Joy to sit,
Suspend their native Taste of Manly Wit;
Neglect their Comic Humour, Tragic Rage,
For known Defects of Nature, and of Age?
Arise for shame, ye Conqu'ring Britons, rise,
Such unadorn'd Effeminacy despise;
Admire (if you will doat on Foreign Wit)
Not what Italians Sing, but Romans Writ:
So shall less Works, such as to-night's slight Play,
At your Command, with Justice die away;
'Till then forgive your Writers, that can't bear
You shou'd such very Tramontanes appear,
The Nations, which condemn you, to revere.

Let Anna's Soil be known for all its Charms;
As fam'd for Lib'ral Sciences, as Arms:
Let those Derision meet, who would advance
Manners, or Speech, from Italy or France;
Let them learn You, who wou'd your Favour find,
And English be the Language of Mankind.

T H E

THE
LYING LOVER:
OR, THE
Ladies Friendship.

A
COMEDY.

Written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

Hæc nôsse salus est adolescentulis. Ter.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :
Printed for B. LINTOT. 1723.





TO HIS
GRACE
THE
Duke of *ORMOND*.

MY LORD,

OUT of Gratitude to the
Memorable and Illustrious
Patron of my Infancy, Your
Grace's Grandfather, I presume to
lay this Comedy at Your Feet: The
Design of it is to banish out of Con-
versation all Entertainment which
does not proceed from Simplicity
of Mind, Good-nature, Friendship,
and

Epistle Dedicatory.

and Honour: Such a Purpose will not, I hope, be unacceptable to so great a Lover of Mankind as Your Grace; and if Your Patronage can recommend it to all who love and honour the Duke of ORMOND, its Reception will be as extensive as the World it self.

'Twas the irresistible Force of this Humanity in your Temper that has carry'd you through the various Successes of War, with the peculiar and undisputed Distinction, that You have drawn Your Sword without other Motive than a passionate Regard for the Glory of Your Country; since before you entred into its Service, You were possess'd of its highest Honours, but could not be contented with the Illustrious Rank Your Birth gave You, without repeating the glorious Actions by which it was acquired.

But there cannot be less expected from the Son of an OSSORY, than to contemn Life to adorn it; and with Munificence, Affability, Scorn
of

Epistle Dedicatory.

of Gain, and Passion for Glory, to be the Honour and Example to the Profession of Arms: All which engaging Qualities Your Noble Family has exerted with so stedfast a Loyalty, that in the most adverse Fortune of our Monarchy, Popularity, which in Others had been invidious, was a Security to the Crown, when lodg'd in the house of ORMOND.

Thus Your Grace enter'd into the Business of the World with so great an Expectation, that it seem'd impossible there could be any thing left, which might still conduce to the Honour of Your Name. But the most memorable Advantage Your Country has gain'd this Century, was obtain'd under Your Command; and Providence thought fit to give the Wealth of the *Indies* into His Hands, who only could despise it; while with a superior Generosity, He knows no Reward but in Opportunities of Bestowing. The great Personage
whom

Epistle Dedicatory.

whom You succeed in Your Honours, made me feel, before I was sensible of the Benefit, that this glorious Bent of Mind is Hereditary to You; I hope, therefore, You will pardon me, that I take the Liberty of expressing my Veneration for his Remains, by assuring Your Grace that I am,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's

Most Obedient,

and Most Devoted

Humble Servant,

Richard Steele.



THE PREFACE.

THO' it ought to be the Care of all Governments, that publick Representations should have nothing in them but what is agreeable to the Manners, Laws, Religion and Policy of the Place or Nation in which they are exhibited ; yet is it the general Complaint of the more Learned and Virtuons amongst Us, that the English Stage has extreamly offended in this kind : I thought therefore it would be an honest Ambition to attempt a Comedy, which might be no improper Entertainment in a Christian Common-wealth.

In order to this, the Spark of this Play is introduc'd with as much Agility and Life, as he brought with him from France ; and as much Humour as I could bestow upon him, in England. But he uses the Advantages of a Learned Education, a ready Fancy, and a liberal Fortune, without the Circumspection and good Sense which should always attend the Pleasures of a Gentleman ; that is to say, a reasonable Creature.

Thus he makes false Love, gets drunk, and kills his Man ; but in the fifth Act awakes from his Debauch, with the Compunction and Remorse which is suitable to a Man's finding himself

The PREFACE.

himself in a Goal for the Death of his Friends without his knowing why.

The Anguish he there expresses, and the mutual Sorrow between an only Child and a tender Father in that Distress, are, perhaps, an Injury to the Rules of Comedy, but I am sure they are a Justice to those of Morality: And Passages of such a Nature being so frequently applauded on the Stage, it is high time that we should no longer draw Occasions of Mirth from those Images which the Religion of our Country tells us we ought to tremble at with Horror.

But her Most Excellent Majesty has taken the Stage into Her Consideration; and we may hope, by Her gracious Influence on the Muses, Wit will recover from its Apostacy; and that by being encourag'd in the Interests of Virtue, 'twill strip Vice of the gay Habit in which it has too long appear'd, and cloath it in its native Dress of Shame, Contempt, and Dishonour.





PROLOGUE.

ALL the commanding Pow'rs that awe Mankind
Are in a trembling Poet's Audience join'd,
Where such bright Gallaxies of Beauty sit,
And at their Feet assembled Men of Wit :
Our Author therefore owns his deep Despair
To entertain the Learned or the Fair ;
Yet hopes that both will so much be his Friends,
To pardon what he does, for what h' intends ;
He aims to make the coming Action move
On the dread Laws of Friendship and of Love ;
Sure then he'll find but very few severe,
Since there's of both so many Objects here.
He offers no gross Vices to your Sight,
Those too much Horror raise for just Delight ;
And to detain th' attentive knowing Ear,
Pleasure must still have something that's severe.
If then you find our Author treads the Stage
With just regard to a reforming Age ;
He hopes, he humbly hopes, you'll think there's due
Mercy to him, for Justice done to you.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

O LD Bookwit.	Captain <i>Griffin</i> .
Young Bookwit.	Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
<i>Love</i> more.	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Frederick</i> .	Mr. <i>Toms</i> .
<i>Latine</i> .	Mr. <i>Gibber</i> .
<i>Storm</i> .	Mr. <i>Pinkethman</i> .
<i>Charcoal</i> .	Mr. <i>Bullock</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Penelope</i> .	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Victoria</i> .	Mrs. <i>Oldfield</i> .
<i>Betty</i> .	Mrs. <i>Cox</i> .
<i>Letrice</i> .	Mrs. <i>Lucas</i> .

*Constables, Watch, Turnkey, Cookmaid, and several
Goal-birds.*

S C E N E L O N D O N.

T H E



THE
LYING LOVER:
OR, THE
LADIES FRIENDSHIP.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *St. James's Park.*

Enter Young Bookwit and Latine.

L A T I N E.

BUT have you utterly left *Oxford*?
Y. Book. For ever, Sir, for ever; my Father has given me leave to come to Town, and I don't question but will let my Return be in my own Choice—— But *Jack*, you know we were talking in *Maudlin Walks* last Week of the Necessity, in Intrigues, of a faithful, yet a prating Servant—— We agreed therefore to cast Lots who should be the other's Footman for the present Expedition—— Fortune, that's always blind, gave me the Superiority.

I 2

Lat.

Lat. She shall be call'd no more so, for that one Action: And I am, Sir, in a littéral Sense, your very humble Servant——

Y. Book. Begin then the Duty of an useful Valet, and flatter me egregiously——Has the Fellow fitted me? How is my Manner? my Mein? Do I move freely? Have I kick'd off the Trammels of a Gown? Or does not the Tail on't seem still tuck'd under my Arm? Where my Hat is with a pert Jirk forward, and little Hitch in my Gate like a Scholastick Beau? ——This Wig, I fear, looks like a Cap.

Lat. No, faith, it looks like a Cap and Gown too? tho' at the same time you look as if you ne'er had worn either——

Y. Book. But my Sword——does it hang careles? ——Do I look bold, negligent, and erect? that is, do I look as if I could kill a Man without being out of Humour? I horridly mistrust my self —— Am I military enough in my Air? I fancy People see I understand *Greek*. Don't I pore a little in my Visage?——Han't I a down bookish Lour? a wise Sadness?——I don't look gay enough and unthinking, I fancy.

Lat. I protest you wrong your self:—You look very brisk, and very ignorant.

Y. Book. Oh fie —— I am afraid you flatter me.

Lat. I don't indeed——I'll be hang'd if my Tutor would know either of us——But, good Master, to what use do you design to put the noble Arts and Sciences he taught us——The Conduct of our Lives, the Government of our Passions, were his daily talk to us, good Man!

Y. Book. Good Man! Why I'll obey his Precepts, but abridge 'em——For as he us'd to advise me, I'll contract my Thoughts—as I'll tell you, *Jack*,——For the Passions, I'll turn 'em all into that one dear Passion, Love; and when that's the only Torture
of

of my Heart, I'll give that tortur'd Heart quite away, deny there's any such thing as Pain, and turn Stoick a shorter way than e'er thy Tutor taught thee——

This is the new Philosophy, you Rogue you——

Lat. But you would not in earnest be thought wholly illiterate?

Y. Book. No; for as when I walk, I'd have you know by my Motion I can dance; so when I speak I'd have you see I read—— yet would ordinarily neither cut Capers, nor talk Sentences—— But you prate as if I came to Town to get an Employment;——No; hang Business—— hang Care, let it live and prosper among the Men—— I'll ne'er go near the solemn ugly things again—— I'll keep Company with none but Ladies—— bright Ladies—— Oh *London! London!* Oh Woman! Woman! I am come where thou livest, where thou shinest.

Lat. Hey day! why, were there no Women in *Oxford*?

Y. Book. No, no; why, do you think a Bed-maker's a Woman?

Lat. Yes, and thought you knew it.

Y. Book. No, no, 'tis no such thing—— As he that is not honest or brave is no Man; so she that is not witty or fair is no Woman—— No, no, *Jack*—— to come up to that high Name, and object of Desire—— She must be gay and chaste, she must at once attract, and banish you—— I don't know how to express my self—— but a Woman methinks is a Being between us and Angels—— She has something in her that at the same time gives Awe and Invitation; and I swear to you, I was never out in't yet—— but I always judg'd of Men, as I observ'd they judg'd of Women: There's nothing shews a Man so much as the Object of his Affections—— But what do you stare at so considerably.

Lat. Faith, Sir, I am wondring at you—how 'tis possible you could be so janty a Town-spark in a Moment, and have so easie a Behaviour—I look methinks to you, as if I were really your Footman—

Y. Book. Why, if you're serious in what you say—I owe it wholly to the Indulgence of an excellent Father, in whose Company I was always free, and unconstrain'd—But what's this to Ladies, *Jack*, to Ladies—I was going to tell you I had study'd 'em, and know how to make my Approaches to 'em by contemplating their Frame, their inmost Temper—I don't ground my Hopes on the scandalous Tales and Opinions your wild Fellows have of 'em—Fellows that are but mere Bodies—Machine—which at best can but move gracefully—No, I draw my Pretences from Philosophy, from Nature—

Lat. You'll give us by and by a Lecture over your Mistress: you can dissect her.

Y. Book. That I can indeed, and have so accurately observ'd on Woman, that I can know her Mind by her Eye, as well as her Doctor shall her Health by her Pulse—I can read Approbation through a Glance of Disdain—Can see when the Soul is divided by a sparkling Tear that twinkles and betrays the Heart; a sparkling Tear's the Dress and Livery of Love—Of Love made up of Hope and Fear, of Joy and Grief—

Lat. But what have the Wars to do with all this? Why must you needs commence Soldier all of a sudden?

Y. Book. Were't not a taking Complement with my College Face and Phrase t'accost a Lady—Madam, I bring your Ladyship a learned Heart, one newly come from the University—If you want Definitions, Axioms, and Arguments, I am an able Schoolman—I've read *Aristotle* twice over, compar'd his jarring Commentators too, examin'd all the famous

Peripa-

Peripateticks, know where the Scotists and the Nominals differ: This certainly must needs enchant a Lady.

Lat. This is too much on th' other side.

Y. Book. The Name of Soldier bids you better welcome: 'Tis Valour and Feats done in the Field, a Man should be cry'd up for——nor is't so hard to atchieve——

Lat. The Fame of it, you mean——

Y. Book. Yes; and that will serve——'Tis but looking big, bragging with an easie Grace, and confidently mustering up an hundred hard Names they understand not: Thunder out *Villeroy*, *Catinat*, and *Bouffleurs*; speak of strange Towns and Castles, whose barbarous Names, the harsher they're to the Ear, the rarer and more taking——Still running over Lines, Trenches, Outworks, Counterescarps, and Forts, Citadels, Mines, Countermines, Pickeering, Pioneers, Centinels, Patroles, and others, without Sense or Order, that matters not, the Women are amaz'd, they admire to hear you rap 'em out so readily; and many a one that went no farther for't, retailing handsomely some warlike Terms, passes for a brave Fellow——Don't stand gaping, but live and learn, my Lad——I can tell thee ten thousand Arts, to make thee known and valued in these Regions of Wit and Gallantry, the Parks——the Playhouse——

Lat. Now you put me in mind where we are——What have we to do here thus early——now there's no Company?

Y. Book. Oh! Sir, I have put on so much of the Soldier with my Red-coat, that I came here t'observe the Ground I am to engage upon——Here must I act, I know, some Lover's Part, and therefore came to view this pleasant Walk——I privately rambled to Town last *November*——Here, ay here——I stood and

gaz'd at high Mall, till I forgot 'twas Winter, so many pretty She's marched by me—Oh! to see the dear things trip, trip along, and breathe so short, nipt with the Season—I saw the very Air not without Force leave their dear Lips.—Oh! they were intollerably handsome.

Lat. You'll see, perhaps, such to-day—but how to come at 'em—

Y. Book. Ay, there's it, how to come at 'em—

Lat. Are you generous?

Y. Book. I think I am no Niggard.

Lat. You must entertain them high, and bribe all about 'em. They talk of *Ovid*, and his Art of Loving, be liberal and you outdo his Precepts—The Art of Love, Sir, is the Art of Giving—Be free to Women, they'll be free to you. Not ev'ry open-handed Fellow hits it neither. Some give by Lapfuls, and yet ne'er oblige. The manner, you know, of doing a thing is more than the thing it self—Some drop a Jewel, which had been refus'd, if bluntly offer'd.

Y. Book. Some lose at Play what they design a Present.

Lat. Right—the Skill is to be generous, and seem not to know it of your self, 'tis done with so much ease; but a liberal Blockhead presents his Mistress as he'd give an Alms—

Y. Book. Leaving such Blockheads to their deserv'd ill Fortune—Tell me if thou know'st these Ladies?

Lat. No, not I, Sir; they are above an Academick Converse many Degrees—I've seen ten thousand Verses writ in the University on Wenches not fit to be either of their Handmaids—I never spoke to such a fine thing as either in my whole Life—I'm downright asleep o'sudden—I must fall back, and glad it is my place to do so: Yet I can get you Intelligence perhaps—I'll to the Footman.

Y. Book,

Y. Book. Do you think he'll tell?—

Lat. He would not to you perhaps—but to a Brother Footman—Do but listen at the Entrance of the Mall at Noon, and you'll have all the Ladies Characters in Town among their Lacquies—You know all Fame begins from our Domesticks—

Y. Book. That was a wise Man's Observation—Follow him, and know what you can. [*Exit Latine.*]

Enter Penelope, Victoria, Simon and Lettice.

Pen. A Walk round would be too much for us—we'll keep the Mall—But to our Talk—I must confess I have Terrors when I think of marrying *Lovemore*: He is indeed a Man of an honest Character—he has my good Opinion, but Love does not always follow that—He is so wise a Fellow, always so precisely in the Right, so observing and so jealous—he's blameless indeed, but not to be commended: What good he has, has no Grace in't: he's one of those who's never highly mov'd, except to Anger—Give me a Man that has agreeable Faults, rather than offensive Virtues,

Vict. Offensive Virtues, Madam?

Pen. Yes—I don't know how—there's a sort of Virtue, or Prudence, or what you'll call it, that we can but just approve—That does not win us—*Lovemore* wants that Fire—that Conversation-spirit I would have—They say he's learned as well as discreet, but I'm no Judge of that: I'm sure he's no Woman's Scholar; his Wisdom he should turn into Wit, and his Learning into Poetry or Humour.

Vict. Well, I'm not so much of your Mind, I like a sober Passion.

Pen. A sober Passion! you took me up just now when I said an offensive Virtue—Bless me:

[*Stumbling almost to a Fall.*]

Y. Book. [*Catching her.*] How much am I indebted to an Accident, that favours me with an Occasion of this small Service! for 'tis to me an Happiness beyond Expression thus to kiss your Hand.

Pen. The Occasion, methinks, is not so obliging, nor the Happiness you mention, worth that Name, Sir.

Y. Book. 'Tis true, Madam, I owe it all to Fortune, neither your Kindness nor my Industry had any share in't: Thus am I still as wretched as I was, for this Happiness I so much prize had doubtless been refus'd my want of Merit.

Pen. 'T has very soon, you see, lost what you valued in it: But I find you and I, Sir, have a different Sense; for in my Opinion we enjoy with most Pleasure, what we attain with least Merit——Merit is a Claim, and may pretend justly to Favour; when without it what's conferr'd is more unexpected, and therefore more pleasing.

Y. Book. You talk very well, Madam, of an Happiness you can't possibly be acquainted with, the enjoying without Desert. But indeed you have done me a very singular good Office, in letting me know my self very much qualify'd for Felicity.

Vid. I swear he's a very pretty Fellow, and how readily the thing talks.——I begin to pity *Loversmore*, but I begin to hate *Penelope*. How he looks! he looks at her!

Y. Book. But judge, Madam, what the condition of a passionate Man must be, that can approach the Hand only of her he dies for, when her Heart is inaccessible—

Pen. 'Tis very well the Heart lies not so easily to be seiz'd as the Hand——I find——Pray, Sir——I don't know what there's in this very odd Fellow, I'm not angry, tho' he's downright rude.——But I must——

Y. Book. But your Heart, Madam, your Heart——

[*Pressingly.*

Pen.

Pen. You seem'd, Sir, I must confess, to have shewn a ready Civility, when I'd like to fall just now, for which I cou'd not but thank you, and permit you to say what you pleas'd on that occasion—But your Heart, Madam! 'tis a sure Sign, Sir, you know not me—Or if you are what indeed you seem—a Gentleman—sure you forget your self, or rather you talk by Memory, a Form or Cant which you mistake for something that's gallant.

T. Book. Madam, I very humbly beg your Pardon, if I press'd too far, and too abruptly—I forgot indeed that I broke through Decencies, and that tho' you have been long a Familiar to me, I am a Stranger to you.

Pen. Pray, familiar Stranger, what can you mean? I never saw you before this instant, nor you me, I believe.

T. Book. Perhaps not that you know of, Madam,—For your Humility, it seems, makes you so little sensible of your own Perfection, that you o'erlook your Conquest; nor have you e'er observ'd me, tho' I hover Day and Night about your Lodging, haunt you from Place to Place, at Balls, in the Park, at Church—I gave you all the Serenades you've had, yet never till this Minute cou'd I find; and this Minute an unfortunate one—But this is always my Luck, when I'm out of the Field.

Vic. You've travell'd then, and seen the Wars, Sir?

T. Book. I—Madam—I—All that I know of the matter is, that *Lewis* the Fourteenth mortally hates me. They talk of *French* Gold—What Heaps have I refus'd!—Yet to be generous e'en to an Enemy, I must allow that Prince has Reason for his Rancour to me.—There has not been a Skirmish, Siege, or Battle since I bore Arms, I made not one in: No, nor the least Advantage got o' the Enemy but I had my Share, tho' perhaps not all my Share o' th' Glory.—You've seen
my

180 *The Lying Lover : Or,*

my Name, tho' you don't know it, often in the *Gazette*.

Pen. I never read News.

Enter Latine.

Lat. What Tale's he telling now, tro?

Y. Book. You've never heard, I suppose, of such Names as *Ruremonde*, *Keyserwart*, and *Liege*: Nor read of an *English* Gentleman left dead by his Precipitancy upon a Parapet at *Venlo*.—I was thought so indeed, when the first Account came away.—Every Man has his Failings—Rashness is my Fault.

Lat. Don't you remember a certain Place call'd *Oxford* among your Towns, Sir?

Y. Book. Shaw, away——Oh! ——oh! I beg your Pardon, Ladies; this Fellow knows I was shot in my left Arm, and cannot bear the least Touch, yet will still be rushing on me.

Lat. He has a Lie, I think, in every Joint. [*Aside.*

Pen. Do you bear any Commission, Sir?

Y. Book. There's an Intimate of mine, a General Officer, who has often said, *Tom*, if thou would'st but stick to any one Application, thou might'st be any thing——'Tis my Misfortune, Madam, to have a Mind too extensive. I began last Summer's Campaign with the renowned Prince *Eugene*, but was forc'd to fly into *Holland* for a Duel with that rough Captain of the *Hussars*, *Paul Diack* — They talk of a Regiment for me—But those things——besides it will oblige me to attend it, and then I can't follow Honour where-e'er she's busiest, but must be confin'd to one Nation——When indeed 'tis rather my way of serving with such of our Allies as most want me.

Pen. But I see you Soldiers never enjoy such a thing as Rest——You but come home in Winter to turn your Valour on the Ladies, 'tis but just a change of your Warfare,

Y. Book.

Y. Book. I had immediately return'd to *Holland*, but your Beauties at my Arrival here disarm'd me. Madam, made me a Man of Peace, or rais'd a Civil War within me rather.—You took me Prisoner at first sight, and to your Charms I yielded up an Heart, till then unconquer'd. Martial Delights (once best and dearest to me) vanish'd before you in a Moment, and all my Thoughts grew bent to please, and serve you.

Lat. *Love*more's in the Walk, Madam, he'll be in a fit.

Y. Book. Rob me o'th' sudden thus of all my Happiness! Yet e'er you quite forsake me, authorize my Passion, licence my innocent Flames, and give me leave to love such charming Sweetness,

Pen. He that will love, and knows what 'tis to love, will ask no Leave of any but himself. [*Ex. Ladies.*]

Y. Book. Follow 'em, *Jack*.

Lat. I know as much of 'em already as needs. The Footman was in his talking Vein—The handsomer of the two, says he, I serve, and she lives in the Garden.

Y. Book. What Garden?

Lat. *Covent-Garden*: The other lyes there too. I did not stay to ask her Name, but I shall meet him again, I took particular notice of the Livery.

Y. Book. Ne'er trouble thy self to know which is which, my Heart and my good Genius tell me, 'tis she, that pretty she I talk'd to.

Lat. If, with respect to your Worship's Opinion, I might presume to be of a contrary one, I should think the other the handsomer now.

Y. Book. What the dumb thing! the Picture—No, Love is the Union of Minds, and she that engages mine must be very well able to express her own. But I suppose some scolding Landlady has made you thus enamour'd with Silence, But here are two o'th' dearest

182 *The Lying Lover: Or,*

est of my old Comrades, they seem amaz'd at something by their Action.

Enter Lovemore and Frederick.

Fred. How! a Collation on the Water, and Musick too?

Love. Yes, Musick and a Collation.

Fred. Last Night?

Love. Last Night too.

Fred. An handsome Treat?

Love. A very noble one.

Fred. Who gave it?

Love. That I'm yet to learn.

Y. Book. How happy am I to meet you here!

Love. When I embrace you thus——no Happiness can equal mine. [Saluting.]

Y. Book. I trust my self intrudingly upon you; but you'll pardon a Man o'erjoy'd to see you.

Love. Where you're always welcome you never can intrude.

Y. Book. What were you talking of?

Love. Of an Entertainment.

Y. Book. Given by some Lover?

Love. As we suppose.

Y. Book. That Circumstance deserves my Curiosity; pray go on, and let me share the Story.

Love. Some Ladies had the Fiddles last Night.

Y. Book. Upon the Water too methought you said?

Love. Yes, 'twas upon the Water.

Y. Book. Water often feeds the Flame.

Love. Sometimes.

Y. Book. And by Night too?

Love. Yes, last Night.

Y. Book. He chose his time well——The Lady is handsome.

Love. In most Mens Eyes she is,

Y. Book,

Y. Book. And the Musick.

Love. Good, as we hear.

Y. Book. Some Banquet follow'd?

Love. A sumptuous one, they say.

Y. Book. And neither of you all this while know who gave this Treat? ha, ha.

Love. D'ye laugh at it?

Y. Book. How can I chuse, to see you thus admire a slight Divertisement I gave my self?

Love. You?

Y. Book. Ev'n I——

Love. Why, have you got a Mistress here already?

Y. Book. I should be sorry else: I've been in Town this Month or more, though for some Reasons I appear but little yet by Day. I' th' dark o' th' Evening I peep out, and *incognito* make some Visits. Thus had I spent my time but ill, were not——

Lat. Do you know what you say, Sir?——Don't lay it on so thick——

Y. Book. Nay, you must be sure to take care to be in the way as soon as they land, to shew up Stairs——I beg Pardon, I was giving my Fellow some Directions about receiving some Women of Quality that sup with me to Night *incog*——But you're my dearest Friends, and shall hear all——

Fred. to Love. How luckily your Rival discovers himself.

Y. Book. I took five Barges, and the fairest kept for my Company; the other four I fill'd with Musick of all sorts, and of all sorts the best; in the first were Fiddles, in the next Theorbo, Lutes, and Voices.

Flutes and such Pastoral Instruments i'th' third.

Loud Musick from the fourth did pierce the Air,

Each Consort vy'd by turns,

Which with most Melody shou'd charm our Ears.

The fifth, the largest of 'em all, was neatly hung,

Not

Not with dull Tapistry, but with green Boughs,
Curiously interlac'd to let in Air,
And every Branch with Jessamins, and Orange
Posies deckt.

In this the Feast was kept.

Hither with five other Ladies I led her whose Beauty
alone governs my Destiny. Supper was serv'd up
straight; I will not trouble you with our Bill of fare,
what Dishes were best lik'd, what Sauces most com-
mended; 'tis enough I tell you this delicious Feast
was of six Courses, twelve Dishes to a Course.

Lat. That's indeed enough of all Conscience. [*Aside.*

Love. Oh the Torture of Jealousie! [*Aside.*] But,
Sir, how seem'd the Lady to receive this Entertain-
ment? We must know that.

Y. Book. Oh! that was the height on't.—— She, I
warrant you, was quite negligent of all this matter.
You know their way. They must not seem to like—
No, I warrant it wou'd not so much as smile to
make the Fellow vain, and believe he had Power to
move Delight in her—ha, ha.

Love. But how then?

Y. Book. Why you must know my Humour grew
Poetick.—I pull'd off my Sword-knot, and with that
bound up a Coronet of Ivy, Laurel, and Flowers, with
that round my Temples, and a Plate of richest Fruits
in my Hand, on one Knee I presented her with it as
a *Cornucopia*, an Offering from her humble Swain of
all his Harvest—to her the *Ceres* of our genial Feast,
and rural Mirth.—She smil'd,——the Ladies clap'd
their Hands, and all our Musick struck sympathetick
Rapture at my Happiness; while gentle Winds, the
River, Air, and Shore echo'd the Harmony in Notes
more soft than they receiv'd it. Methought all Na-
ture seem'd to die for Love like me. To all my Heart
and every Pulse beat time.—Oh the Pleasures of suc-
cessful

cessful Love! ha, *Lovemore*! ha! What, hast thou got a good Office lately—You're afraid I should make some Request. Pr'ythee ben't so shy, I have nothing to ask but of my Mistress; what's the matter?

Love. I only attend, Sir, I only attend——

Y. Book. Then I'll go on. As soon as we had supp'd the Fireworks play'd, Squibs of all sorts were darted through the Skies, whose spreading Fires made a new Day. A flaming Deluge seem'd to fall from Heaven, and with such Violence attack'd the Waves, you wou'd have thought the fiery Element had left his Sphere, to ruin his moist Enemy. Their Contest done, we landed, danc'd till Day, which hasty *Sol* disturb'd us with too soon. Had he ta'en our Advice, or fear'd my Anger, he might in *Thetis's* Lap have slept as long as at *Alcmena's* Labour he's reported: But steering not as we wou'd have prescrib'd, he put a Period to our envy'd Mirth.

Love. Trust me, you tell us Wonders, and with a Grace as rare as the Feast it self, which all our Summer's Mirth can't equal.

Y. Book. My Mistress took me o'th' sudden—I had not a Day's Warning.

Love. The Treat was costly tho' and finely order'd.

Y. Book. I was forc'd to take up with this Trifle. He that wants time can't do as he wou'd.

Love. Farewell, we shall meet again at more leisure.

Y. Book. Number me among your Creatures.

Love. Oh Jealousie! Thou Rack, Jealousie!

Fred. What Reason have you to feel it? the Circumstances of the Feast nothing agree——

Love. In Time and Place they do; the rest is nothing.

[*Ex. Fred. and Love.*]

Lat. May I speak now, Sir, without Offence?

Y. Book.

Y. Book. 'Tis in your Choice now to speak or not, but before Company you'll spoil all.

Lat. Do you walk abroad and talk in your Sleep? or do you use to tell your Dreams for current Truth?

Y. Book. Dull Brain!

Lat. Why you beat out mine with your Battels, your Fire-works, your Musick, and your Feasts. You've found an excellent way to go to the Wars, and yet keep out of Danger—Then you feast your Mistresses at the cheapest rate that e'er I knew! Why d'ye make 'em believe you ha' been here these six Weeks?

Y. Book. My Passion has the more Growth, and I the better Ground to make Love.

Lat. You'd make one believe fine things, that wou'd but hearken to you—But this Lady might soon have found you out——

Y. Book. Some Acquaintance I have got however, this is making Love, Scholar, and at the best rate too.

Lat. To speak Truth, I'm hardly come to my self yet, your great Supper lies on my Stomach still. I desire *Pontack* to have prepar'd a better o'th' sudden. Your enchanted Castles, where Strangers found strange Tables strangely furnish'd with strange Cates, were but six-penny Ordinaries to the fifth Barge; you were an excellent Man to write Romances, for having Feasts and Battles at Command; your *Quixot* in a Trice wou'd over-run the World; revelling and skirmishing cost you nothing; then you vary your Scene with so much ease, and shift from Court to Camp with such Facility——

Y. Book. I love thus to outvie a News-monger; and as soon as I perceive a Fellow thinks his Story will surprize—I choke him with a stranger, and stop his Mouth with an *extempore* Wonder: Didst thou but know what a Pleasure 'tis to cram their own News down their Throats again!——

Lat.

Lat. 'Tis fine, but may prove dangerous Sport, and may involve us in a Peck of Troubles: Pr'ythee, *Tom*, consider that I am of Quality to be kick'd or can'd by this L——

Y. Book. Hush, hush, call it not Lying; as for my waging War, it is but just I snatch and steal from Fortune that Fame which she denies me Opportunity to deserve—My Father has cramp'd me in a College, while all the World has been in Action. Then as to my lying to my Mistress, 'tis but what all the Lovers upon Earth do.—Call it not then by that course Name a Lie. 'Tis Wit, 'tis Fable, Allegory, Fiction, Hyperbole,—or be it what you call it, the World's made up almost of nothing else. What are all the grave Faces you meet in publick?—mere silent Lies, dark solemn Fronts, by which they wou'd disguise vain empty silly Noddles.—But after all, to be serious, since I am resolv'd honestly to love, I don't care how artfully I obtain the Woman I pitch upon.—Besides, did you ever know any of them acknowledge they lov'd as soon as they lov'd—No, they'll let a Man dwell upon his Knees—whom they languish to receive into their Arms.—They're no fair Enemy——Therefore 'tis but just, that

*We use all Arts the Fair to undermine,
And learn with Gallantry to hide Design.* [Exeunt.]



ACT



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter old Bookwit, Penelope, and Lettice.

O. Book. **M**istress Penelope, I have your Father's leave to wait upon you, Madam, and talk to you this Morning; nay to talk to you of Marriage.

Pen. To talk to me of Marriage, Sir?

O. Book. Yes, Madam; in behalf of my Son Tom Bookwit.

Pen. Nay there may perhaps be something said to that. [*Aside.*

O. Book. I sent for him from Oxford with that Design, he came to Town but Yesterday; and if a Father can judge, he brings from a College the Mein and Air of a Court—I love my Son entirely, and hope, Madam, you take my Thoughts as to you, to be no want of Respect to you.

Pen. 'Twere want of Sense, Sir, to do that.

O. Book. If I can remember my Style to my Mistress of old, I'll ease Tom's way, and raise her Expectation of my Son. [*Aside.*] Madam, had I my Hat, my Feather, Pantaloons, and Jerkin on, as when I woo'd your Humble Servant's Mother, I wou'd deliver you his Errand. I married her just such a young thing as you; her Complexion was charming, but not indeed with all your Sweetness.

Pen. Oh! Sir!

O. Book. Her Neck and Bosom were the softest Pillows, her Shape was not of that nice sort; some young Women suffer in Shapes of their Mother's making, by spare Diet, straight Lacing, and constant Chiding. But 'twas the Work of Nature, free, uncon-

constrain'd, healthy and——But her Charms had not all that Emanation which yours have.

Pen. Oh fie! fie!

O. Book. Not those thousand thousand Graces, that soft Army of Loves and Zephyrs, Millions of airy Beings that attend around you, and appear only to the second Sight of Lovers.

Pen. Oh fie! Pray, good Sir, you'll leave nothing for your Son to say.

O. Book. I did not think I had such a Memory. I find the Women are now certainly Daughters of the Women before 'em.—Flattery still does it. [*Aside.*] *Tom* is my only Son, and I extremely desire to have him settled.—I own I think him of much Merit.

Pen. He wou'd derogate from his Birth, were he not much a Gentleman. But to receive a Man in the Character of a Pretender at first sight——

O. Book. I'll walk him by and by before your Window, where your own Eyes shall judge——I think there's nothing above his Pretences but your self; but when one of so many excellent Qualities bestows her self, it must be Condescension.—You shall not answer—Farewel, Daughter: We are but too apt to believe what we wish—— [*Exit O. Book.*]

Pen. 'Tis as you said, *Lettice*, *Old Book* wit came to propose his Son.

Let. I overheard the old Gentleman talk of it last Night.—But, Madam, you han't heard the Song that was made on you.—Oh! 'tis mighty pretty. The Gentleman is dying for you, he says it, pure pure Verses.

Pen. Whoever writ 'em, he's not the first Poet I have made. They may talk, and say Nature makes a Poet, but I say Love makes a Poet. Don't you see elder Brothers, who are by Nature born above Wit, shall fall in Love, and write Verses———nay,
and

and pretty good ones, considering they can tagg 'em to Settlements: But let's see.

To CELIA's Spinet.

Reading. **T***Hou soft Machine that dost her Hand obey
Tell her my Grief in thy harmonious Lay.*

Poor Man——

*To shun my Moan to thee she'll fly.
To her Touch be sure reply,
And, if she removes it, die.*

The Device is just and truly poetical.

*Know thy Bliss — Ay, ay, there I come in.
Know thy Bliss, with Rapture shake,
Tremble o'er all thy numerous Make;
Speak in melting Sounds my Tears,
Speak my Joys, my Hopes, my Fears.*

Which all depend upon me,

*Thus force her, when from me she'd fly,
By her own Hand, like me, to dye.*

Well, certainly nothing touches the Heart of Woman so much as Poetry. I suppose the Master is in the next Room, 'tis his Hour, desire him to walk in. 'Twill make ones Ears tingle, a Song o'one's Self!

[Here the Song is perform'd to a Spinet.]

Well, dost think, Lettice, my grave Lover writ this fine thing——say'st thou?

Let. No, Madam,——no body writes Songs on those they are sure of.

Pen. Sure of me! the Insolent!

Let. Nay, I know no more but that he said he'd turn me away as soon as he had married you.

Pen. 'Tis like enough.——That's the common Practice of your jealous-headed Fellows.——Well, I have a good mind to dress my self anew, put on my best Looks, and send for him to dismiss him.——I know he loves me.

Let.

Lat. I never knew him shew it but by his Jealousie.

Pen. As you say. a jealous Fellow love?—'tis all Mistake, 'tis only for himself he has Desires; nor cares what the Object of his Wishes suffers, so he himself has Satisfaction——No, he has a Gluttony, an Hunger for me.

Let. An Hunger for you! I protest, Madam, if you'd let me be his Cook, and make you ready, I'd poison him. But I'm glad *Simon* disobey'd you, and told the Gentleman's Servant who you were, and your Lodging——

Pen. Did the Rogue do so?——Call him hither.

Let. *Simon*, why *Simon*.

Enter Simon.

Pen. Sirrah, I find I must at last turn you off, you sawcy Fellow, don't stand staring and dodging with your Feet, and wearing out your Livery Hat with squeezing for an Excuse, but answer me, and that presently.

Sim. I will, Madam, as soon as you ask me a Question.

Pen. Not afore then,——*Mr. Pert.* Don't you know you told the Gentleman's Footman in the Park who I was, against my constant Order, when I walk early. Come, Sirrah, tell all that pass'd between you.

Sim. Why, Madam, the Gentleman's Gentleman came up to me very civilly, and said his Master was in Discourse with my Lady he suppos'd——Then he fell into Talk about Vails,——about Profits in a Service: At last after a deal of civil Discourse between us——

Pen. Come, without this Preamble,——what he ask'd you, Impertinence,——tell that, do——

Sim. He ask'd about you, and Madam *Victoria*.——I said, the handsomest of the two is my Lady.

Pen

Pen. Speak on boldly, *Simon*; I'm never angry at a Servant that speaks Truth.

Sim. He told me he should be very proud of my Acquaintance: Indeed, Madam, the Man was very well-spoken, and shewed a great deal of Respect for me, on your Ladyship's Account——He is a mighty well-spoken Man, and said, he found I was a smart Gentleman——said he'd come again.

Pen. Go, you have done your Business——Go down. [Exit.]

Lat. Well, after all, Madam, I did not think that Gentleman displeas'd you.

Pen. Had but young *Bookwit* his Mein and Conversation, how easily would he exclude *Lovemore*!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Lovemore* is coming up, Madam.

Pen. He has not heard sure of this new Proposal.

Let. 'Tis possible he may, and come to rant or upbraid your Ladyship; I wonder you endure him on these Occasions.

Pen. I'll rack his very Heart-strings. He shall know all that Man e'er suffer'd for his native Mistress, Woman.

Let. His Father, Madam, has been so long coming out of *Suffolk*.——There are strange Tricks in the World, but 'tis not my place to speak——

Pen. However his Father may come at last; I will not wholly lose him; as bad as he is, he's better than no Husband at all——Stay in the Room, I'll talk to you as if he were not present——

Enter Lovemore.

Love. Ah! *Penelope*! Inconstant! fickle *Penelope*!

Pen. But, *Lettice*, you don't tell me what the Gentleman said; now there's no Body here you may speak——

Love. Now there's no Body here!——Then I am a Thing, an Utensil——I am no Body,——I have no

Effence that I am sensible of——I think 'twill be so soon——This Ingrate,——this Perjur'd!

Pen. Tell me, I say——how the Match happened to break off?

Love. This is downright Abuse.——What! don't you see me, Madam?

Let. He had the Folly, upon her being commonly civil to him, to talk of directing her Affairs before his time: In the first Place he thought it but necessary her Maid, her faithful Servant Mrs. *Betty*, should be remov'd.

Love. Her faithful Servant, Mrs. *Betty*! ——Her Betrayer, her Whisperer, Mrs. *Lettice*.——Madam, would you but hear me——I will be heard——

Pen. Pr'ythee step, *Lettice*, and see what Noise is that without.

Love. The Noise is here, Madam; 'tis I that make what you call Noise.——'Tis I that claim aloud my Right, and speak to all the World the Wrongs I suffer.

Pen. Cooling Herbs well steep'd—a good Anodine at Night, made of the Juice of Hellebore, with very thin Diet, may be of use in these Cases.

[Both looking at him as disturb'd.]

Love. Cases! ——What Cases? I shall downright run mad with this damn'd Usage. Am I a Jest?

Let. A Jest! ——no Faith, this is far from a merry Madness.——Ha! ha! ha!

Love. Hark'e, *Lettice*——I'll downright box you——Hold your Tongue, Gipsie——

Let. Dear Madam, save me——Go you to him——

Pen. Let him take you. ——Bless me ——how he stares,——take her.

Let. Take her. }

Pen. Take her. }

[Running round each other.]

Love. Very fine——No Madam, your Gallant, your Spark last Night; your fine Dancer, Entertainer.

K

shall

shall take you—He that was your Swain, and you, I warrant, a fantastick Nymph of the Flood, or Forest; ha! ha! ha! to be out all Night with a young Fellow——Oh! that makes you change your Countenance, does it so?—Fine Lady——You wonder how I came to know——why chuse a discreeter the next time—he told me all himself.—Swoon—die for Shame at hearing of these Words——do——

Pen. I am indeed downright asham'd for him that speaks 'em; whence this Insolence, if not from utter Distraction, under this Roof?

Love. Oh! the Ingrate!—Have not I, Madam, two long Years, two Ages, with humblest Resignation depended on your Smile; and shall I suffer one of Yesterday's——to treat you, to dance all Night with you?

Pen. Speak softly—my Father's coming down.

Love. Thy Father's coming down! faithless!—Thou hast no Father. But to cross me by Night upon the Water!

Pen. Well, by Night upon the Water!—What then?——

Love. Yes, all Night.

Pen. What of that?

Love. Without Blushing when you hear of it?

Pen. Blush for what!—What do you drive at?

Love. Can you then coolly ask what 'tis I mean, thou Reveller, thou Rambler; a fine young Lady with your Midnight Frolicks! But what do I pretend to?——I know not how with bended Knees to call you *Ceres*,——make you an Offering of Summer Fruits, and deifie your Vanity!——Thou art no Goddess, thou'rt a very Woman, with all the Guile—Your Barges! Your Treats! Your Fireworks!

Pen. What means the Insolent!——You grow insufferable.

Love.

Love. Oh *Penelope*! that Look, that disdainful Look has pierc'd my Soul, and ebb'd my Rage to Penitence and Sorrow——I own my Fault——I'm too rash——

Pen. Th' imaginary Enemies you raise are but mere Forms of your sickly Brain——so I think, and scorn 'em. A diffident, an humorous, and ungenerous Man, who without Grounds calls me Inconstant, shall surely find me so: She will be very happy that takes a constant Man with twenty thousand Humours.

Love. Is it a Fault my Life's bound up in thee, That all my Powers change with thy Looks, That my Eyes glote on thee when thou'rt present, And ake and roll for Light when thou'rt absent?

Pen. A little ill Usage, I see, improves a Lover strangely; I never heard him speak so well in my Life before. [*Aside.*]

Love. Of you I am not jealous:
'Tis my own Indesert that gives me Fears,
And Tendernefs forms Dangers where they're not;
I doubt and envy all things that approach thee:
Not a fond Mother of a long-wish'd-for only Child
beholds with such kind Terrors her Infant Offspring
as I do her I love. She thinks its Food, if she's not
by, unwholsome; and all the ambient Air made up
of Fevers and of Quartan Agues, except she shrouds
it in her Arms——Such is my unpitied anxious
Care for you; and can I see another——

Pen. What other?

Love. Nay, if you make a Secret of your Meeting——there's all that I suspect in't——Another?—
Young *Bookwit* is another——

Pen. I never saw his Face——Young *Bookwit*?

Love. What! not tho' he sollicitd a Glance, with Symphonies of charming Note, with sumptuous Dishes!——Not when the flying Meteors fro n the

Earth made a new Day!—Not see him!—Oh! that was hard—That was unkind: not one Look for all this Gallantry! But Love is blind—You can be all Night with the Son, all Day with the Father, and never see either—His Father was here this Morning; seek not to excuse—I find your Arts, and see their Aim too—Go, go, take your Bookwit.—Forget your Lover, as he now must you.

[*Going.*

Pen. Hear but three words.

Love. What shall they be?

Pen. Pr'ythee hear me.

Love. No, no, your Father's coming down.

Pen. He is not coming, nor can he overhear us. There's Time and Privacy enough to disabuse you.

Love. I'll hear nothing unless you will be married, unless you give me, as a present Earnest of your self, three Kisses, and your word for ever.

Pen. To give way to my satisfaction then—and be friends again—you wou'd, Mr. Lovemore, have three Kisses—

Love. Three Kisses, your Faith and Hand.

Pen. Nothing else; will you be so contented?

Love. I'll expect higher Terms, if you accept not these—Quickly then.

Pen. Well then—No, my Father's coming; ha! ha! ha!

Love. Laugh at my Sufferings!—slight my Anger!

Is this your base Requital of my Love?

Revenge, Revenge—I'll print on thy Favourite in his Heart's Blood my Revenge. Our Swords—our Swords shall dispute our Pretences, rather than he enjoy what my long Services entitle me to, which is to do my self right for what he intends an Injury; tho' perhaps what we shall dispute for is better lost.

Pen.

Pen. Mr. *Lovemore*, you have taken very great Liberties; you say I have injur'd you in my Regard to another—Is your Opinion then of what you say you will dispute for, such as you just now said—better lost?

Love. Look you, Madam—so—therefore—as to that—this is such—for that it—You don't consider what you said to me—

Pen. Ha! ha! ha.

Love. You shall by all that's—You shall repent this. [Flings out.]

Pen. This is all we have for't, a little Dominion before-hand—These are the Creatures that are born to rule us, who creep, who flatter, and servilely beseech our Favour; which obtain'd, they grow fullen, proud and insolent; pry into the Gift, the Manner of bestowing, with all the little Arts th' ungrateful use to hide, or kill their Sense and Conscience of a Benefit—

Let. Ay, ay, Madam, 'tis so—I had a Sweet-heart once, a Lady's Butler, to whom I gave a Lock of my Hair; and the Villain, when we quarrell'd, told me half of 'em were grey.

Pen. Ha! ha! ha! the Ingrate—the Faithless, as *Lovemore* says—

Let. And yet, Madam, the Rogue stole a Letter out of a Book to ask me for it—as my next Suitor found out.

Pen. However, I am sure 'tis in my Fate to be subject to one of 'em very suddenly.

Let. Ah! Madam! the Gentleman this Morning—

Pen. The Fellow's very well, and I am mightily mistaken if my Cousin *Victoria* did not think so—

Let. And so do you heartily. [Aside.]

Pen. Yet I wish I had seen this young *Bookwit* before *Lovemore* came to day.—

198 *The Lying Lover: Or,*

Let. I'll tell you how, Madam — *Victoria* has ne'er a Lover, and is your entire Friend——Now, Madam, suppose you got her to write a Letter to this young Gentleman in her own Name——You meet him under that Name *incognito*; then if an Accident should happen, both you and she may be safe, and puzzle the truth: you never writ to him, she never met him——

Pen. A lucky Thought——step to her immediately——I'll come to her, or she to me.

Let. I fly, I fly—— [Exit.]

Pen. This is indeed a lucky hint of the Wench, in which I have another drift too——Now shall I sift my Friend *Victoria*, and perfectly understand whether she likes that agreeable young Fellow; for if her reserv'd Humour easily falls in with this design on *Bookwit*, she's certainly smitten with the other, and suspects me to be so too——What is this dear, this sudden Intruder Love, that *Victoria*'s long and faithful Friendship, *Lovemore*'s anxious and constant Passion, both vanish before it in a Moment?——Why are our Hearts so accessible at our Eyes!——My Dear——

Enter Victoria.

Vic. Dear *Pen.* I ran to you——well, what is't?

Pen. Set Chairs, and the *Bohea* Tea, and leave us. [Ex. Let.] Dear *Victoria*——you have always been my most intimate Bosom-friend——Your wary Carriage and Circumspection have often been a Safety against Errors to me——I must confess it. [Filling her Tea.]

Vic. But, my Dear, why this Preface to me?——
To the matter——

Pen. You know all that has pass'd between me and Mr. *Lovemore*.

Vic. I have always approv'd him, and do now more than ever——For tis not a Mein and Air, that makes that worthy Creature, a kind Husband, But——

Pen.

Pen. True, but here was old *Bookwit* this Morning, with my Father's Authority to talk to me of the Subject of Love.

Viſt. Nay, Madam, if ſo, and you can reſolve to obey your Father — I contend not for *Lovemore*; for tho' the young Men of this Age are ſo very vicious, ſo expensive both of their Health and Fortune —

Pen. How zealous ſhe is to put me out of her way. False Creature! [*Aside*] — But, my dear Friend, you don't take me — your Friendship out-runs my Explanation — 'Twas for his Son at *Oxford* he came to me — he is to walk with him before the Door that I may view him — by and by —

Viſt. Nay, as one muſt obey their Parents wholly — I think a raw young Man that never ſaw the Town, is better than an old one that has run through all its Vices — I congratulate your good Fortune — There's a great Eſtate — and he knows nothing, juſt come to Town — The Furniture, and the Horſe-Cloaths will be all your own Device for the Wedding, and the Horſes, when and where you pleaſe — He knows no better —

Pen. But one ſhall be ſo long teaching a raw Creature a Manner —

Viſt. Never let him have one — 'twill make him like himſelf, and think of making Advances elſewhere: You'd better have him a Booby — How could I think of the old Fellow for you — Look you, *Pen.* old Age has its Infirmities, and 'tis a ſad Proſpect for an honeſt young Woman to be ſure of being a Nurſe, and never of being a Mother —

Pen. Oh! that I had but your Prudence! But, my Dear, I have a Requeſt to make to you, and that is that you would write him an Aſſignation this Evening in the Park — I'll obey the Appointment, and con-

verse with him under that Disguise! for the old People will clap up a Match before I know any thing of the real Man——And if one don't know one's Husband, how can one manage him? that is to say, obey him?

Vic. Oh! pray my Dear, do you think I don't understand you——Oh! and there's another thing——A Scholar makes the best Husband in the World.

Pen. Because they are the most knowing——

Vic. No, because they are least knowing——But I'll go immediately and obey your Commands—I wish you heartily well, my Dear, in this matter.

[*Kissing her.*]

Pen. I thank you, Dearest——I don't doubt it indeed.

Vic. Where are you going now, my Dear — Oh fie! this is not like a Friend——Do I use you so, dear Madam?

Pen. Nay, indeed Madam I must wait on you——

Vic. Indeed you shan't——indeed you shan't.

[*Pen. follows.*]

Pen. Well, Madam, will you promise then to be as free with me?—Thus does she hope to work me out of my Lover, by being made my Confident——But that Baseness has been too fashionable to pass any more——I have not trusted her——The cunning Creature —— I begin to hate her so——I'll never be a Minute from her.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Old Bookwit, Young Bookwit and Latine.

O. Book. Well, *Tom*, where have you saunter'd about since I saw you? Is not the Town mightily increas'd since you were in it?

Y. Book. Ay, indeed, I need not have been so impatient to have left *Oxford*; had I staid a Year longer they had builded to me.

O. Book.

O Book. But I don't observe you affected much with the Alterations——Where have you been?

T. Book. No Faith, the *New Exchange* has taken up all my Curiosity.

O. Book. Oh! but, Son, you must not go to Places to stare at Women. Did you buy any thing?

T. Book. Some Bawbles——But my Choice was so distracted among the pretty Merchants and their Dealers, I knew not where to run first——One little lipping Rogue, Ribbandths, Gloveths, Tippetths——Sir, cries another, will you buy a fine Sword-knot; then a third pretty Voice and Curtsie——Does not your Lady want Hoods, Scarfs, fine green Silk Stockings——I went by as if I had been in a Seraglio, a living Gallery of Beauties——staring from side to side; I bowing, they laughing——so made my escape, and brought your Son and Heir safe to you, through all these Darts and Glances——to which indeed my Breast is not impregnable——But I wonder whence I had this amorous Inclination——

O. Book. Whoever you had it from, Sirrah, 'tis your Business to correct it——by fixing it upon a proper Object——But, *Tom*, you know I am always glad to hear you talk with the Gaiety before me, that yo do elsewhere——But I have now something of Consequence (that sudden serious Look was so like me.) [*Aside.*] What I am going to say now, I tell you is extraordinary——

T. Book. I could not indeed help some seeming Extravagancies I have been forc'd to——But——

O. Book. I do not grudge you your Expences, I was not going to speak on't—for I decay, and so do my Desires, while yours grow still upon you——Therefore what may be spar'd from mine, I heartily give you to supply yours——'Tis but the just order of things——I scorn to hoard what I only now can gaze at,

while your Youth and Person want those Entertainments you may become and taste—All your just Pleasures are mine also——In you my Youth and gayer years methinks I feel repeated.

Y. Book. Then what can give you, Sir, Uneasiness?

O. Book. Your Affectation of a Soldier's Dress, makes methink you bent upon a dangerous, tho' noble Course—That you'll expose a Life, that's dearer to your Father than your self, to daily Hazards; I therefore have resolv'd to settle thee, and chosen a young Lady, witty, prudent, rich and fair——

Y. Book. Oh, *Victoria!* [*Aside.*] You cannot move too slowly in such a Business.

O. Book. Nay, 'tis no sudden thing——Her Father and I have been old Acquaintance, and I was so confident of her Worth, and your Compliance, that I can't with Honour disengage my self.

Y. Book. How, Sir! when Honour calls me to the Field, where I may perpetuate your Name by some brave Exploit——

O. Book. You may do it much better, *Tom*, at home by a brave Boy——Come, come, it must be so——

Y. Book. What shall I do for some Invention?

[*Aside.*

O. Book. Let it be so, dear *Tom*, it must be so.

Y. Book. What if it be impossible?

O. Book. Impossible! as how?

Y. Book. Upon my Knees I beg your Pardon, Sir; I am——

O. Book. What!——

Y. Book. At *Oxford*——

O. Book. What art thou at *Oxford*? Rise and tell me.

Y. Book. Why I am married there, since you needs must know.

O. Book. Married without my Consent!

Y. Book.

The Ladies Friendship. 203

Y. Book. There was a force upon me; you'll easily get all annull'd if you desire it:—It was the cross'est, most unhappy Accident—Yet indeed she is an excellent Creature!

Lat. How could he conceal this all this while from me?—But I remember he us'd to be out of the College whole Nights we knew not where. [*Aside.*

Penelope and Victoria at the Window.

Pen. The very Man we met this Morning; and I employ my Rival to write to him! how confidently she stares at the Fellow, and observes his Action!

Vict. Betty, do you see with what Intent, and with what Fire in her Eyes *Penelope* gazes yonder?—But take you that Letter and give it when the old Gentleman's gone.—Goodness! how concern'd she seems! Well, some Women!— [*Ex. Ladies from above.*

O. Book. Let that pass, since the business is irrevocable—What is her Name?

Y. Book. *Matilda*, and her Father's *Newton*.

O. Book. They're Names I never heard before; but go on.

Y. Book. This Lady, Sir, I saw in a publick Assembly; at the first sight she made me hers for ever. From that instant I languish'd—nor had vital Heat out of her presence—The Sun to me shed influence in vain—He rose and set both unobserv'd, nor was to any living this human Life so much a Dream as me: All this she observ'd, but not untouch'd observ'd. She shewed a noble Gratitude t'a noble Passion; Favours I soon receiv'd, but severely modest ones.

Lat. Oh! that's presuppos'd, you to be sure wou'd ne'er desire any other. [*Aside.*

Y. Book. We had contriv'd to meet o' Nights, The sweetest Hours of Love; and there was I One Evening in her lodging---'Twas as I remember, Yes, 'twas on the second of *December*; That's the very Night I was caught —

Lat. 'Tis strange, a Fellow of his Wit to be trepan'd into a Marriage—— [Aside.

Y. Book. Her Father supp'd abroad that Night, which made us think our selves secure——But coming home by Accident sooner than we expected, we heard him at the Door——How did that Noise surprize us! She hid me behind the Bed, then lets him in.

O. Book. I tremble for the poor young Lady——Pray go on——How did she recover her self?

Y. Book. She fell into the prettiest artful little Tales to divert him, and hide her Discomposure——which he interrupted by telling her she must be married suddenly to one propos'd to him that Evening——This was to me Daggers.

O. Book. But she!

Y. Book. She by general Answers in that case manag'd it so well, that he was going down, when instantly my Watch in my Pocket struck ten——He turns him short on his amazed Daughter, asked where she had it——She cryed her Cousin *Martha* sent it out of the Country to be mended for her——He said he would take care on't; she comes to me, but as I was giving it her, the String was so entangled in the Cock of a Pistol I always had about me on those Occasions, that my haste to disengage it fir'd it off——My Mistress swoons away——The Father ran out, crying out Murder——I thought her dead, fear'd his Return, which he soon did, with two boistrous Rogues his Sons, and his whole Family of Servants——I wou'd have made my Escape, but they oppos'd me with drawn Swords; I wounded both; but a lusty Wench with a Fireshovel at one Blow struck down my Sword and broke it all to pieces——

O. Book. But still the poor young Lady!——

Y. Book. Here was I seiz'd——Mean time *Matilda* wakes from her Trance——beholding me held like

a Russian, both her Brothers bleeding—She was returning to it—What should I do? I saw the hoary Father in the divided Sorrow, for his Sons Lives, and Daughter's Honour, of both which he thought me th' Invader—She with pitying, dying and reproaching Looks beseech'd me—and taught me what I ow'd her constant Love—I yielded, Sir, I own I yielded to the just Terror of their Family Repentment, and to my Mistress's more dreadful Upbraiding. Thus am I, Sir, the Martyr of an honest Passion—

O. Book. That I most blame is, that you conceal'd it from your best Friend—I'll instantly to *Penelope's* Father, and make my Apology—He is my Friend—
[Exit.

Lat. This Marriage strangely surpriz'd me—

Y. Book. Why, did you believe it too, as well as the old Gentleman? Why then I did it excellently—Ha! ha! ha!

Lat. What, the Watch!—The Pistol! Lady swooning, her pitying, upbraiding Look! all Chimeras!

Y. Book. Nothing but downright Wit, to keep my self safe for *Victoria*.

Lat. May I desire one Favour?

Y. Book. What can I deny thee, my Privado?

Lat. Only that you'd give me some little secret hint—when next you L—are going to be witty—But to jumble Particulars so readily! 'tis impossible you cou'd, I believe, at the beginning of your Tale know the ending—Yet—

Y. Book. These are Gifts, Child, mere Gifts; 'tis not to be learnt—the skill of Lying—Except Humour, Wit, Invention, Presence of Mind, Retention, Memory, Circumspection, &c.—were to be attained by Industry—You must not hum, nor haw, nor blush for't—

Lat.

206 *The Lying Lover: Or,*

Lat. Who have we got here?

Betty *Entring.*

Bet. May I be so bold as to crave the Liberty to ask your Name?

Y. Book. My bright Hand-maid, my little *she Gami-mede*—Thou charming *Hebe*—You may ask me my Name——for I won't tell it you——till you do——because I'd have the more words with you—

Bet. Are not you Mr. *Bookwit*?

Y. Book. The very same, my Dear.

Bet. There then——He's a mighty pretty Man.

[*Exit Betty.*]

Y. Book. *reading.* You may wonder — Your Person, and Character——this Evening near Rosamond's Pond, on the other side the Park.

Victoria.

Oh the happiness! What is become of the Girl?—Oh! *Latine! Latine!* ask me fifty Questions all at once! What ails me? Why this Joy?—Who is this from? --Oh I could die methinks this moment, lest there shou'd be in Fate some future Ill to dash my present joy--Why *Jack*, why dost not ask me what's the matter?

Lat. If you'd but give me Leave——

Y. Book. No, do not speak——Let me talk all, I fain wou'd celebrate my fair one's Praise, her every Beauty! But the Mind's too full to utter any thing that is articulate, and will give way to nothing but mere Names and Interjections — Oh! —— *Victoria!* — *Victoria!* — *Victoria!* — Oh my *Victoria* — Read there.

Lat. Well, I own this subscrib'd *Victoria*—But still I am afraid of Mistakes.

Y. Book. No——Kneel down and ask Forgiveness——You don't believe that she that wou'd not speak to me wou'd write——But after all Raptures and Ecstasies——pr'ythee step after the Maid, learn what you can of her Fortune, and so forth—Get Interest to be admitted another time.

[*Exit Lat.*]

Enter

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sir, your Servant.

Y. Book. Yours, Sir, have you Business with me?

Fred. This Paper speaks it.

Y. Book. reading. *Of a Friend you've made me your mortal Enemy—With your Sword I expect Satisfaction to morrow Morning at six in Hide-Park. Lovemore.*

Do you know the Contents of this Letter?

Fred. Yes, Sir, it is a Challenge from Lovemore.

Y. Book. Are you to be his Second?

Fred. I offer'd it, but he will meet you single.

Y. Book. The fewer the better Cheer.

Fred. You're very pleasant, Sir.

Y. Book. My good Humour was ever Challenge Proof—I will be very punctual. [*Exit Fred.*] I fall into Business very fast—There, thou dear Letter of Love—Be there, thou of Hatred—There—Men of Business must sort their Papers—I fear he saw me put up two Letters.

Enter Latine.

Oh, *Jack*, more Adventures, another Lady has Writ.

Lat. Let's see it.

Y. Book. No, always tender of Rep.—she is of Quality—A Gentleman Usher came with it—I can't believe there's any thing in that old whim of being wrap'd in one's Mother's Smock to be thus lucky—I suppose I was used like other Children—They clap'd me on a Skull-cap—swath'd me hard, play'd me in Arms, and shew'd me London—But however it comes about, I have strange luck with the Women.

Lat. But let us see this Letter.

Y. Book. reading. No, no—*A Woman of Condition to go so far—But indeed your Passion—your Wit—My Page, at the back Stairs—Secrecy and your Veracity—*

Lat.

208 *The Lying Lover: Or,*

Lat. There her Ladyship nicked it——Pox, I'll be as humorous and frolick as you——you pert Fellows are the only successful——

Y. Book. Well said Lad——and as *Mr. Bays* says, now the Plot thickens upon us, we'll spend our time as gaily as the best of 'em—and all of it in Love——

*For since through all the Race of Man we find,
Each to some darling Passion is inclin'd,
Let Love be still the Bias of my Mind.* [Exeunt.] }



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Victoria and Betty.

Vic. **T**HIS was indeed, *Betty*, a very diverting Accident, that I should be employ'd to write to her Lover——now I can't but think how angry my Cousin *Pen.* is——she frets, I warrant, at her very Looking-glass, which us'd to be her Comforter upon all Occasions. Ha! ha! ha!

Bet. I would not be in poor Mrs. *Lettice's* Place for all the World——Nothing to be sure can please to Day; did you mind how she nestled and fum'd inwardly to see your Ladyship look so well?——Nay indeed, Madam, you were in high Beauty——

Vic. Yet I must confess I was my self a little discompos'd——I was asham'd for my Friend——and then to see her shew such a regard for a Fellow——

Bet. But I swear, were I to have my Will, you should be always angry at me——It gives your Ladyship such a pretty fierceness, and quick spirit to your Features——not that you want it——yet it adds——

Vic. There are some People very unhappily pretend to Fire and Life; there's poor stupid insipid Lady

Fad,

Fad, has heard of the word Spleen, and Distaste, and sets up for being out of Humour, with that unmeaning Face of hers.

Bet. You're in a fine Humour, Madam——

Viſt. Her Ladyship's Physician prescrib'd Anger to her—— upon which she comes in publick with her Eyes staringly open—— this she designs for Vivacity, and gapes about like a wandring Countrey Lady—— She pretends to be a Remarker, and looks at every Body—— But alas she wants it here—— and knows not that to see, is no more to look, than to go, is to walk—— For you must know, *Betty*, every Child can see——but 'tis an observing Creature that can look—— as every pretty Girl can go, but 'tis a fine Woman that walks.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Viſt. But by the way there's Mrs. *Penelope*, methinks, does neither; I have a Kindness for her, but she has no Gesture in the least—— My Dear——

Enter Penelope.

Pen. Well, my Dear——

Bet. How civilly People of Quality hate one another. [Aside.]

Pen. Well, my Dear, were not you strangely surpriz'd to see that this young *Bookwit* should be the Soldier we met this Morning?

Viſt. The confident lying Creature! Indeed I wonder'd you'd suffer him to entertain you so long.

Pen. You must know, Madam, he's married too at *Oxford*.

Viſt. The ugly Wretch! I think him downright disagreeable—— But perhaps this is a fetch of hers; he had no married Look. [Aside.]

Pen. Yet I am resolv'd to go to your Assignment, if it be but to confront the Coxcomb, and laugh at his

his Lies—— Such Fellows shou'd be made to know themselves, and that they're understood.

Vict. I'll wait upon you, my Dear—— She's very prettily drefs'd. [*Aside.*] But indeed, my Dear, you shan't go with your Hoods so—— It makes you look abominably, with your Head so forward—— There—— [*Displacing her Head.*] That's something—— You had before a fearful, silly, blushing Look—— Now you command all Hearts——

Pen. Thank you, my Dear——

Vict. Your Servant, Dearest——

Pen. But alas, Madam, who patch'd you to Day?— Let me see—— It is the hardest thing in Dress—— I may say without Vanity—— I know a little of it—— That so low on the Cheek pulps the Flesh too much—— Hold still, my Dear, I'll place it just by your Eye—— Now she downright squints. [*Aside.*]

Vict. There's nothing like a sincere Friend—— for one is not a judge of one's self—— I have a Patch-box about me. Hold, my Dear, that gives you a sedate Air, that large one near your Temples——

Pen. People, perhaps, don't mind these things—— But if it be true, as the Poet finely sings, *That all the Passions in the Features are*, we may shew, or hide 'em, as we know how to affix these pretty artificial Moles——

Vict. And so catch Lovers, and puzzle Physiognomy.

Pen. 'Tis true; then pray, my Dear, let me put a little Disdain in your Face—— For we'll plague this Fopp—— There—— that on your Forehead does it.

Vict. Hold, my Dear, I'll give Indifference for him, a Patch just at the Point of your Lip exactly shews it—— And that you're dumb to all Applications.

Pen. You wish I wou'd be.

Vict. There, my Dear.

Pen.

The Ladies Friendship.

211

Pen. But, dear Madam, your Hair is not half powder'd—— *Betty*, bring the Powder Box to your Lady—— It gives one a clean Look (tho' your Complexion does not want it) to enliven it.

Viola. Oh! fie, this from you! but I know you won't flatter me, you're too much my Friend.

Pen. Now, Madam, you shall see—— [*Powders her.* Now she looks like a Spright. [*Aside.*

Viola. Thank you, my Dear, we'll take an Hack—— Our Maids shall go with us—— Come, dear Friend.

[*Exe. Arm in Arm.*

Bet. Pray, Madam *Lettice*, be pleas'd to go on.

Let. Indeed, Madam *Betty*, I must beg your Pardon.

Bet. I am at home, dear Madam *Lettice*——

Let. Well, Madam, this is unkind—— I don't use you with this Ceremony—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Bookwit and Latine after a Flourish.

Y. Book. *Victoria! Victoria! Victoria!*

Lat. Make way, make way—— By your Leave—— Sand by—— *Victoria!*

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida Sylvas.

Y. Book. Well said, *Jack*—— Let me see any of your Sparks besides my self, keep such an Equipage! I don't question but in a little time I shall be a finer Fop than the Town has yet seen—— All my Lacquies shall be Linguists as thou art —— While thus I ride immortal Steeds—— How my Horses stare at me!—— They see I am a very new sort of Beau——

Lat. This is rare—— The having this Noise of Musick—— But won't it be reckon'd a Disturbance ——

Y. Book. No, no, it is an usual Gallantry here—— But the Vocal is an Elegance hardly known before me here—— who am the Founder of accomplish'd Fools—— of which I'll institute an Order—— All Coxcombs of Learning and Parts shall after me be call'd *Bookwits*—— A Sect will soon be more numerous, and in more Credit

Credit than your Aristotelians, Platonists and Academics——

Lat. Sir, 'twill be extraordinary, and you are really a wise Person——You put your Theory of Philosophy into Practice——'Tis not with you a dead Letter——

Y. Book. Oh ! Sir, no : The Design of Learning is for the use of Life——Therefore I'll settle a Family very suddenly, and shew my Literature in Oeconomy——

Lat. As how, pray ?

Y. Book. I'll have four Peripatetick Footmen, two Followers of *Aristippus* for *Valets de Chambre*, and an Epicurean Cook——with an Hermetical Chymist (who are good only at making Fires) for my Skullion, and then I think all is disposed——But, methinks, this Fair One takes state upon her——But I am none of your Languishers——I am not known in Town, and if I misbehave, 'tis but being sent back again to my small Beer, and three half-penny Commons——And I, like many another Beau, only blaz'd and vanish'd——

Lat. But you know I love Musick immoderately——How do you dispose your Entertainment, let 'em begin——

Y. Book. Well, give me but leave——The Fiddles will certainly attract the Ladies, I mean the Nymphs who have Grotto's round this enchanted Forest——In the first place, you Intelligences that move this Vehicle——How the Fellows stare !

Chair. Good your Honour, speak to us in *English*——

Y. Book. Why then you Chairmen——wherever I move you are to follow me——For I mean to strut, shine through the Dusk of the Evening, and look as like a lazy Town Fool as I can, to charm 'em——

Lat. Well, but the Musick——

Y. Book.

Y. Book. But remember, ye Sons of *Phæbus*, Brethren of the String, and Lyre; that is to say, ye Fiddlers——Let me have a Flourish as I now direct——When I lift up my Cane, let it be Martial——If I but throw my self just forward on it, or but raise it smoothly——Sigh all for Love, to shew, as I think fit——That I wou'd die, or fight for her you see me bow to——Well then strike up——

SONG, by Mr. *Leveridge.*

I.

*Venus has left her Grecian Isles,
With all her gaudy Train
Of little Loves, soft Cares and Smiles,
In my larger Breast to reign.*

II.

*Ye tender Herds and list'ning Deer,
Forget your Food, forget your Fear,
The bright Victoria will be here.*

III.

*The Savages about me throng,
Mov'd with the Passion of my Song,
And think Victoria stays too long.*

Y. Book. There's for you, *Jack*; is not that like a fine Gentleman that writes for his own Diversion?

Lat. And no bodies else.

Y. Book. Now I warrant one of your common Sparks would have stamp'd, fretted and cry'd, What the Devil! fool'd! jilted! abus'd! while I in Metre, to shew you how well nothing at all may be made to run ———

The

*The Savages about me throng,
Mov'd with the Passion of my Song,
And think Victoria stays too long.*

Lat. I begin to be one of those Savages.

Enter Victoria, Penelope, Lettice and Betty.

Vict. We had better have stayed where we were, and listned to that charming Echo, than have come in Search of that Liar.

Lat. Do you see yonder?

Y. Book. [*Gives the Sign and sings himself*] Thus, Madam, have I spent my time almost ever since I saw you, repeated your Name to the Woods, the Dales, and ecchoing Groves——

Pen. Pr'ythee observe him—— Now he begins——

Y. Book. I had not time to carve your Name on every Tree, but that's a melancholy Employment, not for those Lovers that are favour'd with Affignation——

Vict. Pry'thee, Cousin, do you talk to him in my Name—— I'll be silent till I see farther——

Pen. The Spring is now so forward, that it must indeed be attributed to your Passion that you are not in the Field——

Y. Book. You do me Justice, Madam, in that Thought, for I am strangely pester'd to be there—— Well, the *French* are the most industrious People in the World——I had a Letter from one of their Generals, that shall be nameless (it came over by the way of *Holland*) with an Offer of very great Terms, if I would but barely send my Opinion in the Use of Pikes—— about which he tells me their Prince and Generals have lately held a grand Court Martial——

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Lat. These cunning things keep still together to puzzle us——I'll alarm him——Sir, one Word——

Vict.

Vid. Come, come, we'll have no whispering, no Messages at present——Some other Ladies have sent, but they shan't have you from us——

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Y. Book. I hold my self oblig'd to be of the same Humour Ladies are in——Ha! ha! ha!——Now pray do me the Favour to tell me what I laugh'd at.

Pen. Why you must know——Your talking of the *French* and War, put us in mind of a young Coxcomb that came last Night from *Oxford*, calls himself Soldier, treats Ladies, fights Battels, raises Jealousies with downright Lies of his own inventing; ha! ha! ha!

Y. Book. That must be an impudent young Rascal certainly; ha! ha! ha!

Vid. Nay, this is beyond Comparison——

Y. Book. I can't conceive how one of those sneaking Academicks cou'd personate such a Character: for we bred in Camps! have a Behaviour that shews we are us'd to act before Crouds——

Pen. 'Tis certainly so——Nay, he has been confronted with it, as plainly as I speak to you, and yet not blush'd for it, but carry'd it as if he knew not the Man——

Y. Book. That may be——'tis want of knowing themselves, makes those Coxcombs so confident.

Pen. The Faithless! Shameless! Well then, to see if possible such a one may be brought to that Sense, I tell you, this worthy Heroe two Days ago was in Hanging-sleeves at *Oxford*, and is called Mr. *Bookwit*. Ha! ha!

Y. Book. Well, was it not well enough carry'd——Poo, I knew you well enough, and you knew me, before you writ to me for Mr. *Bookwit's* Son——But I fell into that way of talking purely to divert you——I knew you a Woman of Wit and Spirit——and that acting that part would at least shew I had Fire in me, and wish'd

wish'd my self what I would be half an Age to serve and please you—Suffer in Camps, all the Vicissitudes of burning Heats and sharp afflicting Colds——

Viç. Look you, Sir, I shall tell Mrs. *Matilda Newton*, your Spouse at *Oxford*, what you are saying to another Lady.——

Pen. Pr'ythee Cousin, never give your self the Trouble to meddle in such a Work——one hardly knows how to speak it to a Gentleman, but don't touch the Affairs of so impudent a Liar——

Y. Book. Ha! ha! ha!——Why, Madam, have they told you of the Marriage too?——Well, I was hard put to it there—I had like to have been gravell'd, Faith——you were more beholden to me for that, than any thing—Had it not been for that, they had marry'd me to Mrs. *Penelope*, old *Getwel's* Grandaughter. The great Fortune——But I refus'd her for you—who are a greater—— [Aside.]

Lat. Sir, Sir, pray Sir, one Word——

Pen. and *Viç.* Stand off, Sirrah.

Viç. You shan't come near him, none of your dumb Signs.

Pen. Then you have refus'd *Penelope*, tho' a great Fortune——what cou'd you dislike in her?

Y. Book. The whole Woman——Her Person, nor Carriage please me——She is one of those Women of Condition, who do and say what they please with an assur'd Air, and think that's enough, only to be call'd fine Mistress such-a-ones manner——

Pen. This is not to be endur'd—I do assure you, Sir, Mrs. *Penelope* has refus'd your Betters.

Y. Book. I don't much value my Betters in her Judgment—But am sorry to see you concern'd for her. When I have been at Church, where I first saw you—I've seen the gay giddy thing in a Gallery watching Eyes to make Curtseys—She is indeed a very Ceremonious

Church-

Church-woman, and never is guilty of a Sin of Omission to any Lady of Quality, within Eye-shot— In short, I don't like the Woman, and wou'd go to *Tunis* or *Aleppo* for a Wife, before I'd take her —

Viſt. I cannot bear this of my Friend: if you go on, Sir, at this rate, *Tunis* or *Aleppo* are the properest Places for you to shew your Gallantry in— 'twill never be received by any here—I hope she believes me. [*Aside.*

Pen. The Lady's in the right on't,— who can confide in a known common Impostor?

Y. Book. Ah Madam! how can you use a Man that loves you so unjustly?— But call me what you will, Liar, Cheat, Impostor— do but add, your Servant, and I am satisfy'd—— I have indeed, Madam, ran through many Shifts in Hopes to gain you—and cou'd be contented to run through all the Shapes in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, cou'd I but return to this on my bended Knees, of my Fair one's Humble Servant.

Viſt. Pr'ythee let us leave him— as you told me, I wonder you can suffer him to entertain you so long—— Leave him, let him kneel to the Trees and call to the Woods—— if he will—— Oh, I could brain him— how ugly he looks kneeling to her. [*Aside.*

Pen. No, I'll stay to plague him more—— But what Opinion can I have of this sudden Passion—— You hardly know me, I believe, or my Circumstances?——

Y. Book. No, no, not I—— I don't know you—— Your Mother was not *Alderman Sterling's* Daughter—— Your Father *Mr. Phillips* of *Grays-Inn*, who had an Estate and never practis'd? You had not a Brother kill'd at *Landen*? Your Sister *Diana* is not dead; nor you are not Co-heiress with *Miss Molly*,—— no, Madam, I don't know you, no, nor love you?

Pen. I wish I had taken her Advice in going—— He means her all this while—— Pshaw, this is down-

L

right

218 *The Lying Lover : Or,*

right tooling. Let's go, my Dear, leave him to the Woods, as you say. I wish 'twas full of Bears. [*Aside.*

Vict. No——Now I'll stay to plague him.

Pen. No, you shan't stay——Sir, we have given our selves the diversion to see you, and confront you in your Falshoods; in which you have intangled your self to that degree, you know not even the Woman you pretend to; and therefore, Sir, I so far despise you, that if you should come after me with your Fiddles——I'll have a Porter——Ready to let you in. [*Aside.*

Vict. I don't know how to threaten a Gentleman in that manner: but I'm sure I shall never entertain any Man that has disoblig'd my Friend, while my Name's *Victoria*—— [*Exeunt Arm in Arm.*

Lat. Master——methinks these Ladies don't understand Wit——They were very rough with you.

Y. Book. Ay, they were somewhat dull——But really *Victoria* discover'd her self at her going, methinks, agreeably enough——

Lat. I believe they are irrecoverably lost——Pox on't, when I gave you so many Signs too——

Y. Book. Well, hang thinking——Let's to the Tavern, and in every Glass name a new Beauty; 'till I either forget, or am inspir'd with some new Project to attain her.

While in a lovely Bowl I drown my Care,

She'll cease to be, or I to think her, fair. [*Exeunt.*



A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Covent Garden.*

Enter Young Bookwit and Latine.

Y. Book. **T**HIS Roebuck has almost done my Business——*Rigby's* an honest Fellow, and wou'd not poison us. The Wine had good Humour, Mirth, and Joy in't——My Blood beats high and frolick: What says my dear Lacquie? ha!

Lat. Why, Sir, I say, Sir, that I am in so noble so exalted a Condition, that I almost forget I am your Honour's Footman——

Y. Book. Do but your Business well to Night——

Lat. Who says the Tongue stutters, Legs falter, and Eyes fail with Drink——'Tis false, my dear Master, my Tongue runs faster than ever——My Legs so brisk and nimble, that I can't stand still; and my Eyes are better than ever they were; for I see every thing double——But the Letter, the Letter, I warrant I give it her.

Y. Book. Here, here, *Jack*, take it.

Lat. Let's come nearer the Lamp——This is the foul Copy of it that 'tis wrap'd in——Let me judge——Now I'll be sedate——Let me read it again.

Y. Book. But you look cursedly fluster'd——They'll say you're drunk——Let's see, I must comb your Wig a little.

Lat. I shall be kick'd for this Letter here about the middle——You shou'd not talk of Joys so soon——You shou'd write miserable a Fortnight, or three Weeks longer——I shall be kick'd.

L 2

Y. Book.

Y. Book. What then? what then? A Man of your Philosophy must needs remember—the Body's but the mere Organ of the Mind—Kicks come under the Topick of things without—What shall I do for Powder for this smart Bob. [*Combs out his own Wig into Lat.*

Lat. 'Tis no matter, Sir; Powder comes under the Notion of things without.

Y. Book. Oh! but Ladies are no Philosophers; but as to being drub'd (these Stockings too) you must fix your Imagination upon some other Object, and you may by force of Thought suspend your Feeling—The Body is but the Instrument of the Mind—and you may command an Instrument.

Lat. No, Sir, I'll have you to know, I'll save my Carcass by mere dint of Eloquence. You have no other Orders? —

Y. Book. No: but may Persuasion, Grace, and Elocution hang on thy Lips—But if you can come in to *Victoria*, she and the Wine you've drank will inspire you. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Lat. This is the enchanted Castle which the Lady fair inhabits. Ha! Mr. *Simon*, Sir, I am your most humble Servant——My dear Friend——

Enter Simon.

Sim. Your Servant, good Sir, my Lady is with Madam *Victoria* at Cards—She'll lye here to Night—But all's ruin'd—They are both huge angry with your Master. But *Lettice* having taken a Fancy to you, Mr. *John*, spoke up rarely, that she did indeed.

Lat. Can't one come to the Speech of her?

Sim. I was order'd to have a strict Eye to the Door, and let no Body in whatever—I don't care for going up, because she'll see I have made a Cap of one of the finest Napkins, for which she'll make a plaguy Noise.

Lat. Nay, nay, you are exactly of my mind, I love to avoid Anger.

Sim.

The Ladies Friendship.

221

Sim. You are a little disguis'd in Drink tho', Mr. *John* — But I han't seen you, not I — Go strait up — Mrs. *Lettice* is in the Anti-Chamber.

Lat. I thank you, dear Friend. My Master bids me upon these Occasions — [Gives him Money.]

Sim. I beg your Pardon, good Mr. *John*.

Lat. Look you, I am a Servant as well as you, what do you mean, Mr. *Simon*? Come, come, Time's precious — When your Lady's marry'd all these Vales will end —

Sim. Nay, I said behind your Back, Mr. *John*, that you were very well spoken — Well — Put up briskly. I'll stand your Friend as much as one Servant can to another, against all Masters and Mistresses whatever.

Lat. Thanks good Mr. *Simon*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE opens and discovers *Lettice* reading by a small Candle, two large ones by her unlighted.

Let. 'Tis a most sad thing, one dare not light a large Candle, except Company's coming in — and I scarce can see to read this piteous Story — Well, in all these Distresses and Misfortunes, the faithful *Argalus* was renown'd all over the Plains of *Arca* — *Arca* — *Arcadia* — for his loyal and true Affection to his charming Paramour, *Parthenia* — Blessings on his Heart for it — — there are no such Suitors now-a-days — [Weeping.] But I hope they'll come together again at the end of the Book — and marry, and have several Children — Oh! Bless me! A Man here! [Turns over the Leaves.] The Gentleman's pretty Man — [Aside.]

Enter *Latine*.

I wonder by what means, with that Impudence, you could offer to come up Stairs, at this time o'th' Night — and my Lady in the next Room — I protest I'll cry out. [In a low Voice all.]

Lat. Dear Mrs. *Lettice*, my Love to you — [Aloud.]

Let. Hift—hift! I am methinks, however, loath to discover you, because Servants must do as they're bid——for I know it was not to see me——but some Message from your Master you came about.

Lat. I offer'd to bring a Letter from him, in hopes to see you, my Dearest. I'll not give it at all, I don't care, my Dearest. [*Kisses her Hand.*]

Let. Pho! pho! now you are rude, because you know one dare not discover you——You do what you will. How he kisses one's hand——I warrant he has kiss'd his betters——Pray, did you never live in a Lady's Service?

Lat. No, nor do I value any of the Sex but your dear self, Mrs. Lettice.—I wou'd be discover'd. [*Aside.* I'm in a Rapture! in a Flame!

Pen. within. Who's there? [*Voice within.*]

Let. Hift! hift! cou'd not you have forc'd a Kiss quietly——Madam——Madam——Hold me fast——Shew the Letter, my Lady's coming——I tell you, Sir, she will receive no Message at all——Get you down Stairs, you impudent! Hold me faster yet, she loves your Master. [*Sofly aside to Latine.*]

Enter Penelope and Victoria.

Pen. What can this mean?——What Fellow's that has seiz'd the Wench?

Let. Madam, Madam, here's Mr. Bookwit's Footman drunk, and has directly stole up Stairs with some ill Design, I fear, on me——But has a Letter from his Master to your Ladyship.

Pen. Call up the Servants; *Simon, William, Kate, Alse*; I'll have the Rascal well basted for his Insolence——Serv'd just as his Master deserves.

Lat. kneeling. Let not those Lips, more sweet than Labour of *Hyblean* Bees, utter a Sentence, as if a *Libyan* Lioness on a Mountain gave thee suck, and thou wert the obdurate Offspring of a Rock.

Vict.

Vict. Hyblaan! Libyan! Obdurate! Ridiculous—
The Fellow has got his Master's Cant! ha! ha! ha!

Pen. I'll put him out of it, I'll warrant you—
What, will no one come up there?

Enter Servants with Brooms, &c.

Lat. Oh! for the force of Eloquence to allay and
reconcile the Passions of this angry Mansion—
I had like to have said plain House, which had been
against the Laws of Buskin, in which I wou'd at pre-
sent talk.

Pen. Did you ever hear any thing like this? Ha!
ha!

Maid. Madam, shall I beat him?

Lat. Ah culinarily Fair, compose thy Rage; thou
whose more skilful Hand is still employ'd in Offices
for the Support of Nature, descend not from thy self,
thou bright Cook-maid—There I sunk again!
With heightned Gusts and quickning Tastes, by you
what wou'd be Labour else is made Delight. Thou
great Robust, let not thy Hand all red assault a Life:
it rather should preserve.

Maid. Good Madam, excuse me, I can't touch him:
—I have Bowels for him. *[Weeping.]*

Sim. I wish I had his Learning, I'll warrant he
buys in every thing wherever he lives—

Lat. This, Madam, this faithful Paper tells you
the Passions of the tenderest Heart that ever bled for
cruel Maid—Oh *Victoria!* Did you but hear his Sighs,
his restless Hours!—how often he repeats *Victo-*
ria!

Let. *Victoria!* Then I find this is none on't meant
to my Lady — Nor to me neither—The Master
and Man are both Rogues. *[Aside.]*

Pen. Receive your seasonable Epistle now at Mid-
night.

Vict. He can't mean me—To you he all along ad-
dress'd

dress'd—Wou'd I cou'd read it without her. [*Aside.*

Pen. To shew you I value neither Author nor Bearer of it—Kick the Fellow down.

Lat. Nay, Madam, since matters must come to Extremities, I'd rather have the Honour of your Ladyship's Command, to be cudgel'd by your good Family, than have it from my Master—A disappointed Lover in his Rage will strike Stone-walls, and things inanimate, much more a poor live Footman. Therefore I must deliver my Message — I'll read it to you Ladies, for I see you are Friends.

Pen. Away with him.

Lat. *If the Sincerity of my Intentions were not—*

Let. Get out, false Wretch.

Lat. *Demonstrable, in spite of—*

Maid. Take that—

Lat. *These Accidents, in which I have been involv'd, I should not dare to tell you how alternately Joys, Raptures, Ecstasies, Miseries, Doubts, and Anxieties do attack a Breast devoted to you.*

Whither shall injur'd Virtue fly for shelter,

When Love and Honour suffer thus in me!

Oh! I cou'd rage, call Elements about me, spout Cataclysms—

Must I be drub'd with Broom-staves? [*Ex. Lat.*

Pen. Come in, my Dear, again—The Night is cold. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lovemore and Frederick.

Love. It is so pleasant a Night, that I will see you over the Garden to your Lodgings—

Fred. That Compliment won't pass upon me—Your Reason for sauntering this way is that 'tis near Penelope's.

Love. I come for her sake! No; shou'd she write, beseech, kneel to me, I think I ne'er should value her more. No, I'll be no longer her Tool, her Jest;

Jest; she shall not dally with a Passion she deserves not——

Fred. 'Twere very well, were this Resolution in your Power; but believe me, Friend, one Smile, one Glance that were but doubtful, whether favourable, wou'd conquer all your Indignation.

Love. Faith, I'm afraid what you say is true.

Fred. Then strive not to be rationally mad, which you attempt, if you think you can at once be at your own Command and at another's——Wou'd you be Master of your self, and have a Mistress?

Love. But I can rebel against that Mistress.

Fred. Do if you can—Nay, I'm sure 'tis in your Power, because to-morrow Morning you are to fight a Rival for her—because tho' you know she lies backwards, and you can't so much as see her Chamber-Window, you must needs walk hither—Well, I protest I'm of your Mind; there is methinks now a particular amiable Gloom about that House—Tho' perhaps to ordinary Beholders it is exactly like the others.

Love. You are very witty, I must confess, at your Friend's Follies, Mr. *Frederick*.

Fred. I won't then any longer disturb your Meditation, but e'en go home like a dull Rogue as I am, and without Love enough to any Woman, or Hatred enough to any Man to keep me awake——fall fast asleep——I was going to wish you Rest, but you are above all that——If it should rain, I'd advise you not to forget it does——but go into the *Piazza*. [*Exit.*]

Love. 'Tis very well, I am deservedly laugh'd at—But the Door opens——*Bookwit's* Footman! [*Latine crosses the Stage.*] The Master I suppose is there too: I'll watch for his coming out——The Morning approaches too slowly——He shall not sleep to Night except it be for ever——Oh Revenge! Oh Jealousie!——

Enter Young Bookwit, with Bottle and Glass, singing.

*Y. Book. Since the Day of poor Man,
That little little Span,
Tho' long it can't last,
For the Future and past
Is spent with Remorse and Despair:*

*With such a full Glass
Let that of Life pass,
'Tis made up of Trouble,
A Storm tho' a Bubble,
There's no Bliss but forgetting your Care.*

*I wonder what's become of poor Latine, I wish he
had a Bumper of this — [Drinks.*

*Love. I have no Patience to observe his insolent
Jollity; how immoderately joyful my Misery has made
him! Bookwit!*

Y. Book. Lovemore?

*Love. What, Sir! are you diverting the Thought
of to-morrow Morning's Business with Midnight
Riot? Or is it an Assignment keeps you out of Bed
thus late?*

*Y. Book. An Hour or two till Morning is not much
in either of our Lives——Therefore I must tell you
now, Sir, I am ready for your Message.*

*Love. That conscious Light and Stars are Witnes-
ses of——*

*Y. Book. I want no Witnesses——I have a Sword,
as you bid me meet you. [They draw and fight.*

Love. You've done my Business. [Falls.

*Y. Book. Then I've done what you desir'd me. But
this is no place for me, [Exit.*

Enter

Enter Constable and Watchmen.

Const. Where, where was this clashing of Swords?
so ho! so ho! you Sir, what are you dead, speak
Friend, what are you afraid of? If you are dead, the
Law can't take hold of you.

Watch. I beg your Pardon, Mr. *Constable*, he ought
by the Law to be carried to the Round-house for be-
ing dead at this time of Night.

Const. Then away with him you three——
And you, Gentlemen, follow me, to find out who
kill'd him. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Simon.

Sim. What's the matter, good Gentlemen, what's
the matter! Oh me!—— Mr. *Lovemore* kill'd——
Oh me! My Mind gives me that it must be about
our young Lady.

Watch. Does it so, Sir, then you must stay with us.

[*Some hold Simon, whilst others carry Lovemore off.*]

Sim. I stay with you! Oh gemini! Indeed I can't.

—— They can't be without me at our House.

Watch. But they must, Friend—— Hark'e, Friend,

—— I hope you'll be hang'd [*Whispers him.*]

Sim. I hang'd! pray, Sir, take care of your words.
Madam Penelope's, our young Lady's Servant hang'd!
take care what you say.

Enter Latine.

Lat. Whither can this *Bookwit* be gone?

Sim. Oh! Mr. *John*, Mr. *Lovemore* is kill'd just
now, since you went out of our House; and you
and your Master must have an hand in't.

Lat. How! *Lovemore* kill'd! [*They seize Latine.*]

Enter others with young Bookwit.

X. Book. Hands off, you dirty Midnight Rascals—
Let me go, or——

Const. Sir, what were you running so fast for——
There's a Man kill'd in the Garden, and you're a fine
Gen-

Gentleman, and it must be you — for good honest People only beat one another——

Lat. Nay, nay, we are all in a fair way to be fine Gentlemen, Mr. *Simon* and all——

Const. Hands off Rascals, you said just now—— do you know what a Constable is?

T. Book. The greatest Man in the Parish, when all the rest are asleep.

Const. Come, come—— I find they are desperate Fellows, we'll to the Justice, and commit 'em immediately. I'll teach Rascals to speak High-Treason against a Petty Constable—— [Exeunt.

Enter Frederick, and Old Bookwit.

O. Book. You well may be surpriz'd at my waiting here for your coming home—— But you'll pardon me, since it is to ease me of an Anxiety that keeps me waking.

Fred. I shall be very glad if I am capable of doing that.

O. Book. You knew my *Tom* at *Oxford*—— and I believe were not so hard a Student, but you made some Acquaintance in the Town——Therefore, pray tell me—— do you know Mr. *Newtown* there?—— his Family, Descent and Fortune?

Fred. What *Newtown*?

O. Book. I'll tell you, Sir, what you young Fellows take most notice of old ones for—— a Token that you needs must know him by—— He is the Father of the fair *Matilda*, your celebrated Beauty of that Town.

Fred. I assure you, Sir, I never heard of the Father or Daughter, 'till this Instant—— therefore I'm confident there's no such Beauty——

O. Book. Oh Sir, I know your drift—— you're tender of informing me for my Son's sake!—— He told me all himself—— I know all the Progress of his Love with the young Lady—— How he was taken
in

in the Night in her Bed-chamber by his Pistol going of—the Family disturbance that was rais'd upon't, which he compos'd by marrying— I know it all —

Fred. Is *Tom Bookwit* then married at *Oxford*?

O. Book. He is indeed, Sir, therefore our Affairs are now so link'd that 'twill be an ill Office both to the *Newtowns*, and to us, to conceal any thing from me, that relates to them.

Fred. A Man can't be said to conceal what he does not know.—But it seems, it was Mr. *Bookwit* gave you this Account himself——

O. Book. Yes, Sir, I told you, Sir, I had it from himself——

Fred. Then I'm sure there was nothing left out, he never tells a Story by halves——

O. Book. Why then you think my Son's a Liar.

Fred. Oh fie, Sir, but he enlivens a mere Narration with variety of Accidents — to be plain, his Discourse gains him more Applause than Credit—— You could not, I believe, have married your Son to a less expensive Lady in *England*, than this Mrs. *Matilda*—— I'll be sworn you'll avoid all the Charge of gay Dress, high Play, and stately Child-birth—— you understand me, Sir?——

O. Book. I never could see any thing in my Son, that's disingenuous, to put his aged Father to this Shame.

Fred. Never fret or grieve for't—He told *Love-more* this Morning, such a Relation of his feasting Ladies, and I know not what—that he has brought a Tilt upon his Hands, to-morrow Morning—— therefore keep him at Home—— I'll to his Adversary, so we'll convince him of a fault which has so ill (tho' not intended) Consequences.

O. Book. You'll highly oblige me, Sir. I'll trouble you no longer.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE *Newgate. Young Bookwit, Latine, Simon, Storm, with the Crowd of Jail-birds.*

Storm. I apprehend, Sir, by Mr. *Turnkey*, the Gentleman there with a broken Nose, that you're brought in for Murther——I honour you, Sir,——I don't question but 'twas done like a Gentleman——

Y. Book. I hope it will appear so.

Storm. I come, I fear, Sir, to your Acquaintance with some Prejudice, because you see me thus in Irons——but Affliction is the Portion of the Virtuous and the Gallant——

Y. Book. It does not depress, Sir, but manifest the Brave.

Storm. Right, Sir. I find you're noble— you may perhaps have heard of me——my Name is *Storm*——This Person my Friend, who is called *Faggot*, and my self being expos'd by an ungrateful World, to feel its Cruelty and Contempt of ragged Virtue——made War upon it——and in open Day infested their High-Road.

Y. Book. Your humble Servant, Gentlemen— I do conceive you—— your Spirits could not stoop to Barter on the Change, to sneer in Courts, to Lie, to Flatter, or to Creep for Bread——You therefore chose rather to prey like Lions, than betray like Crocodiles, or fawn like Dogs— you took upon you to interrupt the Commerce of a cheating World——to unload the Usurer of his anxious Pelf—— and save the thoughtless landed Boy, he travell'd to undo—with a thousand such good Actions, by which means you two are Infamous, for what two millions of you had been Glorious.

Storm. Right, Sir,—— I see you're knowing, Sir, and learned in Man——This Gentleman, Mr. *Charcole*
the

the Chymist, was our secret Correspondent, and as we never robb'd a poor Man—— so he never chear'd a Fool—— But still impos'd on your most sprightly Wits and Genius—— Fellows of Fire, and Metal, whose quick Fancies and eager Wishes form'd Reasons for their undoing—— He is a Follower of the great *Raimundus Lullius*; the Publick think to frighten him into their own purposes—— But he'll leave the ungrateful World without the Secret——

Char. You know, Sir, he that first asserted the Antipodes, dy'd for that Knowledge; and I, Sir, having found out the Melioration of Metals, the Ignorant will needs call it Coining—and I am to be hang'd for't, would you think it?

Y. Book. When, pray Sir, are you to be immortal?

Char. On *Friday* next—— I'm very unhappy our Acquaintance is to be short—— I'm very sorry your Business is not over, Sir, that if it must be, we might go together.

Y. Book. I'm highly oblig'd to you, Sir.

Char. Yet let me tell you, Sir, because by secret Sympathy I'm yours—— I must acquaint you, if you can obtain the Favour of an Opportunity and a Crucible—— I can shew Projection—— directly *Sol*, Sir, *Sol*, Sir, more bright than that high Luminary the *Latines* call'd so—— Wealth shall be yours—— We'll turn each Bar about us into Golden Ingots—— Sir, can you lend me half a Crown?

Y. Book. Oh, Sir, a Trifle between such old Acquaintance.

Storm. You'll be indited, Sir, to-morrow—— I would advise you, when your Indictment's read—— to one Thing—— that is—— don't cavil at false *Latin*; but if by chance there should be a Word of good, except to that, and puzzle the whole Court.

Y. Book.

Y. Book. Sir, I'm oblig'd——

Storm. I defie the World to say, I ever did an ill Thing. I love my Friend—but there is always some little Trifle given to Prisoners, they call Garnish; we of the Road are above it, but o't'other side of the House, silly Rascals that came voluntarily hither—Such as are in for Fools, sign'd their own *Mittimus*, in being bound for others, may perhaps want it: I'll be your faithful Almoner.

Y. Book. O, by all means, Sir— [*Gives him Money.*]

Storm. Pray, Sir, is that your Footman?

Y. Book. He is my Friend, Sir.

Storm. Look you, Sir, the only time to make use of a Friend is in Extremity; do you think you cou'd not hang him, and save your self? Sir, my Service to you, your own Health.

1 *Pris.* Captain, your Health.

[*Gives it to the next Prisoner.*]

2 *Pris.* Captain, your Health.

Storm. But perhaps the Captain likes Brandy better.—— So ho! Brandy there—— [*Drinks.*] But you don't perhaps like these strong Liquors—— Sider ho!— Drinks to him in it— Gentlemen all— But Captain, I see you don't love Sider neither—— You and I will be for Claret then—— Ay marry! I knew this would please [*Drinks,*] you. [*Drinks again.*] Faith we'll make an end on't, I'm glad you like it.

Turn. I'm sorry, Captain *Storm*, to see you impose upon a Gentleman. and put him to Charge in his Misfortune—— If a Petty Larceny Fellow had done this—— But one of the Road!

Storm. I beg your pardon, Sir, I don't question but the Captain understands there is a Fee to you for going to the Keeper's side. [*Book. and Latine give him Money.*] [*Exeunt Turnkey, Simon following.*] Nay, nay, you must stay here.

Sim.

Sim. Why I am *Simon*, Madam *Penelope's* Man.

Storm. Then Madam *Penelope's* Man must strip for Garnish; indeed, Master *Simon*, you must.

Sim. Thieves! Thieves! Thieves!

Storm. Thieves! Thieves! Why you senseless Dog! do you think there's Thieves in *Newgate*? Away with him to the Tap-house. [*Pushes him off.*] We'll drink his Coat off. Come, my little Chymist, thou shalt transmute this Jacket into Liquor, Liquor that will make us forget the evil Day — And while Day is ours, let us be merry.

*For little Villains must submit to Fate,
That great Ones may enjoy the World in State.*

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T



A C T V. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *Newgate.*

S C E N E *opens, and discovers Bookwit on a Couch asleep, Latine looking on him.*

Lat. **H**OW quietly he rests! Oh that I could, by watching him, hanging thus over him, and feeling all his Care, protract his Sleep! Oh Sleep! thou sweetest Gift of Heaven to Man, Still in thy downy Arms embrace my Friend, Nor loose him from his inexistent Trance To sense of Yesterday, and pain of Being; In thee th' Oppressors sooth their angry Brow, In thee th' Oppress'd forget Tyrannick Pow'r, In thee——

The Wretch condemn'd is equal to his Judge,
And the sad Lover to his cruel Fair;
Nay, all the shining Glories Men pursue,
When thou art wanted, are but empty Noise;
Who then wou'd court the Pomp of guilty Power,
When the Mind sickens at the weary Shew,
And flies to temporary Death for Ease;
When half our Life's Cessation of our Being——
He awakes——

How do I pity that returning Life,
Which I cou'd hazard thousand Lives to save!

R. Book, How heavily do I awake this Morning!
Oh this senseless drinking! To suffer a whole Week's
Pain for an Hour's Jollity——Methinks my Senses are
burning round me——I have but interrupted Hints
of the last Night——Ha; in a Goal; Oh! I remember,
I remember: Oh *Lovemore! Lovemore!* I remember——

Lat.

Lat. You must have Patience, and bear it like a Man.

Y. Book. Oh! whither shall I run, t'avoid my self?
Why all these Bars? These bolted Iron Gates?
They're needless to secure me——Here, here's my Rack,

My Goal, my Torture——

Oh! I can't bear it——I cannot bear the rushing
Of new Thoughts——

Fancy expands my Senses to Distraction,
And my Soul stretches to that boundless Space,
To which I've sent my wretched, wretched Friend.
Oh! *Latine! Latine!* Is all our Mirth and Humour
Come to this?

Give me thy Bosom, close in thy Bosom hide me
From thy Eyes, I cannot bear their Pity or Re-
proach——

Lat. Dear *Bookwit*, how heartily I love you——I
don't know what to say——But pray have Pati-
ence.

Y. Book. If you can't bear my Pain, that's but com-
municated by your Pity——how shall I my proper
inborn Woe, my wounded Mind?

Lat. In all Assaults of Fortune that should be se-
rene,

Not in the Power of Accident or Chance——

Y. Book. Words! Words! all that is but mere Talk;
Perhaps indeed to undeserv'd Affliction
Reason and Argument may give Relief,
Or in the known Vicissitudes of Life,
We may feel Comfort by our self-persuasion.
But oh! there is no talking away Guilt:
This Divine Particle will ake for ever.
There is no Help but whence I dare not ask;
When this material Organ's indispos'd
Juleps can cool, and Anodines give Rest,

But

But nothing mix with this celestial Drop,
But Dew from that high Heav'n of which 'tis part.

Lat. May that high Heav'n compose your Mind,
And reconcile you to your self.

Y. Book. How can I hope it!——

No——I must descend from Man,
Grovel on Earth, nor dare look up again!
Oh *Lovemore!* *Lovemore!* where is he now?
Oh! Thinking, Thinking, why didst thou not come
sooner,

Or not now!——

My Thoughts do so confuse me now,——as my
Folly and Pleasures did before this fatal Accident,——
that I cannot recollect whence *Lovemore* was provok'd
to challenge me.

Lat. You know, dear *Bookwit*, I fear'd some Ill
from a careless way of talking——But alas! I dreamt
not of so great——

Y. Book. Ay there it was——He was naturally a
little jealous! Heav'ns, do I say he was! I talk'd to
him of Ladies, Treats, and he might possibly be-
lieve 'twas where he had engag'd——I remember his
serious Behaviour on that Subject——Oh this un-
happy Tongue of mine!

Thou lawless voluble destroying Foe,
That still run'st on, nor wait'st Command of Reason,
Oh! I cou'd tear thee from me——

Lat. Did you not expostulate before the Action?

Y. Book. He wou'd have don't; but I flush'd with
the Thoughts of Duelling——press'd on——
Thus for the empty Praise of Fools, I'm solidly un-
happy.

Lat. You take it too deeply——Your Honour
was concern'd.

Y. Book. Honour! the horrid Application of that
sacred Word, to a Revenge 'gainst Friendship, Law
and

and Reason, is a damn'd last shift of the damn'd envious Foe of Human Race. The routed Fiend projected this but since th' expansive glorious Law from Heav'n came down——Forgive.

Enter Turn-key.

Turn. Gentlemen, I come to tell you that you have the Favour to be carried in Chairs to your Indictment, to which you must go immediately.

Lat. We are ready, Sir.

T. Book. How shall I bear the Eye-shot of the Crowd in Court? *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E, Frederick's Lodgings.

Enter Lovemore in a Serjeant's Gown, and Frederick.

Love. Mankind is infinitely beholden to this noble Stiprick, that cou'd produce such wonderful Effects so suddenly: But tho' my Wound was very slight, I'm weak by the Effusion of so much Blood.——

Fred. Yet after all, you have not lost enough to cool your Passion. Your Heart still beats *Penelope*, *Penelope*——But in this Disguise you have Opportunity for Observation; you'll see whether you ought still to value her or not: I'm glad you thought of being brought hither as soon as you came to your self; I expect old *Bookwit* every Moment here——

Enter Old Bookwit.

There he is——

O. Book. Oh! Mr. *Frederick*——Too late, too late was our Care: They met last Night, and then the fatal Act was done——You'll excuse, Sir, a Father's Sorrow——I can't speak much, but you may guess what I hope from you.

Fred. You may depend upon ingenuous Usage in the Prosecution; I'm going instantly to *Penelope's* with this learned Gentleman to know what she can say to this

matter—I desir'd you in the Note I sent you to purchase the Favour of your Son's being brought thither, where he and you may be Witnesses of what shall pass—I seek not his Blood, nor wou'd neglect a Justice to my deceas'd Friend.

O. Book. I believe my Son and the rest are going thither e'er this; and I desire this worthy Serjeant's Favour and Advice———since we both mean the same thing, only to act with Honour, if his Life may be sav'd———

Love. I'll do what's just to the Deceas'd and the Survivor.

O. Book. I'll leave you, but will take care to come in just afore the Criminals arrive——— [Exit.

Love. The poor old Gentleman——— Pr'ythee let's go, I long to see my lovely Torment *Penelope*.

Fred. I'll but leave word within [Exeunt.

S C E N E *Penelope's Lodgings.*

Enter Penelope and Victoria.

Pen. It seems *Simon* lay out all Night, and was carried away by the Watch with some Gentlemen in a Quarrel.

Viç. I fancy the Men who are always for shewing their Valour, are like the Women who are always talking of their Chastity, because they're conscious of their defect in't.

Pen. Right———for we are not apt to raise Arguments, but about what we think is disputable———

Viç. Ay, ay, they whose Honour is a fore part, are more fearful of being touch'd, than they in whom 'tis only a tender one. But tell me honestly, *Penelope*, should poor *Love*more be in this Rencounter, and that

that for your sake, wou'd it have no effect upon you in his Favour ?

Pen. I don't know how to answer you ; but I find something in that Reflection, which acquaints me 'tis very hard for one to know one's own Heart.

[Sighs.]

Viçt. However, let your Heart answer me one Question more, as well as it can——Does it love me as well as ever it did ?

Pen. Do's not, Madam, that Question proceed from a Change in your own ?

Viçt. It does, *Penelope*, I own it does—— I had a long conflict with my self on my Pillow, last night.

Pen. What were your Thoughts there ?

Viçt. That I ow'd it to our Friendship to acknowledge to you that all the Pleasure I once had in you, is vanished—— Ah *Penelope* ! I'm sorry for every good Quality you have——

Pen. Since you are so frank——I must confess to you something very like this——But however I envy'd that sprightly ingenuous native Beauty of yours ; I see it now so much the figure of your Mind, that I can conquer, I think I can, any Inclination in my self that opposes the Happiness of so sincere a Friend——

Viçt. Explain your self, my Dear.

Pen. I'll discountenance this *Bookwit's* ambiguous Addresses—— And if *Lovemore* can forgive my late ill Usage—— I need say no more——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. *Frederick* below desires to see you on some extraordinary Business.

Viçt. I have not time, my dearest Friend, to applaud or thank you—— but must run in—— He comes from *Lovemore*——remember, [Exit

Pen.

Pen. Let him come up——Now can't I for my Life forbear a little Tyranny.

Enter Frederick and Lovemore.

Pen. Good Morrow, Sir: I believe I know your Business——you're officious for your Friend—— But I am deaf,

Fred. I know you are, and have been; but I come only to do him a last Office—— He'll trouble you no more, but I must conjure you to read this, and inform this learned Gentleman what you know of this Misfortune.

Pen. reading. *Your Cruelty provok'd me to desire the favour of dying by Mr. Bookwit's Hand since he had taken from me more than Life, in robbing me of you—farewel for ever—— I direct Frederick not to give you this, 'till I am no more— Writ in his Blood!—— 'Till I am no more! Lovemore no more!— Thou shalt not be no more—— Thou shalt live here for ever. Here, thou dearest Paper, mingle with my Life's Stream: Either the Paper bleeds anew, or my Eyes weep Blood—— So let 'em do for ever—— Oh, my Lovemore! Did the Vanity of a prating Boy banish thy solid Services and manly Love?*

Fred. This is no Reparation to him for his lost Life, nor me for my lost Friend—— Yet when you please to receive 'em, I am oblig'd to deliver you some Papers, wherein he has given you all the Fortune he could bestow; nor would revoke it, ev'n thus injur'd as he was——

Pen. Curse on all Wealth and Fortune! he, he is gone who only deserv'd all, and whose Worth I know too late.

Love. Oh Ecstasie! why was I angry at her rejoicing in my Sorrow, when hers to me is such a perfect Bliss? 'Tis barbarous, not to discover my self?

[*To Fred.*
Fred.

Fred. Do, and be us'd barbarously——But, Madam, you must be compos'd; your Life for ought I know's at stake, for there is no such thing as Accessaries in Murder; and it can be prov'd, you knew of *Lovemore's* threatening to fight *Bookwit*——You must either take your Tryal your self, or be Mr. *Bookwit's* Witness.

Pen. I his Witness!——No,——I'll swear any thing to hang him.

Fred. Ah! Madam, you must consider your self however——Pray, Sir, read her Indictment to her.

Love. Reading. *That on the said third Day of April, the said Penelope, of the Parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, Spinster, without Fear before her Eyes, but by the Instigation of the Devil, and through an evil Pride of Heart*——

Pen. 'Tis too true——

[Weeping.

Love. Did contrive, abett, and consent to the Death of John Lovemore, Esquire, of the Age of twenty eight Years, or thereabouts.

Fred. I can't hear the mention of him without Tears. He was the sincerest Friend.

Love. I think I have seen him——He was, I've heard, a Man of Honesty, but of something a disagreeable Make.

Pen. Oh! Sir, you never saw him, if you think so——

His Person was as free as his Mind was honest, nor had he Imperfection, but his Love of me. [Weeps.

Love. I tremble, I shall disoblige her too much.

[To Fred.

Fred. You shan't discover your self, you shall go through her Soul, now 'tis mov'd on our side——Win her now, or see my Face no more——I'll not have my Wine spoil'd every Night, with your Recitals of

M

Love,

242 *The Lying Lover : Or,*

Love, and asking Advice, tho' you never mean to take it, like a true Lover.

Pen. When did that best of Men expire, good Mr. *Frederick*?

Fred. This Morning: But shou'd I speak the manner. With a faint dying Voice he call'd me to him—I went in Tenderness to take my long farewell—He in a last Effort of Nature prest me to his Breast, and with the softest Accent sigh'd in Death, *Pene-lope*.

Pen. Oh the too generous Man! Ungrateful I! Curses on him first flatter'd with his Tongue, On her that first dissembled in her Silence—
What Miseries have they entail'd on Life,
To bring in Fraud and Diffidence in Love!
Simplicity's the Dress of honest Passion,
Then why our Arts, why to a Man enamour'd,
That at her Feet effuses all his Soul,
Must Woman cold appear, false to her self and him?

Fred. Do you see there—You'd have spoke before she consider'd that—— [*Aside to Love.*]

Pen. Oh! cou'd I see him now to press his livid Lips,
And call him back to Life with my Complaints,
His Eyes wou'd glare upon my Guilt with Horror,
That us'd to glote and melt in Love before me—
Let mine for ever then be shut to Joy,
To all that's bright, and valuable in Man!

I'll to his sacred Ashes be a Wife,

And to his Memory devote my Life. [*Exit.*]

Love. This is worth dying for indeed—I'll follow her.

Fred. No you shan't; let her go in—throw her self upon her Bed, and hug, and call her Pillow *Love-more*. 'Tis but what you've done a thousand times for her.

Love.

Love. That's true too.

Fred. Let her contemplate on the Mischief of her Vanity: She shall lament 'till her Glass is of our side—'Till its pretty Nies be all blubber'd, its Heart must heave and pant with perfect Anguish before 'twill feel the Sorrow of another's; don't you know Pride, Scorn, Affectation, and a whole Train of Ills must be sobb'd away, before a great Beauty's mortify'd to purpose.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Old Mr. Bookwit enquires for you here, Mr. Frederick.

Fred. Pray let him come up.

Enter Old Bookwit.

Love. What's the matter? You seem more discompos'd than you were at Mr. Frederick's; something still new.

O. Book. I saw the Boy a coming in a Chair, he looks so languid and distress'd, poor Lad: He has all his Mother's Softness, by nature of the sweetest Disposition—Oh! Gentlemen!——you know not what it is to be a Father—To see my only Child in that Condition—My Grief quickned at the sight of him, I thought I could have Patience 'till I saw him.

Enter Servant.

Ser. There are two or three in Chairs desire Admittance by Appointment.

O. Book. 'Tis right, Sir.

Enter Bookwit, Latine, and Gaoler.

Oh, my dear Child, oh *Tom!* are all thy aged Father's Hopes then come to this, that he can't see thee his only Son, but guarded by a Gaoler?—Thy Mother's happy that liv'd not to see this Day—Is all the Nurture that she gave thy Infancy—The Erudition she bequeath'd thy Youth, thus answer'd?—Oh,

my Son! my Son! rise and support thy Father! I
sink with Tenderness, my Child, come to my Arms
while thou art mine.

Y. Book. Oh best of Fathers!

Let me not see your Tears, don't double my Afflictions
by your Woe——

There's Consolation when a Friend laments us, but
When a Parent grieves, the Anguish is too native,
Too much our own to be called Pity.

Oh! Sir, consider, I was born to die——

'Tis but expanding Thought, and Life is nothing;
Ages and Generations pass away,

And with resistless Force, like Waves o'er Waves,

Roul down th' irrevocable Stream of Time,

Into the insatiate Ocean for ever——Thus we are gone.

But the erroneous Sense of Man——'tis the Lamented

That's at rest; but the Survivor mourns——

All my Sorrows vanish with that Thought,

But Heav'n grant my aged Father Patience.

O. Book. Oh Child!

[Turning away.

Y. Book. Do not torment your self, you shall promise
not to grieve——

What if they do upbraid you with my Death——

Consider, Sir, in Death that our Relation ceases,

Nor shall I want your Care, or know your Grief.

It matters not whether by Law, or Nature, 'tis I die.

What, won't my Father hear me plead to him?

Don't turn from me——

Yet don't look at me with your Soul so full.

O. Book. Oh my Child, my Child——I cou'd hear
thee ever.

'Twas that I lov'd thee, that I turn away,

To hear my Son persuade me to resign him,

I can't, I can't. The Grief is insupportable.

Y. Book. You make a Coward of me with your
Anguish,

I grow an Infant, scarce can weep with Silence,
But let me keep some Decency in my Distress.

O. Book. If we might be apart——

[*Looking at the Company.*

But that's too much to hope.

Goal. No, no, we'll leave you to your selves.

[*Exeunt.*

O. Book. I have too much upon me, Child, to
speak——

And indeed have nothing to say, but to feed my
Eyes upon thee, e'er we part for ever, if Tears would
let me——When you have slept in your Cradle, I
have wak'd for you——and was it to this end—Oh
Child, you've broke your Father's Heart. [*Swoons.*

Y. Book. Good Heav'n forbid it——guard him and
protect him.

He faints, he's cold, he's gone, [*Running to him.*
He's gone, and with his last Breath call'd me Parricide,
You've broke your Father's Heart! Oh killing Sound!
I'm all Contagion, to pity me is Death.

My Grievs to all are mortal but my self.

You've broke your Father's Heart! If I did so,

Why thus serene in Death, thou smiling Clay,

Why that calm Aspect to thy Murderer?

Oh big unutterable Grief——merciful Heav'n,

I don't deserve this Ease of Tears to melt

With Penitence——Oh sweet, sweet Remorse,

Now all my Powers give way

To my just Sorrow, for the best of Fathers. [*Aloud.*

Thou venerable Fountain of my Life,

Why don't I also die deriv'd from thee?

Sure you are not gone——Is the way out of Life

Thus easie, which you so much fear'd in me?

[*Takes him by the Hand.*

Why stay I after? but I deserve to stay,

To feel the quick Remembrance of my Follies.

Yet if my Sighs, my Tears, my Anguish can atone—
Re-enter Frederick, Lovemore, Latine, Goaler,
 Victoria and Penelope.

Fred. What is the Matter?—What?—

Y. Book. Behold this Sight, I am the guilty wretch—

Fred. Keep aside a little, Sir, he only swoons, I hope, I think he breaths—yes, he returns—you must compose your self.

Lat. Poor *Bookwit*, how utterly he seems distress'd.

O. Book. I will be calm—resign to Heav'n, and hear you patiently.

Fred. You, Sir, his Favourite Servant, pray speak honestly the Truth of what you know, to this learned Gentleman; who is Council in this Case.

Y. Book. Sir, he is not——

Love. Pray, Sir, give the Servant leave first.

Lat. Know then, I am not what I seem, but a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune. I am thus dress'd to carry on such gay Pursuits as should offer in this Town—Not to detain you, Mr. *Bookwit* sent me late last Night, with a Letter to one of these Ladies—Coming from thence, as I cross'd, I saw *Lovemore* in the Garden, he stopp'd me, and after some Questions concerning my Message to this House, to which he did not like my Answers, he struck me, we fought—I left him dead upon the Spot, of which this Gentleman is guiltless—

O. Book. How! was it you then that kill'd Mr. *Lovemore*?

Lat. 'Twas this unhappy Hand gave him his Death, but so provok'd—

Y. Book. Who cou'd believe that any pleasing Passion Could touch a Breast loaded with Guilt like mine? But all my Mind is seiz'd with Admiration Of thy stupendious Friendship—What then— Could'st thou hold thy innocent Hand up at a Bar
 With

With Felons to save thy Friend?
How shall I chide or praise thy brave Imposture?
Ah! Sir! believe him not— He cannot bear the Loss
of me whom he o'ervalues, therefore with highest
Gallantry he offers a Benefit which 'twere the meanest
Baseness to receive.

But Death's more welcome than a Life so purchas'd.

Lat. We all know you can talk, and gild things as
you please, but the Lady's Servant knows I was ta-
ken near the Body, when you——

Y. Book. Sir, do but hear me— [*Pushing away Lat.*

Lat. I'll easily convince you. [*Pushing away Book.*

Y. Book. Pray mind him not, his Brain is touch'd—

Lat. I am the Man, he was not near the place—

Love. I can hold out no longer— *Lovemore* still
lives t'adore your noble Friendship, and begs a share
in't. Be not amaz'd! but let me grasp you both,
who in an Age degenerate as this, have such tran-
scendent Virtue——

Y. Book. Oh *Lovemore!* *Lovemore!* How shall I
speak my Joy at thy Recovery——

I fall beneath the too ecstatick Pleasure——

What help has human Nature from its Sorrows,
When our Relief it self is such a Burthen.

O. Book. Oh, the best Burthen upon Earth! I beg
your Pardon, Sir——I never was so taken with a Man
in my Life at first sight. [*Kisses Love.*] Let me be
known to you too. [*To Lat.*

Lat. Sir, you do me honour——

O. Book. But you, Ladies, are the first Cause of
the many Errors we have been in, and you only can
extricate us with Satisfaction—— Such is the force of
Beauty——The Wounds the Sword gave this Gentle-
man were slight, but you've transfix'd a vital and a
noble Part, his Heart——Had I known his Pretences,
I had not interpos'd for my Son——

Fred.

Fred. Come, Madam, no more of the Cruel—Go on, *Lovemore*; o' my Conscience the Man's afraid, 'tis Impudence to be alive again——You see him now, Madam, now you may press his livid Lips, and call him back to Life with your Complaints.

Love. I stand, methinks, upon the Brink of Fate, in an ambiguous Interval of Life, and doubt t'accept of Being 'till you smile. In every human Incident besides

I am superior, and can chuse or leave,
But in minutest things that touch my Love,
My Bosom's seiz'd with Anguish, or with Transport.

Pen. You've shewn your Passion to me with such Honour, that if I am confus'd, I know I should not be, to say I approve it—For I know no Rules should make me insensible of generous Usage—My Person and my Mind are yours for ever.

Love. Then Doubts and Fears, and anxious Cares be gone.

All ye Black Thoughts that did corrode my Breast;
Here enter Faith, and Confidence, and Love!
Love that can't live with Jealousie, but dwells
With sacred Marriage, Truth, and mutual Honour.
I knew not where you wou'd bestow your Vows,
But never doubted of your Faith when given.

[*Kissing her Hand.*]

O. Book. You see, my Son, how Constancy's rewarded.

You have from Nature every Quality,
To make you well become what Fortune gave you;
But neither Wit or Beauty, Wealth or Courage,
Implicitly deserve the World's Esteem,
They're only in their Application, Goods—
How cou'd you fight a Man you knew not why?
You don't think that 'tis great, merely to dare?
'Tis that a Man is just he should be bold
Indeed you've err'd.

Lat.

Lat. You give my Friend, methinks, too much Compunction for a little Levity in his Actions—— when he's too severe in's own Reflections on 'em.

Pen. Well, *Victoria*, you see I take your Advice at last in Choice of *Love-more*.

Vict. I congratulate your missing of the other.

Pen. I heartily believe you, my dear Friend.

O. Book. But we best guide our Actions by hopes of Reward. Cou'd but my Son have such a glorious Prospect as this fair One, [*To Victoria*.] I doubt not but his future Carriage wou'd deserve her.

Vict. I believe I may safely promise to approve of all the Truth he tells me.

X. Book. You've promised then to like all I shall say.

O. Book. These unexpected good Events deserve our Celebration with some Mirth and Fiddles.

Fred. I foresaw this happy Turn, therefore have prepar'd 'em—— Call in the Dancers.



SONG,

SONG,

By Mr. *LEVERIDGE*.

I.

THE rolling Years the Joys restore,
Which happy, happy Britain knew,
When in a Female Age before
Beauty the Sword of Justice drew.

II.

Nymphs and Fauns and rural Pow'rs,
Of crystal Floods and shady Bow'rs,
No more shall here preside:
The flowing Wave and living Green,
Owe only to their present Queen
Their Safety and their Pride.

31MR64

III.

United Air, and Pleasures bring,
Of tender Note, and tuneful String,
All your Arts devoted are
To move the Innocent and Fair:
While they receive the pleasing Wound,
Echo repeats the dying Sound.

(share
r. Book. Since such deserv'd Misfortunes they must
Who with gay Falshoods entertain the Fair;
Let all with this just Maxim guide their Youth,
There is no Gallantry in Love but Truth. [Exeunt.

E P E



EPILOGUE.

*OUR too advent'rous Author soar'd To-night
Above the little Praise, Mirth to excite,
And chose with Pity to chastise Delight.
For Laughter's a distorted Passion, born
Of sudden Self-Esteem, and sudden Scorn;
Which, when 'tis o'er, the Men in Pleasure wise,
Both him that mov'd it, and themselves, despise:
While gen'rous Pity of a painted Woe
Makes us our selves both more approve and know.
What is that Touch within, which Nature gave
For Man to Man, e'er Fortune made a Slave?
Sure it descends from that dread Power alone,
Who levels Thunder from his awful Throne,
And shakes both Worlds, — yet hears the Wretched
Groan.*

*'Tis what the antient Sage could ne'er define,
Wonder'd — and call'd, part human, part divine:
'Tis that pure Joy, which guardian Angels know,
When timely they assist their Care below,
When they the Good protect, the Ill oppose;
'Tis what our Sovereign feels, when she bestows,
Which gives her glorious Cause such high Success,
That only on the Stage you see Distress.*

F I N I S.

BOOKS Printed for Bernard Lintot.

	<i>l. s. d.</i>
T HE Works of <i>Chaucer</i> publish'd by Mr. <i>Urry</i> . Folio, in Quires } 1 10 0	
Ditto on Royal Paper, in Quires } 2 10 0	
The Works of Mr. <i>Pope</i> in 7 Vol. best Royal. } 10 10 0	
4to. Bound and Gilt }	
Ditto second Royal. 4to. Bound and Gilt. } 8 8 0	
Ditto Large Paper, Folio. Bound and Gilt } 7 7 0	
Ditto Small Paper, Fol. Bound and Gilt } 4 4 0	
Ditto in 2mo. Bound, with Dr. <i>King's</i> Hea- } 1 1 0	
then Gods, 2d Edit. }	
The Works of Mr. <i>John Gay</i> , 4to. Royal, } 2 5 0	
Bound and Gilt }	
The Works of Mr. <i>Cibber</i> , in 4to. Royal. } 2 9 0	
Bound and Gilt }	
The Works of Mr. <i>Ed. Smith</i> , late of <i>Christ-</i> } 0 1 6	
<i>Church, Oxon.</i> Stitch'd, 2d Edit. }	
<i>Rapin</i> of Gardens. Translated by Mr. <i>Gardi-</i> } 0 3 6	
<i>ner</i> , 8vo. 2d Edit. with Cuts }	
<i>Virgil</i> , Translated by <i>Earl Lauderdale</i> , 2 Vol } 0 5 0	
12mo. 2d Edit. }	
<i>Horace</i> , 2 Vol. 12mo. Translated by Mr. <i>Oldif-</i> } 0 10 0	
<i>worth</i> , 2d Edit. }	
<i>Callipadia</i> , 12mo. By the same Hand. 2d Edit. } 0 1 6	
<i>Moliere's</i> Comedies. Translated by Mr. <i>Ozel</i> , } 0 15 0	
6 Vol. 12mo. }	
<i>Dacier's</i> Homer, by Mr. <i>Ozel, Broome, Oldif-</i> } 0 15 0	
<i>worth</i> , 5 Vol. 12mo. 2d Edit. }	
<i>Quintus Curtius</i> , 12mo. by Mr. <i>Digby</i> } 0 5 0	
<i>Wiquefort's</i> Ambassador, Fol. by the same Hand } 1 5 6	
Ditto on Royal Paper } 1 15 0	
Mr. <i>Keil's</i> Astronomical Lectures, 8vo. The } 0 6 0	
Schemes on Copper }	
<i>Fresnoy's</i> Art of Painting, by <i>Dryden</i> , Cor by } 0 5 0	
Mr. <i>Pope</i> and Mr. <i>Jones</i> , 8vo. 2d Edit. }	
The Trag. of <i>Ajax, Electra</i> , and <i>Oedipus</i> } 0 3 0	
from <i>Sophoc.</i> by Mr. <i>Rowe</i> , 12mo. }	
— of <i>Jane Shore</i> , and <i>Jane Grey</i> , by } 0 2 0	
Mr. <i>Rowe</i> , 12mo. }	
<i>Ovid's</i> Art of Love, imitated by Dr. <i>King</i> , 8vo. } 0 3 6	
<i>Horace's</i> Art of Poetry, imitated by Dr. <i>King</i> } 0 1 6	
in his Art of Cookery, 8vo. 2d Edit. }	
Dr. <i>King's</i> Miscellanies, 2 Vol. 8vo. } 0 12 0	
<i>Oxford</i> and <i>Cambridge</i> Miscellany, 8vo. } 0 5 0	
Dr. <i>Parnel's</i> Poems publish'd by Mr. <i>Pope</i> , 8vo. } 0 3 0	
Mr. <i>Fenton's</i> Poems, 8vo. } 0 3 0	

